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THE  
**Poems of Ossian.**

BY THE  
REV. ANTHONY DAVIDSON.

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THE  
**POEMS OF OSSIAN,**

TRANSLATED FROM

**The Galic Language**

BY

**JAMES MACPHERSON, ESQ.**

AND

TURNED INTO BLANK VERSE,

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BY

**THE REV. ANTHONY DAVIDSON.**

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## ADVERTISEMENT.



IT had often been observed to the Author (the observation agreeing with his own taste) that the POEMS of OSSIAN, as translated by Mr. Macpherson, however beautiful in Image and Metaphor, are, in the *reading*, abrupt and unpleasant. The intention of the present Edition, by turning the Poems into Blank Verse, is to make them more soft and musical to the Ear. The Translator's Language is carefully preserved throughout the Work, save where other words of the same meaning are occasionally made use of for the sake of *measure*. It was intended to have added the Notes of Mr. Macpherson at the bottom of each page, as they stand in *his* Work; but, on consideration, finding they would only swell the Work to an unnecessary size, it was deemed sufficient to insert the Argument only at the beginning of each Poem. How far the Author of this *new* Edition has succeeded in his attempt to *improve* on the Translator's, is left to the Taste and Judgment of a discerning Public.

N. B. The Work is from an old Quarto Edition, printed in the life-time of the Translator.



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# Fingal:

## AN EPIC POEM.

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### Book 1st.

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*On the Invasion of Ireland by Swaran, king of Lochlin, or  
Scandinavia.*

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#### THE ARGUMENT.

CUCHULLIN, sitting alone beneath a tree, at the gate of Tura, for the other chiefs had gone on a hunting party to Cromla, a neighbouring hill, is informed of Swaran's landing by Moran, the son of Fithil, one of his scouts. He convenes the chiefs; a council is held, and disputes run high about giving battle to the enemy. Cuchullin, of himself willing to fight, went into the opinion of Calmar, the son of Matha, lord of Lara, who was for engaging the enemy immediately. Marching towards the foe, Cuchullin missed three of his bravest heroes, Fergus, Duchomar, and Caithbat. Fergus arriving, tells Cuchullin of the death of the two other chiefs; which introduceth the affecting episode of Morna, the daughter of Cormac. The army of Cuchullin is descried at a distance by Swaran, who sent the son of Arno to observe the motions of the enemy, while he himself ranged his forces in order of battle. The armies engage, but night coming on, leaves the victory undecided. Cuchullin, according to the hospitality of

the times, sends to Swaran a formal invitation to a feast, by his bard Carril, the son of Kinfena. Swaran refuses to come. Carril relates to Cuchullin the story of Grudar and Brassolis. A party, by Connal's advice, is sent to observe the enemy; which closes the action of the first day.

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**BY** Tura's wall, beneath a spreading tree,  
Whose quivering leaves did rustle in the blast,  
The son of Semo, brave Cuchullin, sat.  
His massy spear lean'd on the mossy rock.  
His glittering shield lay by him on the grass.  
As his grave thoughts were on the mighty Cairbar,  
A hero fam'd in battle, whom he slew,  
The scout of ocean 'gainst intruding foes,  
The watchful Moran, son of Fithil, came.

Rise, brave Cuchullin, said the noble youth,  
Arise, thou fam'd in battle, take thy spear;  
I see the ships of Swaran on the waves.  
Many, Cuchillin, many are the foe:  
Many the heroes of the rolling sea.

To Moran straight the blue-eyed chief replied,  
Thou, son of Fithil, ever art afraid:  
Thy forward fears have much increas'd the foe.  
Perhaps, it is the king of lonely hills,  
Who comes to aid me on green Ullin's plains.

Moran replied, I saw their warlike chief,  
Stand, like an icy pillar, on the prow.  
His spear in length is like that blighted fir.  
His shield in compass like the rising moon.  
He step'd on shore ; and, on the sullen rock  
Sat, like a cloud of dark, portentous mist  
Upon the silent hill. Many, said I,  
Thou chief of heroes ! many are our hands  
To meet the daring foe upon the plain.  
Well art thou nam'd the valorous, mighty, man,  
But many mighty men are seen afar,  
From Tura's battlements, and walls of wind.  
He answer'd like a wave upon a rock,  
In pride of ocean's swell, who in this land  
Appears in prowess or in strength like me ?  
Heroes stand not before my frown of death :  
They fall to earth beneath my crushing hand.  
None can meet Swaran in the bloody fight  
But Fingal, ruler of the stormy hills.  
On Malinor's heath, once, on a day, we strove—  
Our heels in wrestling overturn'd the wood.  
Rocks rent, and tumbled from the mountain's brow ;  
And rivulets, changing their meand'ring course,  
Fled murm'ring from the horror of our strife.  
Three days the furious contest was renew'd,  
And heroes trembling at a distance gaz'd.  
On the fourth day, says Fingal, the bold king  
Of ocean fell, but Swaran says he stood.

Let valiant, dark Cuchullin yield to him  
That is as strong as Malmor's awful storms.

No, no : replied the mighty blue-eyed chief,  
In battle met I'll never yield to man.  
The dark Cuchullin will be great or dead.  
Go, son of Fithil,—take my burnish'd spear :  
Strike thunder on the sounding shield of Cabait.  
The weapon hangs at Tura's rustling gate ;  
The sound of peace is not heard in its voice.  
My heroes on the hill shall hear its clang.

He went, and struck the polish'd, bossy shield.  
The echoing mountains and their rocks replied.  
The martial sound spread far along the wood :  
Deer start in terror by the lake of roes.  
Curach from the loud-sounding rock did leap ;  
And Connal of the slaught'ring, bloody spear.  
High beats for combat Crugal's snowy breast.  
The son of Favi leaves the dark-brown hind.  
Ronnar exclaim'd, it is the shield of war,  
But Lugar said, it is Cuchullin's spear.—  
Son of the sea, thy armour now put on !  
Calmar, lift up on high thy sounding steel !  
Rise, Puno ! horrid hero of thy day :  
From the red tree of Cromla, Cairbar, rise.  
Bend thou, in haste, O Eth, thy strong, white knee ;  
And from the streams of Lena quick descend.  
Stretch, Ca-olt, thy white side as thou dost pass

Along the height of Mora's whistling heath :  
Thy side that's white as frothy billows toss'd,  
In rolling foam, upon the troubled sea,  
When the dark winds compelling, pour it on  
High Cuthon's murm'ring, mournful-sounding rocks.

The chiefs I now behold in all the pride  
Of their high feats, and former deeds of war ;  
Their souls are kindled at the fights of old,  
And deeds of valour shewn in other times.  
Their eyes like flames of fire sparkle round,  
And roll in search of the invading foe.  
Their mighty hands fast grasp their burnish'd swords  
And lightning poureth from their sides of steel.  
They came like streams that from the mountain run,  
Each rushed roaring from his native hill.  
Bright are the chiefs of battle in the arms  
Their warlike fathers did, aforetime, wear.  
Gloomy and dark their heroes followed,  
Like misty vapours gathering o'er the sky,  
Behind the meteors of the reddened heaven.  
The awful sounds of crashing arms ascend.  
The grey dogs howl between the clash of swords.  
The song of battle, in unequal notes,  
Bursts on the ear, and Cromla echoes round.  
On Lena's dusky heath the warriors stood,  
Like autumn's mist that darkly shades the hills :  
When broken and obscure it settles high,  
And lifts its head unto the vaulted heaven.

Hail, said Cuchullin, hail, ye sportive sons  
Of narrow, shaded, vales—ye hunters, hail,  
That chase the nimble deer with hound and horn.  
Another sport is drawing near our hills :  
'Tis like the troubled surges on our coast.  
Or shall we fight, ye valiant sons of war !  
Or yield green Innisfail to Lochlin's chief !  
O Connal speak, thou first of warlike men !  
Thou bearer of the bright, embossed shield !  
With Lochlin often hast thou bravely fought ;  
Shalt thou lift up thy father's deadly spear ?

Cuchullin ! calm and mild the chief replied,  
The spear of Connal is both bright and keen.  
In midst of battle it delights to shine,  
And with the blood of thousands loves to mix.  
But though my hand is highly bent on war,  
My heart inclines to further Erin's peace.  
Behold, thou first in Cormac's war, behold  
The sable fleet of Swaran in the breeze :  
His masts are numerous on our coast as reeds  
Encircling the grey shores of Lego's lake.  
Like forests cloth'd with mists his ships appear,  
When the tall trees yield to the squally wind.  
The chiefs in battle many are and brave.  
Connal inclines to hail the days of peace.  
Fingal would shun his arm the first of men ;  
Fingal that scatters mighty hosts of foes,  
As stormy winds disperse the withered heath ;

When through the echoing Cona streams do roar :  
And night in sable clouds rests on the hills.

Fly, said the mighty Calmar, Matha's son,  
Connal, thou chief of peace, fly to thy hills,  
From war remote, where nor the sword nor spear  
Was e'er in mighty battle seen to shine ;  
Pursue the dark-brown deer on Cromla's heath :  
And with thine arrows stop the bounding roes,  
That, fearful, skip on Lena's withered hills.  
But, brave Cuchullin, Semo's blue-eyed son,  
Ruler and guide of this impelling war,  
Wide-scatter thou bold Lochlin's warlike sons,  
And through their ranks of pride thy thunder roar :  
Let no ship of the distant land of Snow  
Bound o'er the billows of the western seas,  
Or the dark-rolling waves of Innistore.

Ye dark and boist'rous winds of Erin rise !  
And roar ye whirlwinds of the lonely heath !  
Amidst the stormy tempest let me die,  
'Torn in a cloud by angry ghosts of men ;  
Amidst the sweeping storm let Calmar die,  
If e'er the chace was so much sport to him  
As the fell death of foes in fight of shields.

Calmar ! the chief calmly and slow replied,  
O Matha's son ! I never yet did fly.  
Swift was I with my friends in battle mix'd ;

But Connal's fame in war is counted small.  
The battle in my sight was fought and won,  
And valiant heroes that day overcame.  
But, son of Semo, hear my gentle voice ;  
The ancient throne of Cormac's sire regard.  
Give wealth and half the land as price for peace,  
Till Fingal come with battle on the foe.  
Or, if thy choice be war—for fight array'd,  
I lift the sword, and wield the pointed spear.  
In midst of thousands shall my joy arise,  
And my soul brighten in the battle's gloom.

To me Cuchullin rapturously replies,  
The noise of arms is pleasant to my soul :  
Delightful as the peals of thund'ring heaven,  
Before the root-reviving shower of spring.  
But bring together all the shining tribes,  
That I may view th' undaunted sons of war.  
Let them in armour move along the heath,  
Bright as the sunshine which precedes a storm ;  
When the west wind the scatter'd clouds collects,  
And the tall oaks of Morven's woody hills,  
Responsive, echo back the hollow sound  
Of surges dashing on the troubled shore.

But where are all my friends, who oft' with me,  
In tide of battle swept my foes away ?  
Where are the brave companions of my arm,  
In days of peril in the bloody field ?



Where art thou, Cathbat, with thy bosom white?  
Where is Duchomar that dark cloud in war?  
And thou, O Fergus! faithless to thy friend,  
Hast thou deserted in the day of storm?  
O Fergus, son of Rossa! arm of death!  
First in our joy at the high feast of shells!  
Com'st thou now like a roe on Malmor's heath;  
Like hart pursued from the echoing hills?  
Thou son of Rossa, hail! what now doth shade  
Thy wonted courage—the bright soul of war?

Four stones, replied the chief, do mark the grave  
Where valiant Cathbat lies. These hands have laid  
The fam'd Duchomar, that bright cloud of war,  
Within the confines of his narrow house.  
Thou, Cathbat, son of Torman, shone in arms:  
Thou wert a sun-beam on the clouded hill.  
And thou, Duchomar, of the murky mien,  
Wert like the mist on Lano's foggy fens;  
When it in autumn sweeps along the plains,  
Fraught with the fume of pestilential death.  
Morna, thou fairest of the lonely maids!  
Calm are thy slumbers in the flinty cave:  
Thou hast in darkness fallen like a star,  
That shoots athwart the desert, when the lone,  
Sad traveller, benighted, looks around,  
And, gazing, stands and mourns the transient beam.  
Say, said Cuchullin, Semo's blue-eyed son,  
Say how the mighty chiefs of Erin fell?

By the bold sons of Lochlin did they fall  
With heroes striving in the crimson'd field?  
Or by what fatal stroke, say, are confin'd  
The chiefs of Cromla to the house of death?

Cathbat, replied the hero, bravely fell  
By dark Duchomar's sword, beneath the oak  
That shades the margin of the noisy streams.  
To Tura's cave Duchomar took his way,  
And to the lovely Morna thus did say.

Morna, thou fairest of all womankind,  
Thou lovely daughter of fam'd Cormach-cairbar.  
Why in the rocky circle dost thou dwell;  
Why rest'st thou here within the cave alone?  
The purling stream doth murmur hoarsely by.  
The old tree's groan is mournful in the wind.  
The lake is troubled by the curling breeze,  
And dark, portentous clouds obscure the sky.  
But thou art like the snow upon the heath;  
And like the mist of Cromla is thy hair,  
When on the rocks it curls, and glistens bright,  
Unto the setting sun-beams in the west.  
Thy lovely breasts are like two polish'd rocks,  
Seen from the bank of Branno of the streams.  
Thy arms are like two snowy pillars, plac'd  
In the grey porch of mighty Fingal's halls.

From whence com'st thou, the white-arm'd maid  
replied,

From whence, Duchomar, gloomiest of men?

Dark to the view, and awful, are thy brows.

Red to my sight appear thy rolling eyes.

Does mighty Swaran on the sea appear?

What of the foe, Duchomar, canst thou tell?

From the bleak hill, O Morna, I return,—

From the grey mountain of the dark-brown hinds.

Three have I killed with my bended yew.

With my long-bounding dogs three have I slain.

Thou lovely daughter of Cormac, to me

Art dear and precious as my very soul.

For thee this morn one stately deer I slew :

High in the mist he toss'd his branchy head.

And fleet his feet were as the fleeting wind.

Duchomar! calm and mild the maid replied,

I love thee not, thou dark and gloomy man ;

Hard as the rock is thy obdurate heart,

And dark and terrible thy clouded brow.

But Cathbat, mighty Torman's valiant son,

Thou art, with fondness, lonely Morna's love.

Thou like a sun-beam on the hill appear'st,

When gloomy storms obscure the rising day.

Saw'st thou the son of thund'ring Torman pass,

In lovely form upon his hills of hinds?

Here Cormac's solitary daughter waits

The coming of her Cathbat from the fight.

And long shall Morna wait, Duchomar said,  
The blood of Cathbat stains my deadly sword.  
Long shall fair Morna wait her love's return ;  
Her hero fell at Branno's winding stream.  
High on the misty Cromla will I raise  
His tomb, fair daughter of fam'd Cormach-cairbar.  
But on Duchomar fix thy new-born love,  
His arm is strong and mighty as the storm.

And is the son of mighty Torman fallen ?  
Replied the lovely maid of tearful eye.  
Is he laid low upon his echoing hill ;  
The youth so noble with the breast of snow ?  
He that was foremost in the bounding chace,  
Will he no more be seen upon the hill ;—  
Nor be the foe to strangers on the shore ?  
Gloomy, indeed, Duchomar, is thy face,  
And cruel to sad Morna is thy arm.  
But give to me, my foe, that stained sword.  
The blood of Cathbat to my heart is dear.

To her in tears the bloody sword he gave :  
But with its point she pierc'd his manly breast.  
Low at her feet he fell—loud was the fall  
As mould'ring bank sapp'd by the mountain stream.  
His arm he stretched out and faintly said ;

Daughter of Carmach-cairbar, with the sword  
Which pierc'd the breast of Cathbat hast thou cut  
The crimson'd fountain in Duchomar's heart.

The steel is cold within my gored breast ;  
O Morna, cruel maid, I feel it cold.  
Give me to Moina of the finest form,  
Of her night sleep Duchomar was the dream.  
Fair Moina on the heath shall raise my tomb,  
And when the hunter in the upland chace,  
Shall see the flinty monument of fame,  
With praise-ful look he'll sigh the chieftain's fate.  
But, from my throbbing breast the weapon draw ;  
Morna, the steel is in my vitals cold.

She came, the lovely maid, in all her tears—  
She came, and drew the weapon from his breast.  
With the stain'd steel he pierc'd her snowy side ;  
And spread her flowing locks upon the ground.  
Her bursting blood sounds from her heaving side ;  
And her white arm is stained with the stream.  
Rolling in death she lay—and Tura's cave,  
Responsive, answer'd to her parting sighs.

Peace, said Cuchullen, to all heroes' souls,  
Illustrious in danger were their deeds.  
Upon the clouds around me let them ride ;  
And shew of war their features : that my soul  
May be in danger powerful, and my arm  
Like the avenging thunder of high heaven.—  
But be thou, Morna, on a moon-beam borne,  
Near the dark window of my nightly rest ;  
When my still thoughts are on the days of peace ;

And the dread din of arms is heard no more.  
The strength and valour of the warlike tribes  
Together bring—and move to Erin's wars.  
Attend my rattling car in battle loud;  
And in the thunder of my course rejoice.  
Let three sharp spears be placed by my side;  
That in my friends my soul may strong be found;  
When the fight darkens round my shining steel.

As rushes furiously the foaming stream  
From Cromla's dark and shady precipice;  
When the loud thunder's heard from cloud to cloud,  
And dark-brown night obscureth half the hill.  
So fierce, so vast, the sons of Erin rush'd,  
In terrible array against the foe.  
The chief, like rolling whale in ocean's foam,  
Whom all his lashed billows still pursue,  
Pour'd as a stream his mighty valour forth,  
Dashing his strength along the sounding shore.

The sons of Lochlin heard the rushing noise  
As the loud-falling of a winter's stream.  
Swaran with might did strike his bossy shield,  
And to the son of Arno call'd aloud.  
What murmur rolls along the heathy hill  
Like congregated flies in evening shade?  
The warlike sons of Innis-fail descend,  
Or rustling winds roar in the distant wood.  
Such is the noise of Gormal on the seas,

Ere the white tops of my loud waves arise.  
O son of Arno, the grey hill ascend,  
And far and near the heathy plain survey.  
He went, and view'd, and, trembling, swift return'd.  
His eyes in terror wildly roll'd around.  
His heart beat high against his trem'lous side.  
His words were broken, faltering, and slow.

Rise, son of ocean, chief of dark-brown shields.  
I see the mountain-stream of battle roll.  
The moving strength of Erin's warlike sons.  
The car of mighty battle hurls along,  
Like death's devouring flame it spreads around ;  
The rapid car of Semo's noble son.  
Like wave impelled near a rock it bends ;  
Like golden mist upon the trackless heath.  
Its glittering sides embossed are with stones,  
And sparkle like the Sea dash'd round the boat,  
As o'er the billows, in the night, it rolls.  
Its beam is of the pliant, polish'd, yew,  
And its high seat is of the burnish'd bone.  
Replenish'd are its sides with pointed spears ;  
And on its axis rest the hero's feet.  
Before the right side of the warlike car  
Is seen the prancing of the snorting horse :  
The proud, broad-breasted, high-maned steed is  
yok'd,  
High-leaping, strong, upon the field of war.  
Loud and resounding is his bounding hoof ;



The spreading of his mane is like that stream  
Of smoke that hovers o'er the dusky heath.  
Bright are the sides of the embattled steed,  
And Sulin-Sifadda is the name he bears.

Before the left side of the car is seen  
The snorting horse. The strong-hoof'd, thin-  
maned steed,  
High-headed, bounding son of the dark hill;  
Dusronnal is his name among the chiefs,  
And stormy sons of the avenging sword.  
A thousand thongs do bind the car on high.  
Hard polished bits shine in a wreath of foam.  
Thin thongs with gems bright studded bend upon  
The well-caparison'd high-flowing necks  
Of bounding steeds.—Steeds that like wreaths of  
mist  
Fly o'er the streamy, darkly-winding vales.  
The wildness of the deer is in their course,  
The strength of eagles pouncing on their prey.  
Their noise is like the roaring winter's blast  
Upon the lofty Gormal's snowy sides.

Within the car is seen the warlike chief;  
The strong the stormy son of the fell sword;  
Cuchullin is the valiant hero's name,  
The son of mighty Semo king of shells.  
His reddened cheek is like my polish'd yew.  
Beneath the arch of his dark, manly brow



Stands wide the look of his blue-rolling eye.  
His hair like spreading flame waves on his head,  
As he in bending forward wields the spear.  
Fly, king of ocean, fly ; he comes amain,  
Like sweeping storm along the streamy vale.

When did I cowardly fly, replied the king,  
Before the furious fight of many spears ?  
When did I fly, chief of the little soul,  
Thou son of Arno, when did I retreat,  
Through want of courage, from the bloody field !  
I met, undauntedly, the roaring storm  
Of wintry Gormal when the foaming waves,  
High-swell'd by tempest, lash'd the rocky shore.  
I met the fury of the clouds of heaven,  
And shall I fly the feebler arm of man,  
Though fraught with death, e'en by a hero rais'd.  
Were it e'en mighty Fingal, chief of men,  
My soul before him should not be dismay'd.  
Rise, then, my thousands—to the battle move ;  
Pour round me like the sound of echoing main.  
Assemble round your king's bright-shining steel ;  
Strong as the massy rocks that guard my land ;  
Whose tops with joy meet the high-rolling storm,  
And their dark woods stretch to the rushing wind.

As Autumn's storms that from two echoing hills  
Pour down in awful sound, along the vale,  
Towards each other did the heroes press.

As two dark streams that from the mountain meet,  
And mix and roar upon the rocky plain ;  
Loud, rough and dark in battle meet the chiefs  
Of stormy Lochlin and dark Innis-fail.  
Chief mix'd his strokes with chief, and man with man ;  
Steel clanging sounded on the temper'd steel,  
And halberds cleaving helmets twang on high.  
Blood bursting from their vessels smokes around.  
Strings bent do murmur on the polish'd yews.  
Darts rush in furious clouds along the sky ;  
And glancing spears fall from th' uplifted arm,  
Like circling light that gilds the stormy night.

As troubled ocean's noise is heard afar,  
When rolling billows, dashing, mount on high ;  
As the last peal of thunder of the heaven,  
Such is the battle's awful, death-like sound.  
Though Carmac's hundred bards were on the field  
To give to song the dreadful sounds of war ;  
Weak were the voices of a hundred bards  
To send the deaths of chiefs to future times.  
Of heroes many were the mighty falls ;  
And widely-spread were seen the dying brave.

Bewail, ye bards, ye sons of warlike song,  
Mourn, in sad strains, the brave Sithallin's death.  
Let the deep sighs of fair Fiona rise  
Upon her lovely Ardan's dark-brown heaths.  
Like two hinds of the desert, by the hands

Of mighty Swaran did the heroes fall ;  
When, in the midst of thousands he did roar ;  
Like the shrill spirit of a furious storm,  
That on the clouds of Gormal dimly sits,  
And the wreck'd seaman's sinking death enjoys.

Nor did thy hand sleep quietly by thy side,  
Thou valiant chieftain of the Isle of Mist ;  
Many the deaths were of thy powerful arm,  
Cuchullin, son of Semo, of renown.  
His sword was like the beam of blazing heaven,  
When it doth pierce the dry and parched vale,  
When the expiring people, blasted, fall,  
And lofty hills and rocks are burning 'round.  
Dusronnal, snorting, pranced o'er the slain ;  
And Sifadda bath'd his hoof in heroes' blood.  
The battle lay behind them as tall groves  
On Cromla's desert felled by the blast ;  
When the o'erturning storm has pass'd the heath,  
Lade' with the spirits of the crushing wind.

Weep on the hollow rocks of roaring winds,  
O lovely, lonely maid of Inistore,  
Bend thy fair head o'er the high-rolling waves,  
Thou fairer than the spirit of the hills,  
When, in a sun-beam, at noon-tide it moves  
O'er Morven's silent groves of lofty pines.  
The hero's fallen ! thy lovely youth is low ;  
Pale does he lie beneath Cuchullin's sword.

No more shall valour raise the fallen youth,  
To match, in worth and fame, the blood of kings.  
Lov'd Trenar died, thou maid of Inistore.  
His dogs are howling in his hall at home,  
And see their clay-cold master's passing ghost.  
His bow is in the gloomy hall unstrung.  
No sound is heard upon the heath of hinds.

As roll a thousand waves against the rocks,  
So Swaran's mighty host came rushing on;  
As meets a rock a thousand rolling waves,  
So Inis-fail meets Swaran of Lochlin.  
Death all around his awful voices swells,  
And mixes in the clatt'ring sound of shields.  
Each hero like a cloudy pillar stands,  
And his bright sword sheds glaring beams of fire.  
From wing to wing the bloody field resounds,  
As clam'rous as a hundred hammers rais'd,  
By turns on red-hot goads from furnace drawn.  
Who are these gloomy chiefs on Lena's heath?  
Who are these like two clouds come rolling on,  
With swords above them like the lightning's flash?  
The little hills all troubled are around,  
And mossy rocks do tremble with their tread.  
Who is it comes but Ocean's dearest son;  
The car-borne son of Erin shakes the hills.  
Their friends with anxious eyes hail their approach,  
As dimly they behold them on the heath.  
Now night conceals the heroes in her clouds,

And ends the awful and terrific fight.  
It was on Cromla's shaggy-sided hill  
'That Dorglas plac'd the deer to grace the feast ;  
It was the early fortune of the chace,  
Before the bow-clad heroes left the plain.  
A hundred youths collect the wither'd heath ;  
'Ten heroes stoutly blow the festive fire ;  
Three hundred place the hearth of polish'd stones.  
'The jovial feast of hinds is smoking round.

Cuchullin, chief of Erin's war, advanc'd—  
Resum'd the efforts of his mighty soul.  
He stood upon his massy, beamy spear,  
And to the son of joyous songs did speak—  
Carril, of other times, thou grey-hair'd son  
Of fam'd Kinfena, is this feast prepar'd  
And spread for me alone and the dark king  
Of rocky Lochlin, now on Ullin's shore ;  
Far from the bounding deer upon his hills,  
And sounding halls responsive to his feasts ?  
Rise, Carril, son of songs of other times,  
And bear my words to Swaran, Lochlin's king ;  
Tell him, from the dread-roaring of the seas,  
'That great Cuchullin gives his feast of shells.  
Here let him listen to the rustling sound  
Of my thick groves amidst the clouds of night.—  
For cold and sharp the blust'ring winds do blow  
O'er the uplifted billows of his seas.

Here let him praise the sound of trembling harp,  
And hear the martial strains of heroes' songs.

Old Carril went, with soft and gentle voice,  
And call'd the stern-brow'd king of dark-brown  
shields.

Rise from the skins of roes gor'd in the chace,  
Arise, thou mighty Swaran, king of groves.  
Cuchullin gives the festive joy of shells;  
Partake the feast of Erin's blue-eyed chief.  
He answer'd like the sullen, hollow sound  
Of Cromla's rocks before a rushing storm.  
Though all thy daughters, chief of Inis-fail!  
Should wide-extend their polish'd arms of snow;  
Raise high the heavings of their lovely breasts,  
And softly their blue eyes, in fondness, roll;  
Yet, fix'd as Lochlin's thousand storm-cap'd rocks,  
Here Swaran, like his mountains, shall remain;  
Till with the young beams of my east, the morn'  
Shall light me forward to Cuchullin's death.  
Delightful to my ear is Lochlin's wind.  
With joyful sound it rushes o'er my seas.  
It speaks aloud in all my rattling shrouds,  
And brings my tow'ring forests to my mind;  
The verdant forests of high Cromla's sides  
That often echoed to my blust'ring winds,  
When in the chace my spear was red with gore.  
Let proud Cuchullin humbly yield to me  
Cormac's brave sires' ancient seat and throne,

Or Erin's torrents shall shew from their hills  
The foamy, bloody, rivers of his pride.

Sad are the threat'ning sounds of Swaran's voice,  
Said aged Carril, bard of other times.

Sad to himself alone, said Semo's son.  
But, Carril, raise thy voice of song on high,  
And tell the mighty deeds of other times.  
Send thou in song the gloomy night away,  
And in dark measure give the joy of grief.  
For many heroes and fair maids of love,  
Have moved on the hills of Inis-fail.  
And sweet and lovely are the songs of woe  
That on Albion's rocks are softly heard ;  
When the loud clamour of the chace is o'er,  
And Ossian's voice resounds on Cona's streams.

In other days, old Carril straight replies,  
The sons of Ocean to green Erin came.  
A thousand vessels bounded o'er the waves  
To land their heroes on green Ullin's plains.  
The sons of Inis-fail arose to meet  
In fight the brawny race of dark-brown shields.  
Brave Cairbar, first of men, was in the field,  
And Grudar, stately youth, advanc'd amain.  
Long had they struggled for the spotted bull,  
That loudly low'd on Golbun's echoing heath.  
Each warring chieftain claim'd him for his own ;  
And death was often at their pointed steel.



The heroes furiously fought side by side,  
And the dark strangers of old Ocean fled.  
Whose name in fame was fairer on the hill  
Than Cairbar's and Grudar's in fight renown'd?  
But ah! why ever low'd the spotted bull,  
The prize of war on Golbun's echoing heath;  
They saw him leaping like the driven snow.  
The wrath and vengeance of the chiefs return'd,

On noisy Lubar's grassy banks they fought,  
And Grudar, like a glaring sun-beam, fell.  
Fierce Cairbar came to Tura's echoing vale,  
Where Brassolis, his lovely sister, sat  
Alone, and rais'd the plaintive song of grief.  
She sang the merits of brave Grudar's deeds,  
The valiant youth of her devoted soul.  
She mourn'd him fighting in the field of blood,  
But still she hoped for his safe return.  
From her thin robe her bosom white was seen  
As the moon passes through light clouds at night.  
Her voice is softer than the mild-toned harp,  
To raise the song of sorrow on the ear.  
On valiant Grudar her sad soul was fix'd;  
His was the secret look of her blue eyes.  
When shalt thou come, thou mighty in the war,  
When shalt thou with thy shield and spear return  
To glad thy love, and cheer her sorrowing soul?

Take, fair Brassolis, Cairbar came and said,  
Brassolis, take this crimson'd shield of blood,



Fix it on high within my lofty hall,  
It is the armour of my fallen foe.  
Her soft heart beat against her snowy side.  
Distracted, pale, unto the field she flew.  
Her youth she found upon the trodden plain,  
In all his blood. The deadly sight o'ercame  
Her soul's weak power.—On Cromla's heath she died.  
Here rests their dust, Cuchullin, 'neath the sod;  
These two wide-spreading yews spring from their  
tomb,

And as two lovers wish to meet on high.  
Fair was Brassolis on the verdant plain,  
And Grudar valiant on the heathy hill.  
The bard for ages shall preserve their names,  
And their sad loves repeat to future times.

Thy voice is pleasant, Carril, son of songs,  
Replied green Erin's blue-ey'd stately chief;  
And lovely are the words of other times.  
Like the calm shower they are that drops in spring;  
When the returning sun looks on the field,  
And the light cloud sweeps gently o'er the hills.  
O strike the harp in praise of my belov'd,  
The lonely sun-beam of the fair Dunscaich.  
Strike thy tun'd harp in praise of Bragela,  
She that I left on the grey Isle of Mist,  
The lovely spouse of Semo's valiant son.  
Dost thou thy lovely face raise from the rock  
To find Cuchullin's sails upon the seas?  
The sea far distant seen is rolling high,

And its white foam shall for my sails deceive thee,  
Retire, for it is night, my only love,  
And the winds sigh in thy dishevell'd hair.  
Into my festive hall do thou retire,  
And think of joyous days that are gone by ;  
For whence I go I will not thence return  
Until the furious storm of war is ceas'd.  
O Connal, speak of bloody wars and arms,  
And send the enchanting maiden from my mind,  
For sweet and lovely with her raven hair  
Is the white-bosom'd daughter of Sorglan.

Connal, the son of Cathbat, slow to speak,  
Replied, against the race of Ocean guard.  
Send to the hills thy valiant troop of night,  
And watch the strength of Swaran of Lochlin.  
O brave Cuchullin ! I'm inclin'd for peace  
Till the bold race of the dark desert come,  
Till Fingal come, the first of warlike men,  
And, like the rising sun, beam on our fields.

The hero struck the shield of his alarms—  
The armed warrior of the night mov'd on.  
The rest lay on the heath of bounding roes,  
And slept amidst the gloom of dusky wind.  
The spirits of the lately dead were near,  
And ghostly swam along on gloomy clouds.  
And distant far, on Lena's silent heath,  
Is heard the feeble sound of dying chiefs.

# Fingal :

## AN EPIC POEM.

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### Book 2d.

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#### THE ARGUMENT.

THE ghost of Crugal, one of the Irish heroes who was killed in battle, appearing to Connal, foretels the defeat of Cuchullin in the next battle; and earnestly advises him to make peace with Swaran. Connal communicates the vision; but Cuchullin is inflexible from a principle of honour that he would not be the first to sue for peace, and resolved to continue the war. Morning comes; Swaran proposes dishonourable terms to Cuchullin, which are rejected. The battle begins, and is obstinately fought for some time, until, upon the flight of Grumal, the whole Irish army gave way. Cuchullin and Connal cover their retreat: Carril leads them to a neighbouring hill, whither they are soon followed by Cuchullin himself, who descries the fleet of Fingal making towards the coast; but, night coming on, he lost sight of it again. Cuchullin, dejected after his defeat, attributes his ill success to the death of Ferda his friend, whom he had killed some time before. Carril, to shew that ill success did not always attend those who innocently killed their friends, introduces the episode of Comal and Galvina.

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**B**Y the hoarse murmuring of a mountain stream,  
Beneath the aged tree, brave Connal lay.  
His head he leaned on a mossy stone.  
Shrill through the floating mist of Lena's heath,

He heard the voice of sable night around.  
He at a distance from the heroes lay,  
For the son of the sword did fear no foe.

My hero saw, in the still hour of rest,  
A dark-red stream of fire coming down  
From the grey summit of the clouded hill.  
Crugal, a chieftain that in battle fell,  
Sat, silent on the fleeting fiery beam.  
By Swaran, Lochlin's king, the hero fell,  
In battle striving with the sons of war.  
His face is like the light of setting moon ;  
His robes are of the clouds that shroud the hill :  
His eyes are like two faint, decaying flames.  
Dark is the wound of his spear-pierced breast.

Crugal, said mighty Connal, Dedgal's son  
Long fam'd for prowess on the hill of deer :  
Why pale and sad, thou breaker of the shield?  
Thou never hast been pale and wan for fear.  
What now disturbs the hero of the hill ?  
Dim, and in tears, the ghostly figure stood,  
And his pale hand above the hero stretch'd.  
Faintly he rais'd his feeble, hollow voice,  
Like reedy Lego moved by the breeze.

My ghost, O Connal, is upon the gale  
That fans the summits of my native hills ;  
But on dark Ullin's sands my corse doth ly.  
Again with Crugal thou shalt never talk,

Nor find his lonely steps upon the heath.  
Light am I as the blast on Cromla's cliffs,  
And move like flitting shadow of a cloud.  
O Connal, son of Colgar, dark I see  
'The awful cloud of death upon the wind;  
It hovers over Lena's sanguin'd plains.  
The sons of Erin shall in battle fall.  
Remove thee from the gloomy field of ghosts.  
He then retired like the darkened moon,  
Wading through clouds amidst the whistling blast.  
Stay, mighty Connal, said my dark-red friend.  
'Thou son of windy Cromla! the bright beam  
Of heaven lay by while thou on earth dost stay.  
What cave of darkness is thy lonely house?  
What airy top of a green-headed hill  
Hast thou selected as a place of rest?  
Shall we not hear thee in the rushing storm?  
In the loud-falling of the mountain stream?  
When the weak sons of sweeping wind come forth,  
And on the blast of the grey desert ride.  
The soft-voic'd Connal in his might arose  
Amidst his sounding arms. He struck the shield  
Above Cuchullin. War's great son awoke.

Why, said the ruler of the warlike car,  
Why does brave Connal through my slumbers come?  
My waking spear might turn against the sound;  
And sad Cuchullin wail his lifeless friend.  
Speak, soft-voic'd Connal, son of Colgar, speak,  
Thy counsel's like the shining sun of heaven.

Brave son of Semo, the bold chief replied,  
The ghost of Crugal, on the wind's light wing,  
Came from the cave of his retired hill.  
The stars dim-twinkled through his spectred form;  
And his faint voice, fraught with a deadly sigh,  
Was like the murm'ring sound of distant stream.  
He brings death's message from the book of fate.  
He speaks of the dark cerement of the grave.  
O chief of dark Dunscaich, sue for peace;  
Or fly for safety over Lena's heath.

He spake to Connal, the hero replied,  
Tho' stars dim-twinkled through his ghastly form.  
O son of Colgar, 'twas the whisp'ring wind  
That murmur'd softly in dark Lena's caves.  
Or if it was pale Crugal's shadowy form,  
Why didst thou not compel him to my sight?  
Hast thou enquir'd where is his lonely cave?  
The house of the pale son of stormy winds?  
My sword might that foretelling voice find out,  
And from him that prophetic knowledge force.  
And his perception, Connal, is but small,  
For he was here to-day. He could not have  
Gone o'er the summits of our misty hills,  
And who could there have told him of our death?

Ghosts ride on clouds and fly upon the winds  
Said Connal, in reply, with sapient voice.  
They rest together in their mouldy caves,  
And talk of the dread fates of mortal men.

Then let them hold their talk of mortal men;  
Of every living man but Erin's chief.  
Let me not be remember'd in their cave;  
For from dark Swaran I will never fly.  
If on the field of battle I must fall,  
My tomb shall rise upon the dark-brown hill,  
Amidst recorded fame of future times.  
The hunter, bounding on the lonely heath,  
Shall shed a tear upon my narrow house;  
And sorrow shall in doleful sighing dwell  
Around the snowy-bosom'd Bragela.  
I fear not death, but I do fear to fly,  
For Fingal often saw me lade' with conquest.  
Thou dim and grisly phantom of the hill,  
Present thyself to me! come on the beam  
Of spangled heaven, and mark me for the dead,  
Yet I'll not fly, thou feeble son of wind.  
Go, son of Colgar, strike brave Caithbat's shield,  
It hangs on high among the glittering spears.  
To the loud sound let all my heroes rise  
In midst of battles on green Erin's plains.  
Though mighty Fingal his approach delays  
With the bold race of his dark, stormy hills;  
We shall, O Colgar's son, march to the field,  
And die like heroes at the feet of war.

The sound of martial arms spreads far and wide;  
The heroes rise in battle's dread array,  
Like the loud-breaking of blue-rolling waves.

They stood on the extended heath, like oaks  
With all their sturdy branches round them spread ;  
When they loud echo to the streams of frost,  
With faded leaves thick-rustling in the wind.

High Cromla's airy head of clouds is grey ;  
The ruddy morning gilds the mountain's top,  
And trembles on the half-enlighten'd waves.  
The blue-grey mist swims slowly with the breeze,  
And hides the martial'd sons of Inis-fail.

Rise, said the mighty king of dark-brown shields,  
Rise, ye that came from Lochlin's stormy waves.  
The sons of Erin from our arms have fled—  
Pursue them over Lena's drenched plains.  
And, Morla, go to Cormac's ancient hall  
And bid the heroes to great Swaran yield ;  
Before the people fall into the grave,  
And silence reign upon green Ullin's hills.  
Dark as a flock of sea-fowl they arose  
When dashing billows drive them from the shore.  
Their sound was like a thousand murm'ring streams  
That in their courses meet in Cona's vale,  
When after the tempestuous storms of night,  
They turn the eddies of their blended floods,  
In muddy foam, to the pale morning light.

As leafless autumn's dark and gloomy shades  
Spread o'er the summits of the grassy hills ;



So, dark and gloomy in succession came  
The armed chiefs of Lochlin's echoing woods.  
Tall as the stag on woody Morven stir'd,  
Mov'd in majestic strides, the king of groves.  
His shining shield hung loosely on his side,  
Like flaming meteor on the heath at night;  
When dark and silent is the world around,  
And the bewilder'd traveller, in fear,  
Sees some ghost sporting in the flitting beam.

A sweeping blast from ocean's troubled waves  
Remov'd the mist. The sons of Inis-fail  
Appear like pointed rocks upon the shore.

Go, Morla, go, said icy Lochlin's king,  
And to that ridge of warriors offer peace.  
The terms offer that we give to kings  
When nations subjugated bow before us.  
When valiant heroes are left dead in war,  
And lonely virgins weeping on the field.

The valiant son of Swart, great Morla, came,  
And stately strode the mighty king of shields.  
He spoke to Erin's blue-eyed, warlike son,  
Among the lesser heroes of the field.

Take Swaran's peace, the lofty warrior spoke,  
The peace he gives to subjugated kings,  
When nations conquered before him bow.

Leave to our arms green Ullin's lovely plains,  
And to our warriors give thy spouse and dog.  
Thy spouse high-bosom'd, heaving lovely, fair.  
Thy bounding dog that overtakes the wind.  
Give these to prove the weakness of thine arm,  
And live beneath our all-subduing power.

Tell Swaran, tell that lofty heart of pride,  
That Semo's son, Cuchullin, never yields.—  
I give him the dark rolling of the seas,  
Or for his people graves on Erin's shore.  
But never shall a stranger stride my hills,  
Beneath the lovely sun-beam of Dunscaich;  
Or ever deer of Lochlin bound before  
The nimble-footed Luath on his hills.

Vain ruler of the car, brave Morla said,  
Wilt thou in battle meet the dark-brow'd king;  
'That king whose ships with masts like many groves,  
Would carry off thine isle? So little is  
Thy green-hill'd Ullin to the king of waves.

In words, brave Morla, I to many yield;  
But this bright sword I bear shall yield to none.  
The sway of Cormac shall green Erin own,  
While valiant Connal and Cuchullin live.  
O Connal, first of many mighty men,  
Th' enslaving words of Morla thou hast heard;  
Shall thy thoughts full of war be now for peace,

Thou breaker of the bright, embattled, shields?  
Thou pale, predicting, ghost of fallen Crugal ;  
Why didst thou threaten Erin's sons with death?  
Thy silent, narrow house shall me receive  
In the meridian light of my renown.  
Exalt, ye valiant sons of Inis-fail,  
Exalt the spear, and bend the bow of yew,  
In darkness rush upon the daring foe,  
As yelling spirits of a stormy night.

Then fierce, and roaring is the clang of arms;  
And deep the gloom of battle roll'd along;  
As mist that's poured on the vale, when storms  
Invade the silent sunshine of the heavens.  
Before, in arms, the mighty chieftain moves,  
Like angry ghost before the awful cloud ;  
When meteors inclose him with their fire;  
And the dark wind is in his vengeful hand.  
Carril, the son of songs, far on the heath,  
Bids high the horn of mighty battle sound.  
'The voice of warlike song he raises loud,  
And into heroes minds instils his soul.

Where, said the mouth of the funereal song,  
Where is the lovely youth, the fallen Crugal?  
He lies forgotten on the distant heath,  
And silent is the mournful hall of shells.  
Sad, now, is Crugal's snowy-breasted spouse,  
For she, late child of joy, a stranger is

In the dull mansion of her widowed grief.  
But who is she, that, like a sun-beam, flies  
Before the ranks of the pursuing foe?  
It is Degrena, fallen Crugal's spouse!  
Lovely and fair, like sun-beam, she appears  
Though melancholy marks her careful steps.  
Her hair is waving in the wind behind.  
Red is her tearful eye; her voice is shrill.  
Green, empty is thy dearest Crugal now,  
His ghostly form is in the lonely cave.  
He comes upon the stillness of the night;  
And to the ear of rest his feeble voice  
Sounds like the humming of the mountain bee,  
Or flies collected in the evening shade.  
But like a morning cloud Degrena falls;  
The sword of Lochlin pierc'd her snowy side.  
Cairbar, the lovely fair is fallen low,—  
'The rising thought of thy gay youth is gone—  
She's fallen, the subject of thy youthful joy.

Fierce Cairbar heard the mournful sound of woe,  
And rushed on the foe like ocean's whale;  
His lovely daughter's death with grief he saw,  
And rushed on amidst a thousand swords.  
His spear a son of mighty Lochlin met,  
And furious battle spread from wing to wing.  
Like to a hundred winds in Lochlin's groves,  
As fire in fir trees of a hundred hills;  
So loud, so ruinous and vast the ranks

Of men, in dreadful carnage, are laid low.  
Cuchullen cut like thistles heroes down,  
And Swaran wasted Erin's peopled plain.  
Brave Curach fell beneath his powerful sword,  
And valiant Cairbar of the bossy shield.  
Morglan lies quiet in his lasting rest;  
And sinking Caolt trembles as he dies.  
His fair, soft breast is stained with his blood;  
And the bright ringlets of his yellow hair  
Stretch'd in the grey dust of his native land.  
Oft' had the hero spread the festive board  
Upon the spot where he in glory fell.  
And often on the harp his voice did raise:  
When his fleet dogs around him leapt for joy;  
And the youths of the chace prepar'd the bow.

The fierce and gloomy Swaran still came on,  
As from the desert bursts the blacken'd stream  
The little hills are rolled in its course,  
And the dark rocks upon its shelving sides  
Half sunk amidst the flood of whirling foam.

Cuchullin stood before him like a hill  
That braves the battering, stormy clouds of heaven—  
Upon its head of pines the winds contend;  
And hailstones rattle on its sounding rocks.  
But, firm in strength, it smiles upon the storm,  
And spreads its shade on Cona's vale below.  
So bold Cuchullin shaded Erin's sons,

And like a mountain amidst thousands stood.  
Blood rises like the fount of riven rock,  
From panting heroes that around him stood.  
But Erin falls on either wing like snow  
From flakey trees by the meridian sun.

Grumal exclaim'd, O son of Inis-fail,  
The mighty Lochlin conquers in the field.  
Why strive we as weak reeds against the wind?  
Fly quickly to the hill of dark-brown hinds.  
Like timorous stag on Morven's height he fled,  
And his bright spear is like a trembling beam  
Of light behind him as he flies the foe.  
Few warriors with cowardly Grumel fled:  
They fell in fight on Lena's echoing heath.

High on his lofty car of many gems,  
The brave Cuchullin, chief of Erin, stood.  
One of dark Lochlin's mighty sons he slew;  
And to brave Connal thus, in haste, he spoke.

O Connal, first in war of mortal men,  
Thou hast to battle taught this arm of death!  
Though Erin's sons have from the combat fled,  
Shall we not meet the foe upon the plain?  
O Carril, son of songs of other times,  
My living friends bear to thy bushy hill.  
Here, Connal, let us firmly stand like rocks  
Against the storm, and save our flying friends.

Connal ascends the gilded car of light.  
'They stretch their bucklers like the darken'd moon,  
The pale-fac'd daughter of the starry skies,  
When she moves a dim circle through the heaven.  
Sithfadda, snorting, panted up the hill,  
And Stronnal, haughty steed, through heath did  
bound.

Like foaming waves behind the flouncing whale  
Behind them rushed on the furious foe.

Now on the rising side of Cromla stood  
The few sad sons of Erin; like a grove  
Through which the flame had rushed, hurried on  
By the dark winds of the tempestuous night.  
Cuchullin stood beside a leafless oak.  
In awful silence his red eye he roll'd,  
And heard the wind sigh in his bushy hair;  
When Moran, scout of ocean, to him came.  
The ships, behold! the son of Fithil cried;  
The warlike vessels of the lonely Isle!  
There Fingal comes, the mighty hero comes,  
The powerful breaker of the glittering shields.  
Before his prows the dashing billows foam.  
His masts with sails are like thick groves in clouds.

Blow, said Cuchullin, all ye rushing winds  
That sweep along my isle of lovely mist.  
Come to the death of thousands on our plains,  
O mighty chieftain of the hills of hinds.

To me, my friend, the waving of thy sails  
Are like the brighten'd clouds that deck the morn ;  
Thy ships are like the shining light of heaven ;  
And thou thyself like pyramid of fire,  
That in the night emblazons all the hills.  
O Connal, first of men, how pleasant is  
The hope that springeth from a sight of friends !  
But night apace is gathering around.  
Where, now, are Fingal's lofty ships of war ?  
Here let us pass away the darksome hours,  
And wish the moon's return to light the heavens.

The roaring winds came down upon the woods.  
The foaming torrents rushed from the rocks.  
On Cromla's top the tempests gathered round.  
And the red stars, as if in battle tinged,  
Trembling, appear'd between the flying clouds.  
Sad, by the side of a swift-rolling stream  
Whose murm'ring sound was echoed by a tree,  
Sad by the stream the chief of Erin sat.  
Brave Connal, Colgar's son, was with the chief,  
And Carril, son of songs of other times.

Sad, and unhappy is Cuchullin's hand,  
The hapless, sorrowing son of Semo said,  
Sad is Cuchullin since he slew his friend.  
Ferda, thou son of Damman, that art slain,  
I lov'd thee, and thy valour, as myself.  
How, O Cuchullin, son of Semo, how



Fell the bold breaker of the dark-brown shields ?  
Connal replied, I do remember well  
'The noble son of Damman on the field.  
'Tall as the airy pine and fair he was,  
Like the bright rainbow on the shining hill.

Ferda, renown'd in war, from Albion came,  
The famous chieftain of a hundred hills.  
In Muri's hall he learn'd to wield the spear,  
And won Cuchullin's friendship and regard.  
'Together to the bounding chace we mov'd ;  
And one our bed was on the lonely heath.

Deugala was the fair and lovely spouse  
Of Cairbar, valiant chief of Ullin's plains.  
'The light of beauty on her face was seen,  
But her heart was the dark abode of pride.  
She greatly lov'd that bright sun-beam of youth,  
'The noble son of Damman, chief of spears.  
Cairbar, my husband, said his white-arm'd spouse,  
Let of thy numerous herd the half be mine.  
No more will I remain within thy halls.  
Divide the herd, dark Cairbar, with thy spouse.

Let the renown'd Cuchullin, Cairbar said,  
Divide my herd now browsing on the hill.  
'The seat of justice is Cuchullin's breast.  
Depart, thou light of beauty, from my sight.  
I went, and of the herd the half did give.

A snow-white bull, one of the herd remain'd.  
To Cairbar I did give that bull of snow.  
The wrathful anger of Deugala rose.

'Thou noble son of Damnan, said the fair,  
Cuchullin's name sits painful on my soul.  
Let me hear the glad tidings of his death,  
Or over me shall roll dark Lubar's stream.  
My ghost shall wander near thee, pale and wan,  
And mourn the wound inflicted on my pride.  
Pour out Cuchullin's blood from his dark veins,  
Or with the spear strike through this heaving breast.

Deugala, said the troubled fair-hair'd youth,  
How shall I the brave son of Semo slay?  
Of my most secret thoughts he is the friend,  
And shall I 'gainst my friend lift up my sword?  
Three days before him she did sit and weep,  
On the fourth day to fight he did consent.

O, my Deugala, I will fight my friend,  
But may I fall by his subduing sword.  
Could I e'er wander on the fatal hill,  
And coolly look upon Cuchullin's grave?  
We met, and bravely fought on Muri's hills.  
Our parrying swords avoid to give a wound.  
Upon the helmets they do glance and slide,  
And sound upon the shining, slippery shields.  
Deugala, with a smile, beheld the fight,

And said to Ferda, Damman's noble son,  
Thine arm is feeble, thou sun-beam of youth,  
Thy years are not yet strong to wield the steel.  
Yield to the conquering arm of Semo's son,  
He's like a flinty rock on Malmor's heath.

The tear stands in the eye of the brave youth.  
He, with a faltering voice, thus said to me,  
Cuchullin, raise thy bright, and bossy shield.  
Defend thee from the onset of thy friend.  
My soul is burden'd with a load of grief:  
For I must slay the chief of valiant men.

I sighed as the wind from hollow rock.  
The keen edge of my steel I lifted high.  
The lovely sun-beam of the battle fell ;  
The first, the noblest, of Cuchullin's friends.

Sad, and unhappy is Cuchullin's hand  
Since the young hero by his weapon fell.

Son of the warlike car, sad is thy tale,  
Said aged Carril, bard of other times.  
It sends my soul back to the times of old,  
And to the strife-ful days of other years.  
Of Comal oft' I've heard who slew his friend ;  
Yet victory did sit upon his steel ;  
And in his sight the battle was consum'd.

Of Albion Comal was a warlike son ;  
The noble chieftain of a hundred hills.  
His bounding roes drank of a thousand streams.  
A thousand rocks, responsive, did reply  
To the loud-yelping voice of his fleet hounds.  
His face did wear the gentleness of youth.  
The death of heroes bore he in his hand.  
One was his dearest love, and fair was she !  
The daughter of Conloch, much fam'd in arms.  
'Mong women like a sun-beam she appear'd.  
And black her hair was as the raven's wing.  
Her dogs were trained to the chace of hinds.  
Her bow-string sounded in the whizzing wind.  
On her lov'd Comal she had fix'd her soul.  
Their eyes of mutual love did often meet.  
Their course was one upon the mountain chace,  
And happy were their secret hours of love.  
But Gormal, the dark chief of gloomy Ardven,  
Had fix'd his heart upon the beauteous maid.  
He watch'd her lone steps on the heathy hill :  
For, to unhappy Comal he was foe.

Tired one day, and weary of the chace,  
When from their sight the mist conceal'd their  
    friends,  
The youthful Comal and his lovely maid,  
Daughter of Conloch, met in Ronan's cave.  
The wonted haunt of Comal was the cave.  
With warlike arms its sides were hung around.

A hundred shields of twanging thongs were there ;  
A hundred helmets of loud-sounding steel.

He said, my love Galvina, rest thou here,  
Thou beauteous beam of light of Ronan's cave.  
A bounding deer appears on Mora's brow.  
I go, my love ; but I will soon return.  
My foe dark Grumal I do fear, she said ;  
The lonely cave of Ronan he doth haunt.  
Among the shields and helmets I will rest ;  
But soon to hail thy safe return, my love.

He went to Mora, to the chace of hinds.  
The daughter of Conloch would try his love.  
She with his armour clothed her white sides ;  
And strode, with champion-step, from Ronan's cave.  
He thought the armed figure was his foe.  
His heart beat high within his heaving breast.  
His colour chang'd, and darkness dimm'd his eyes.  
With well-directed aim the bow he drew.  
The arrow flew. Galvina fell in blood.  
With frantic wildness in his steps he ran  
And call'd the hapless daughter of Conloch.  
No voice responded from the lonely rock.  
Where art thou, my Galvina, O my love !  
At length, he saw her heaving, gored heart  
Beating around the arrow which he threw.  
O Conloch's daughter, is it thou, my love ?  
He look'd, and sigh'd, and sunk upon her breast.

The prowling hunters found the hapless pair ;  
Comal walk'd afterwards upon the hill.  
But lone and silent were his pensive steps  
Round the dark house of his entombed love.  
The fleet of mighty ocean came. He fought—  
'The strangers from the bloody battle fled.  
He searched for his death throughout the field.  
But who could lay the mighty Comal low !  
His dark-brown shield which he had buckled on,  
To meet the strangers' spears, he threw away.  
A deadly arrow found his manly breast.  
With his Galvina in the grave he sleeps  
At the loud murmur of the sounding surge.  
Their tombs are seen, upon the grassy plain,  
High on the shore, by watchful mariner  
When he bounds on the billows of the north.

# Fingal:

## AN EPIC POEM.

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### Book 3d.

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#### THE ARGUMENT.

CUCHULLIN, pleased with Carril's story, insists with him for more of his songs. The bard relates the actions of Fingal in Lochlin, and death of Agandecca the beautiful sister of Swaran. He had scarce finished when Calmar came wounded from the field, and told them of Swaran's design to surprize the remains of the Irish army. They prepare for battle. Morning comes, Calmar dies of his wounds; and, the ships of the Caledonians appearing, Swaran gives up the pursuit of the Irish, and returns to oppose Fingal's landing. Cuchullin ashamed, after his defeat, to appear before Fingal, retires to the cave of Tura. Fingal engages the enemy, puts them to flight; but the coming on of night makes the victory not decisive. The king, who had observed the gallant behaviour of his grandson Oscar, gives him advice concerning his conduct in peace and war. Fillan and Oscar are dispatched to observe the motions of the enemy by night; Gaul, the son of Morni, desires the command of the army in the next battle; which Fingal promises to give him,

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DELIGHTFUL is the song, Cuchullin said,  
And lovely are the tales of other times.  
'They're like the undisturbed, pearly dew,  
Of summer's morn, upon the hill of roes,

When on its side the rising sun is faint,  
And the blue lake is settled in the vale.  
O aged Carril, raise again thy voice,  
And let me of dark Tura hear the song :  
Which in my lofty halls of joy was sung,  
When mighty Fingal king of shields was there,  
And glowed at his fathers' deeds of fame.

Fingal ! thou man of battle, Carril said,  
Sure, early were thy mighty deeds in arms.  
In thy fierce wrath stern Lochlin was consum'd,  
When thy youth strove, in comeliness and form,  
With all the lovely grace of virgin-bloom.  
The fond, admiring, fair, did often smile  
At the young hero's gentle-featured face ;  
But, with this mildness, death was in his hand.  
Like Lora's rolling waters was his strength.  
His followers were like the awful roar  
Of lashed rocks amidst a thousand streams.  
In battle they the king of Lochlin took,  
But to his ships him they again restor'd.  
His lofty heart was swelled high with pride ;  
And the youth's death sat dark upon his soul.  
For none, but Fingal, ever overcame  
The strength of mighty Starno, Swaran's sire.

High in his hall of shells great Starno sat,  
The warlike chief of Lochlin's woody land.  
He call'd the grey-hair'd Snivan, of the harp,



'That round dark Loda's circle often sung ;  
When the great stone of power heard his cry,  
And turn'd the fight in the contested field.

Go, grey-hair'd Snivan, mighty Starno said,  
Go to dark Ardven's sea-surrounded rocks.  
Tell to king Fingal of the desert chief,  
He that is fairest 'mong a thousand fair,  
Tell him my daughter I espouse to him,  
'The loveliest maid that ever, sighing, heav'd  
A breast of snow on Lochlin's woody hills.  
White are her arms as foam upon my waves.  
Her soul for love is generous and mild.  
Let Fingal with his bravest heroes come  
'To the fair daughter of the secret hall.

Old Snivan came to Albion's windy hills :  
And fair-hair'd Fingal went to Lochlin's shore.  
His kindled, love-rapt, soul before him flew  
As swift he bounded on the northern waves.

Welcome, said Starno of the dark-brown mein,  
Welcome, great king of rocky Morven ; and  
Ye heroes all ; sons of the lonely isle !  
'Three days shall ye feast high within my halls,  
And three days in the woods pursue the boars,  
'That your renown may reach the lonely maid  
That, in her secret chamber, dreams of love.

Starno, the king of snow, designed their death,  
And gave the welcom'd chiefs the feast of shells.  
Fingal, who doubted the high-feasting foe,  
Kept on, for war prepar'd, his arms of steel.  
The sons of death around him were afraid,  
And from the hero's eyes in terror fled.  
The voice of sprightly, festive, mirth arose.  
The trembling harps of joyous hours are strung.  
Bards sing of battles and of heroes brave;  
Or the high-heaving breast of sighing love.  
Ullin, king Fingal's noted bard, was there;  
The sweet, enchanting, voice of Cona's hill.  
He prais'd the lovely daughter of the snow;  
And hilly Morven's high-descended chief.—  
The daughter of the snow o'erheard the song,  
And left the chamber of her secret sigh.  
In all the charms of beauty she appear'd,  
Like rising moon behind the eastern cloud.  
Around her loveliness was as the light.  
Her steps were like sweet music to the song.  
She saw, and lov'd the youth of dark-brown hills.  
Of her love-thoughts he was the stolen sigh.  
On him her blue eye rolled in stolen glance:  
And in her soul she blessed Morven's chief.

The third day came with all its glaring beams,  
And brightly shone upon the wood of boars.  
Forth mov'd the dark-brown Starno to the chace;  
And mighty Fingal, king of sounding shields.

Half the long day they spent among the woods ;  
And in the blood of Gormal spears were red.

Then 'twas that Starno's daughter, lovely maid,  
With blue eyes rolling in a flood of tears,  
Came with the soft and gentle voice of love ;  
And thus addressed woody Morven's king.

O mighty Fingal, high-descended chief,  
Trust not thyself to Starno's heart of pride.  
Within that wood he has his chieftain's plac'd ;  
Beware of the ensnaring wood of death.  
But, son of lofty hills, remember me,  
Remember Agandecca in the chace ;  
O save me quickly from my father's wrath,  
Thou of the windy Morven valiant king !

The fair-hair'd youth, with unconcern, went on ;  
His armed heroes marching by his side.  
The sons of death fell by his flaming sword ;  
And wasted Gormal echoed around.

Before the haughty Starno's lofty halls  
The warlike heroes of the chace conven'd.  
The king's dark brows were like two stormy clouds.  
Like meteors of the night his eyes did glare.  
Bring hither Agandecca, Starno cries,  
Bring the fair maid to Morven's lovely king.

His hand is stained with my people's blood ;  
And Agandecca's words have not been vain.

With the red eye of tears the damsel came.  
Her raven locks loose on her shoulder hung.  
Her snowy bosom heaved with deep sighs,  
Like the uplifting foam on Lubar's streams.  
Starno with his spear pierced her white side.  
She to the earth fell like a wreath of snow  
That slides from lofty Ronan's pendent rocks ;  
When the surrounding woods are calm and still,  
And the loud echo deepens in the vale.

Then Fingal, furious, eyed his valiant chiefs,  
His valiant chieftains at his nod took arms.  
The gloom of battle roared through the woods,  
And Lochlin's haughty king or fled or died.  
All pale and lifeless, in his bounding ship  
He closed the lovely maid of raven hair.  
On Ardven's lofty top her tomb ascends,  
And the tempestuous billows loudly roar  
Round the dark dwelling of fair Agandecca.

Blessed, said Cuchullin, be her virgin soul,  
And blessed be the mouth of mourning song.  
Strong was the youth of Fingal ; strong the arm,  
In youth and age, of Morven's warlike chief.  
Dark Lochlin's haughty king shall fall again  
Before the chieftain of the echoing hills.

O lovely moon, thy face shew from a cloud,  
Light his white sails on the dark wave of night.  
And if a spirit of heaven, commanding, sits  
In the dark bosom of that low-hung cloud,  
Turn his sea-beaten ships from roaring rocks,  
Thou ghostly rider of the rushing storm !

So noble were the words Cuchullin spoke  
At the low-sound of the dark mountain stream,  
When Calmar, wounded on the heath of hinds,  
Ascended faintly up the mountain side.  
With blood besmeared from the field he came.  
He leaned faintly on his bending spear.  
Although in battle feeble is the arm,  
Yet strong and vigorous is the hero's soul.

Welcome, O son of Matha, Connal, said,  
Welcome art thou, brave Calmar, to thy friends !  
Why bursts from the stout breast the broken sigh  
Of him who ne'er before did fear a foe ?

And never, Connal, will he be afraid,  
Undaunted chieftain of the pointed steel.  
My soul in midst of danger brightens high,  
And in the noise of battle triumphs loud.  
I am descended from the race of steel ;  
My fathers never fear'd, nor flinched the field.

The first of my bold race brave Cormar was.  
He sported through the storms of rolling waves,

His black skiff bounded on the foaming seas,  
And travel'd swiftly on the winged blast.  
A spirit once embroil'd the gloomy night.  
Seas swell, and cliffs and lashed rocks resound.  
Winds drive the black, tempestuous clouds along.  
The lightning flies on blazing wings of fire.  
The hero feared, and he came to land :  
Then blushed at the thought that he e'er fear'd.  
Again he rush'd among the boist'rous waves,  
To find the son of the o'erwhelming wind.  
Three youths guide steadily the bounding bark ;  
He stood upon the deck with sword unsheath'd.  
When the dark vapour of the sweeping storm,  
Low-hung upon the billows, passed by,  
He caught the curled beard of awful storm  
And search'd its darken'd bosom with his steel.  
The grim son of the wind forsook the air.  
The moon and stars returned to their place.

Such was the native boldness of my race,  
And Calmar is in courage like his sires.  
Danger flies fast from the uplifted sword.  
In perils great they best succeed who dare.

But now, ye sons of Erin's verdant vales,  
Retire from gloomy Lena's bloody heath.  
The scatter'd remnant of our friends collect,  
And join the mighty Fingal's shining sword.  
I heard th' advancing sound of Lochlin's arms ;

But Calmar will remain and fight the foe.  
My voice in battle shall be such, my friends,  
As if a thousand heroes were behind me.  
But, son of Semo, bring me to your mind.  
In sadness think on Calmar's lifeless corse.  
When Fingal has laid waste the field of war,  
By some stone of rememb'rance place my bones,  
That future times may hear of my renown;  
And Calmar's mother may rejoice to see  
Entomb'd the favorite son of warlike fame.

No : son of Matha, brave Cuchullin said,  
I'll never leave thee in the per'lous field.  
In the unequal fight my joy is plac'd :  
My soul increases as the danger comes.  
Connal, and Carril, bard of other times,  
The sorrowing sons of Erin carry off;  
And when the rage of bloody battle's o'er,  
Search for our corse in the narrow way.  
For near this blasted oak, we'll boldly stand  
The rushing fury of the stream of war.

O son of Fithil, with the feet of wind,  
Fly over Lena's wide-extended heath.  
To Fingal tell that Erin is enthal'd,  
And call the king of Morven to our aid.  
O let him come like the meridian sun,  
When he shines brightly on the hills of grass.



On Cromla's rocks the morning grey appears ;  
The dark sons of the sea ascend the hill.  
Calmar, in arms, stood forth to meet the foe  
In all the pride of his war-kindling soul.  
But pale and fearful was the warrior's face ;  
He leaned, pensive, on his father's spear.  
That weapon which he brought from Lara's hall,  
When sad and mournful was his mother's soul,  
But slowly now the lofty hero falls  
Like a tall tree on Cona's woody plains.  
Alone, unmoved, dark Cuchullin stands  
Like a huge rock upon the sandy vale.  
The swelled sea comes with its rolling waves,  
And loudly roars against its harden'd sides.  
Its head is covered with lashed foam,  
And the dark hills are echoing around.  
Now from the mist which on the ocean hung,  
The white-sail'd ships of Fingal come in sight.  
High as a grove of pines their masts appear  
As they, by turns, nod on the rolling waves.

The haughty Swaran saw them from the hill,  
And from the sons of Erin straight return'd.  
As ebbs the rolling sea resounding through  
The hundred isles of stormy Inis-tore ;  
So loud, so vast, and so immense return'd  
The furious sons of Lochlin's gloomy hills  
Against the chieftain of the desert isle.  
But bending, weeping, sorrowful and slow,



And drawing faintly his long spear behind,  
Cuchullin sunk in Cromla's silent wood,  
And mourn'd the fate of many a fallen friend.  
He fear'd to see the mighty Fingal's face,  
Who us'd to greet him from the fields of fame.

How many of my heroes lie in death !  
The valiant chieftains of green Inis-fail !  
They that were cheerful in the festive hall  
When the rejoicing sound of shells arose.  
No more shall I their steps find in the heath,  
Or hear their voice in the loud chace of hinds.  
Pale, silent, low in bloody beds are they  
Who were, erewhile, in hall and hill my friends !  
O wand'ring spirits of the lately dead,  
Meet sorrowful Cuchullin on his heath.  
Converse with him on the wind's darken'd wing,  
When Tura's cave resounds with rustling trees.  
There, far remote from view, I'll lie unknown.  
No bard in song shall ever hear of me.  
No mossy stone shall rise to my renown.  
O mourn me with the dead, pale Bragela !  
Departed is the sun-beam of my fame.

Such were the words of brave Cuchullin, when  
In mourful mood he sunk in Cromla's woods.

Stately and tall, great Fingal, in his ship,  
Before him stretch'd his bright sharp-pointed lance.

The gleam was awful of the glancing steel :  
Like the green meteor of death it was,  
Descending upon Malmor's darksome heath,  
When the benighted trav'ler is alone  
And the broad moon is darken'd in the heaven.

The rage of battle's ended, said the king,  
And I behold the blood of many friends.  
Sad is the deadly sight, on Lena's heath ;  
And mournful are the oaks in Cronla's woods ;  
There have the hunters fallen in their strength ;  
And the bold son of Semo is no more.  
Ryno and Fillan, my two warlike sons,  
The horn of Fingal's war sound loud and long.  
That hill ascend that overlooks the shore,  
And loudly call the children of the foe.  
Call them from the dark grave of fam'd Lamdarg.  
'The high-renowned chief of other times.

Be your sound warlike like your father's voice,  
When he begins the battles of his strength.  
'Thus arm'd, I wait for the dark mighty man ;  
For Swaran do I wait on Lena's shore.  
And let him proudly come with all his race ;  
For strong and valiant in the battle are  
The friends of heroes dead upon the plain.

Fair Ryno like the flash of lightning flew ;  
Dark Fillan as the shade of autumn mov'd.

On Lena's darksome heath their voice is heard ;  
The sons of ocean heard the martial horn,  
A summons to the brave of Fingal's war.  
As the loud noise of ocean's whirling tide  
Returning from the rugged hills of snow ;  
So strong, so dark, so sudden on the shore  
Came down the gloomy chieftains of Lochlin.  
The king appeareth in their marshal'd front  
In the dark ostentation of his arms.  
Inflamed wrath burns in his dark-brown face :  
And, in the fire of rage, his eye balls roll.

Fingal beheld fierce Starno's lofty son ;  
And he remember'd Agandecca's fate.—  
For Swaran with the sorrowing tears of youth  
Had his white-bosom'd sister deeply mourn'd.  
He sent old Ullin of the joyous songs  
To bid him to the festive hall of shells.  
For sweet and pleasant on great Fingal's soul  
Returned the remembrance of those times  
When first he felt the genial sparks of love.

With aged steps came Ullin, son of songs,  
And spoke to dark-brow'd Swaran, Starno's son.  
O thou that dwellest in dark woods afar,  
Like a tall rock, surrounded with thy waves,  
Come to the feast that Fingal has prepar'd,  
And pass the joyous day in rest and peace.  
To-morrow, Swaran, let our warrior's meet,  
Upon the field, and break the echoing shields.

To-day, said Starno's wrathful son, in haste,  
To-day, in fight, we break the echoing shields :  
To-morrow will my festive board be spread ;  
And Fingal lie upon the lap of earth.

To-morrow, then, let Starno's feast be spread,  
Said Fingal, with a smile ; for, O my sons,  
To-day we shall lay low the echoing shields.  
Ossian, stand thou near my threat'ning arm.  
Gaul, lift upon our foes thy dreadful sword.  
Fergus, in vengeance, bend thy crooked yew.  
Throw, Fillan, thy long lance athwart the sky,  
Lift your dark shields like the beclouded moon.  
Be your bright spears the meteors of death.  
Me follow in the path of my renown ;  
And in the battle match my deeds of might.

As on high Morven's woods a hundred winds ;  
As the streams rushing from a hundred hills ;  
As clouds successive over heaven fly ;  
Or, as dark ocean strikes the desert shore :  
So vast, so terrible, the armies meet,  
And mingle spears on Lena's echoing heath.

The heroes' dying groans spread o'er the hills,  
In awful sound, like thunder in the night,  
When the cloud bursts on Cona's woody plain ;  
And ghosts a thousand, with a thousand yells  
At once, shriek awful on the hollow wind.

Great Fingal in his strength then rushed on,  
As Trenmor's spirit terrible to view ;  
When he, in whirlwind, to high Morven comes  
To see the warlike children of his pride.  
The tow'ring oaks resound upon their hills,  
And the rocks on the plains before him fall.  
With reeking blood my father's hand was stain'd  
When high he whirl'd the lightning of his sword.  
He bears in mind the battles of his youth,  
And in his course the field of war's laid waste.

Ryno like firey pillar strode the field.—  
Dark is the brow of Gaul of mighty arm.  
Fergus rush'd forward with the feet of wind.  
And Fillan mov'd like mist upon the hill.  
Myself, like a tall rock amidst the storm,  
With deadly wrath upon my front, came down,  
Exulting in the vigour of the king.  
By my strong arm did many heroes fall,  
And dismal was the glancing of my sword.  
In these rude days my locks were not so grey ;  
Nor tremble did my hands through weakening age.  
My eyes in darkness were not closed quite ;  
Nor fail'd my feet in the contended race.

Who can in tale the people's deaths relate,  
Or the high deeds of mighty heroes tell ; .  
When Fingal, burning in his furious wrath,  
Consum'd the warlike sons of dark Lochlin.

Groans swell'd on dismal groans from hill to hill :  
Till night with her dark robe had cover'd all.  
Pale, staring like a frighten'd herd of deer,  
The sons of Lochlin meet on Lena's heath.  
At Lubar's gentle stream we sat and heard  
The sprightly notes of the well-tuned harp.  
Fingal himself sat there next to the foe ;  
And listened to the tales of aged bards.  
His god-like race were in the martial song,  
The chieftains of the days of other times.  
Attentive, leaning on his shining shield,  
The king of Morven 'mongst his heroes sat.  
The rustling wind whiz'd through his aged locks,  
And on his warriors as he look'd his thoughts  
Are of the warlike days of other years.  
Near to his grandsire, on his bending spear,  
My young, my lovely chieftain, Oscar, stood.  
The king of Morven's prowess he admir'd :  
And his great deeds were swelling on his soul.

Son of my Son, began the aged king,  
O Oscar, pride of my more youthful days,  
I saw the shining of thy polish'd sword,  
And gloried in the brav'ry of my race.  
Pursue the fame which our forefather's won,  
And be in mighty deeds what they have been ;  
When Trenmor liv'd, the first of valiant men,  
And Trathal whence our heroes all have sprung.  
They fought the battle in the strength of youth,  
And are the subjects of the martial song.

O noble Oscar! bend the strong in arm ;  
But spare the feeble hand beneath thy sword.  
Against thy faithful people's direst foes  
Be thou a rolling stream of many tides ;  
But like the gale that gently moves the grass,  
Be thou to those who humbly ask thine aid.  
So noble Trenmor liv'd ; such Trathal was ;  
And such, in war and peace, has Fingal been.  
The support of the injur'd was my arm ;  
And the defenceless and the weak did rest  
Behind the lightning of my flaming steel.

O noble Oscar, I was young like thee,  
When snowy-bosom'd Fainasollis came ;  
That cheering sun-beam ! that mild light of love !  
The lovely daughter of bleak Craca's king !  
I then returned from dark Cona's heath,  
And heroes few were in my lessen'd train.  
Far on the waves a white-sail'd boat appear'd ;  
We saw it like a mist on ocean's blast.  
The boat approached soon ; we saw the fair.  
With rising sighs her white breast heaved high,  
The wind was humming through her loose dark hair :  
Her rosy cheek was flooded o'er with tears.

Daughter of beauty, soft and calm I said,  
What sigh is heaving in that lovely breast ?  
Can I, young as I am in love and war,  
Defend thee, thou fair daughter of the sea ?



My sword in battle does not stand unmatch'd,  
But dauntless and courageous is my heart.

To thee I fly, replied the fair with sighs,  
O sovereign prince of many mighty men !  
To thee I fly, chief of the generous shells,  
And kind supporter of the feeble hand !  
The king of Craca's snow-cap'd, echoing isle  
Own'd me the brightest sun-beam of his race.  
And often did Cromala's lofty hills,  
Responsive, answer to the sighs of love  
For the unhappy, wretched Fainasollis.  
Dark Sora's gloomy chief beheld me fair ;  
And lov'd the hapless daughter of Craca.  
His glittering sword is like a beam of light,  
Upon the armed warrior's brighten'd side.  
But dark and wrathful is his frowning brow ;  
And tempests struggle in his tainted soul.  
I shun his passion on the rolling sea ;  
But Sora's chief still, with desire, pursues.

Rest thou, said I, behind my shelt'ring shield ;  
Rest thou in peace, thou beauteous beam of light.  
The gloomy chief of Sora soon will fly,  
If Fingal's arm is like his daring soul.  
In some lone cave within the hollow cliff  
I might conceal thee, daughter of the sea !  
But Fingal, king of Morven, never flies ;  
For where the danger threatens I rush on,  
With joyful heart to meet the storm of spears.



I saw the tears upon her lovely cheek.  
In warmth of soul I pitied Craca's fair.

Now, like a dreadful-rolling wave afar,  
Appears the lofty ship of stormy Borbar.  
His masts high-bended o'er the swelled sea  
Behind the storm-compelled sheets of snow.  
White roll the waters on the vessel's sides.  
The strength of troubled ocean sounds aloft.  
Come thou, said I, thou son of ocean's roar,  
Come thou to shore, thou rider of the storm.  
Partake the feast within my ancient hall.  
It is the house where strangers find repose.

The hapless maid stood trembling by my side :  
He drew his fatal bow : the damsel fell.  
Unerring is thy hand, I sorrowing said,  
But feeble and defenceless was the foe.

We fought ; nor weak was the contest of death.  
He sunk beneath the vengeance of my sword.  
We laid their corpses in two tombs of stones ;  
The hapless lovers of incautious youth.

Such have I been, O Oscar, in my youth ;  
Be thou like Fingal in thy growing years.  
To find a cause for battle never search,  
Nor shun the bloody contest when it comes.

Fillan and Oscar of the dark-brown hair ;  
Ye valiant children of the chieftain-race ;  
Fly o'er the rustling heath of roaring winds ;  
And view the trembling sons of dark Lochlin.  
Far off I hear the clamour of their fear,  
Like hissing storms in Cona's echoing vale.  
Go. View their movements, that they may not fly  
My sword along the billows of the north.  
For many chiefs of Erin's warlike race  
Lie here upon the darksome bed of death.  
The children of the storm of war are low ;  
The valiant sons of Cromla's echoing hills.

Forth flew the heroes like two clouds obscure :  
Two clouds that darkly sweep along the woods,  
Whereon the chariots of ghosts do hurl ;  
When air's dark children frighten hapless men.

Then was it that brave Gaul, bold Morni's son,  
Stood like a sturdy rock in stormy night.  
His flaming spear is glittering to the stars ;  
His voice, in murm'rings loud, like many streams.

O son of battle, cried the valiant chief,  
O noble, Fingal, mighty king of shells !  
Let the grey-headed bards of many songs  
Soothe lovely Erin's falling sons to rest.  
And, Fingal, sheath thy glittering sword of death ;  
And let thy valiant people share the fight.

We fade away without one beam of fame ;  
For our king is himself an host of men,  
The only breaker of the shining shields.  
When ruddy morning rises on our hills,  
View at a distance our great deeds in arms.  
Let Lochlin feel the sword of Morni's son,  
That bards may sing of me in future times.  
Such was the custom of great Fingal's race.  
Such was thine own, in contests that are past,  
Thou king of swords, in battles of the spear.

O son of Morni, Fingal quickly said,  
I glory in the fame that thou hast won.  
Rush to the fight—but my spear shall be near  
To aid thee in the midst of perils great.  
Raise, raise on high the conquering hero's voice,  
Sons of the song, and lull me into rest.  
Here Fingal will lie down amidst the wind  
Of the dark shadows of the gloomy night.  
And if thou, Agandecca, once so fair,  
Art near, among the children of thy land ;  
If thou dost sit upon a blast of wind  
Among dark Lochlin's tall, high-shrouded, ships ;  
Come, O my fair one, to my sweetest dreams,  
And to my soul display thy lovely face.

Many a voice in the glad song was sung,  
And many a harp in tuneful sounds arose.  
Of Fingal's valiant deeds they loudly sung,

And of the mighty hero's noble race.  
And sometimes on the lovely sound was heard  
The now sad Ossian's once powerful name.

Oft' have I fought the foes upon the plain,  
And often won in battles of the spear.  
But blind, and tearful, and forlorn now  
I walk, in glory's path, with little men.  
O Fingal, thou that sleepest in the shade,  
In stream of battle I behold thee not.  
The wild roes browsing on the verdant hills,  
Bound o'er the tomb of Morven's mighty king.  
Bless'd be thy soul, thou king of shining swords.  
Thou most renown'd on Cona's echoing hills.

# Fingal:

## AN EPIC POEM.

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### Book 4th.

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#### THE ARGUMENT.

THE action of the poem being suspended by night, Ossian takes that opportunity to relate his own actions at the lake of Lego, and his courtship of Evirallin, who was the mother of Oscar, and had died some time before the expedition of Fingal into Ireland. Her ghost appears to him, and tells him that Oscar was engaged with the enemy, and almost overpowered. Ossian relieves his son; and an alarm is given to Fingal of the approach of Swaran. The king calls his army together, and, as he had promised, gives the command to Gaul the son of Morni, while he himself retires to a hill, from whence he could have a view of the battle. The battle joins; and Gaul and his army, after an obstinate contest, are obliged to give way. Fingal, descending from the hill, rallies them again, and renews the fight. Cuchullin, who had retired to the cave of Tura, hearing the noise, came to the brow of the hill, which overlooked the field of battle, where seeing Fingal engaged with the enemy, and on the point of gaining a complete victory, he sends Carril to congratulate him on his success.

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WHO with her songs from the grey mountain  
comes,  
Like the bright bow on Lena's showery heath?  
It is the maid of the sweet voice of love.

The snowy-armed daughter of Toscar.  
Oft' hast thou overheard my warlike song,  
And given the tear of beauty to the tale.  
Dost thou unto thy peoples' battles come,  
And to hear Oscar's deeds of war rehears'd?  
When shall I cease to mourn the days of old,  
While I recline by Cona's echoing streams?  
My years in battle have all passed away,  
And my old age is darkened with grief.

O, lovely daughter of the hand of snow!  
Nor mournful was I nor so dim my eyes;  
Nor did I sit forlorn in the lone shade,  
When Everallin's love was fix'd on me.  
Sweet Everallin with the dark-brown hair,  
The snowy-bosom'd love of brave Cormac.  
A thousand heroes sought the beauteous maid,  
To a proud thousand she her love denied.  
The sons of shining bucklers were despis'd;  
For Ossian was graceful in her eyes.

I went in suit of the far-famed maid  
To the grey banks of Lego's sable surge;  
Twelve of my heroes were in waiting there,  
The sons of streamy Morven, girt with arms.  
We came to Branno of the sounding mail:  
Branno to strangers the reputed friend.  
From whence, he said, are the bright arms of steel?  
Not easy to be won is the fair maid

That has denied Erin's blue-eyed sons.  
But, O great son of Fingal, bless'd be thou,  
And happy is the maid that thee awaits.  
Though twelve fair daughters, all for beauty fam'd,  
Were of my family, and mine to give,  
Thine were the select choice, thou son of fame.  
Then opened he the hall of the fair maid,  
The dark-hair'd snowy-bosom'd Everallin.  
Joy kindled in our armed breasts of steel,  
And bless'd the maid of Branno of the streams.

Above us on the hill, in arms, appeared  
The people of the stately Cormac's train.  
Eight were the heroes of the warlike chief;  
And the heath flamed with their glittering arms.  
There Colla stood, and Durra of the wounds,  
The mighty Toscar, and Tago the brave;  
There Frestal also the victorious stood;  
Dairo renowned of the happy deeds,  
And Dala the battle's bulwark in the pass.  
The sword flam'd high in mighty Cormac's hand,  
And graceful were the comely hero's looks.

Eight were the heroes in brave Ossian's train;  
Bold Ullin, stormy son of war, was there;  
The noble Mullo of the generous deeds;  
The valiant, the graceful Scelacha;  
Oglan, and Cerdal of the wrathful soul;  
And stern Dumariccan's dark brows of death.

And why should warlike Ogar be the last ;  
So wide renown'd on Ardven's lofty hills.

On the dark field of heroes Ogar met,  
Steel clanging against steel, Dala the strong.  
The furious battle of the mighty chiefs  
Was like the wind on ocean's foamy waves.  
The dagger is remember'd by Ogar ;  
The deadly weapon which in war he lov'd ;  
Nine times he drowned it in Dala's side.  
The stormy battle turn'd its bloody stream.  
Three times I broke on valiant Cormac's shield ;  
Three times he broke his spear, and thrice renew'd—  
But, hapless youth, I cut his head away.—  
Five times I shook it by the lovely locks.  
The friends of fallen Cormac fled the field,

Whoever would have told me, lovely maid,  
When then I strove in battle's mighty course,  
That blind, forsaken, and forlorn I now  
Should pass the night ; firm ought his mail to have  
Been, and in battle his strong arm unmatch'd.

Now on dark Lena's solitary heath  
The swelled voice of music died away.  
The variable, gusty blast blew hard,  
And the high oak around me shook its leaves ;  
Of Everallin were my pensive thoughts,  
When she, in all the light of beauty's beams,



And her blue eyes drench'd with a flood of tears,  
Stood on a pendent cloud before my sight,  
And spoke with tremulous and feeble voice.

O Ossian, rise and save my valiant son ;  
Save Oscar prince of men, near the red oak  
Of Lubar's streams, he fights with Lochlin's sons.  
She sunk into her gloomy cloud again.  
Me straight I clothed with my shining steel.  
My spear supported my advancing steps,  
And my stout armour in my movements rung.  
Like distant thunder Lochlin heard the sound ;  
The foes did cowardly fly ; my son pursued.

I call'd him like a distant murm'ring stream.  
My son return thou over Lena's heath.  
Pursue no farther the retreating foe,  
'Though Ossian is behind, to aid thy sword.  
He quickly came ; and lovely in my ear  
Was the loud clank of Oscar's sounding steel.  
Why didst thou stop my conquering hand, he said,  
'Till death with carnage had o'erspread the plain ?  
For dark and dreadful by the troubled stream  
They met the noble Fillan and thy son.  
They watch'd the terrors of the stormy night.  
Our swords have many of our foes subdued.  
But as the roaring winds of boist'rous night  
Roll the swell'd ocean over Mora's sands,  
So dark advance proud Lochlin's vaunting sons,

Intent on death, o'er Lena's rustling heath.  
The ghosts of night in horror shriek afar ;  
And I have seen the meteors of death.  
Let me dark Morven's mighty king awake,  
He that in danger sniles ; for he is like  
The sun of heaven that rises in a storm.

Fingal had started from a troubled dream,  
And leaned on the mighty Trenmor's shield ;  
The dark-brown shield which his forefathers wore ;  
Which they of old had lifted high against  
The pointed spear, in battles of their race.

My hero in his nightly rest had seen  
Th' entombed Agandecca's mournful form ;  
From the green hill upon the shore she came,  
And slowly, lonely, over Lena mov'd.  
Her face was like the mist of Cromla pale ;  
And dark the tears were on her ghastly cheek.  
She often her dim hand rais'd from her robe ;  
Her robe which moving with the gentle breeze,  
Was like the floating cloud upon the hill :  
She raised over Fingal her dim hand,  
And turned from his view her silent eyes.

Daughter of Starno, once of lovely form,  
Why weepest thou, said Fingal with a sigh ?  
Why is thy once most beauteous face so pale,  
Thou daughter of the darkly-moving clouds ?

On Lena's boist'rous wind she wing'd her way,  
And left the hero in the midst of night.  
She sorely mourn'd her people's hapless sons,  
That were to fall by mighty Fingal's hands.

The hero started from his roving rest,  
And still beheld the maiden in his soul.  
The sound approach'd of noble Oscar's steps.  
The king observ'd the grey shield on his side.  
For the faint sun-bean of the rising morn  
Its light shed feebly over Ullin's waves.

What in their terror do the tim'rous foes,  
Said Morven's mighty chieftain as he rose.  
Or fly they through green Ocean's rolling foam,  
Or wait they battle of the sons of steel?  
But why should Fingal ask? I hear the voice  
Of warlike humming on the early wind.  
O noble Oscar, fly o'er Lena's heath,  
And to the battle our true friends awake.  
The king by the grey stone of Lubar stood;  
And thrice he reared his tremendous voice.  
The deer from Cromla's fountains ran afraid;  
And all the rocks shook on their shivering hills.  
Like the noise of a hundred mountain streams,  
That burst and roar, and foam along their course.  
Like the dark clouds that gather to a storm  
On the blue face of the untroubled sky;  
So met the martial'd sons of desert hills

Around the mighty Fingal's awful voice.  
For pleasant was the voice of Morven's king  
To the brave warriors of his native land :  
For often had he them to battle led,  
And with the plunder of the foe return'd.

Come boldly to the battle, said the king,  
Ye pleased children with the storm of war.  
Come to the death of thousands on the field.  
Brave Comhal's valiant son shall see the fight.  
Upon that hill my sword aloft shall wave,  
And to my people be a sheltering shield.  
But never, warriors, may you need my help ;  
While the bold son of Morni keeps the field,  
The chief of the fam'd race of mighty men.  
He my fierce battle of the spears shall lead,  
That his renown may rise in future song.

O ye grey, wandering, ghosts of heroes dead !  
Ye riders of the storm on Cromla's woods !  
My falling warriors receive with joy,  
And bring them safely to your misty hills.  
And may the sweeping blast of Lena's heath  
Their airy bodies carry o'er my seas,  
That they may come into my silent dreams,  
And in my rest delight my roving soul.

Fillan and Oscar, of the dark brown hair !  
Fair Ryno, with the shield and pointed steel !

Advance with hearts of valour to the fight;  
And the high deeds of Morni's son behold.  
Let your swords in the battle be like his;  
And mark the actions of his furious arm.  
Your fathers' friends within your power protect.  
And in your mem'ry bear the chiefs of old.  
My children, I will yet behold you all,  
Though here in Erin's valley ye should fall.  
Soon shall our cold, pale ghosts meet in a cloud,  
And fly together over Cona's hills.

Now like a dark and stormy-bosom'd cloud,  
With heaven's redden'd lightning edged round,  
And flying westward from the morning beam,  
'The mighty king of hills mov'd from his place.  
Of his bright armour awful is the light,  
And two long spears are in his powerful hand.  
His hoary hair falls in the heaving wind.  
On days of battle often he looks back.  
Three bards attend the valiant son of fame,  
'To carry to the heroes what he spoke.  
High on the side of Cromla sat the chief,  
Waving the lightning of his glittering sword,  
And as he waved so we moved on.

Great joy and gladness rose in Oscar's face.  
His cheek is red. His piercing eye sheds tears.  
His sword's a beam of lightning in his hand,  
He came, and smiling, thus to Ossian spoke.

O valiant ruler of the fight of steel!  
My noble father, hear thy warlike son.  
Retire awhile with Morven's mighty chief;  
And give me in the battle Ossian's fame.  
And if in heat of combat here I fall;  
My king, remember that soft breast of snow,  
That lonely sun-beam of my youthful love,  
The lovely, white-arm'd daughter of Toscar.  
For, from the mossy rock, with rosy cheek,  
And bending over the slow-moving stream,  
Her soft hair flies about her bosom high,  
As she for Oscar pours the heaving sigh.  
Tell her I'm ranging on my native hills  
A lightly-bounding warrior of the wind;  
That, in a cloud, hereafter, borne along,  
The lovely maid of Toscar I may meet.

Raise, noble Oscar, rather raise my tomb.  
I will not yield the furious fight to thee.  
For first and bloodiest in the war my arm  
Shall teach thee how the battle to maintain.  
But bear in mind, my son to place this sword,  
This bow, and high-branch'd horn of my deer,  
Within that noisome, dark, and narrow house,  
Whose mark of the entomb'd is one grey stone:  
Oscar, no special love have I to leave  
To my son's care, for those I once esteem'd;  
For graceful Everallin is no more,  
The lovely maid of Branno's in the shades.

Such were our words of love, and war, and death,  
When Gaul's loud voice came growing on the wind.  
He wav'd his father's beaming sword on high,  
And rushed boldly on to death and wounds.

As waves white-bubbling o'er the ruffled deep,  
Come roaring on, high-swelling to the clouds,  
As oosy rocks repel the rolling waves;  
So furious foes attacked foes and fought.  
Man met with man, and steel on steel did roar.  
Spears twang, swords clank, and valiant heroes fall.  
As hammers on a hundred anvils struck,  
So rose, so rung the clattering of the shields.

Like whirlwind in Ardven, Gaul rush'd on.  
The death of heroes is upon his sword.  
Swaran was like the wide-consuming fire  
In the dry heath of Gormal's echoing hills.  
How can I give to the sad, mournful, song  
The death of many noble, warlike men?  
My sword rose high, and flam'd in strife of blood.  
And, Oscar, awful in the fight wert thou,  
My best, my greatest, my most valiant son!  
I much rejoiced in my secret soul,  
When his bright weapon flamed o'er the slain.  
They furiously fled through Lena's heath;  
And we pursu'd and slew the flying foe.  
As falling stones that bound from rock to rock;  
As axes on the trees in echoing woods;

As cracking thunder rolls from hill to hill  
In dismal broken peals upon the wind ;  
So blow succeeded blow, and death to death,  
From the strong hand of Oscar and my own.

But gloomy Swaran clos'd round Morni's son,  
As the encircling tide of Inis-tore.  
The king enraged half-rose from his hill,  
And at the sight did half-assume his spear.  
Go, Ullin, go, my hoary-headed bard,  
Began the king of Morven as he rose.  
Remind the mighty Gaul, in battle strong,  
Remind him of his father's high renown.  
Support the yielding fight with martial song ;  
For song enlivens war, and prompts the soul.  
Tall Ullin went, with steps of feeble age,  
And thus address'd the mighty king of swords.

Son of the chief of generous steeds, arise !  
Thy arms gird on, high-bounding king of spears !  
Strong is thy arm in every per'lous toil.  
A heart that never in the battle yields.  
Brave chieftain of the pointed arms of death.  
Cut down the foe that dares to tread our shores ;  
Let no white sail bound round dark Inis-tore.  
Like thunder be thy powerful arm in fight,  
Thine eyes like fire, thy heart of solid rock.  
Whirl round thy sword as meteor in the night,  
And lift thy shining shield like flame of death.



Son of the chief of generous steeds, arise !  
Go forth to war ; cut down the foe ; destroy.  
The hero's heart, rous'd with the song, beat high.  
But dark-brow'd Swaran with red battle came.  
The weighty shield of Gaul he cleft in twain ;  
And the sons of the desert fled the field.

Now Fingal in his mighty wrath arose,  
And thrice upon the hill he rear'd his voice.  
Dark Cromla's valleys answered around ;  
And the sons of the desert silent stood.  
They bent their reddened faces to the earth,  
Ashamed at the presence of their chief.  
Fingal came down like overburden'd cloud  
Of rain, in days of sunshine, when it rolls  
Its watery bosom slowly on the hills ;  
And fields below expect the genial shower.  
The mighty king of Morven Swaran saw,  
And stopped in the midst of his career.  
Gloomy he leaned on his bending spear,  
Rolling his reddened eyes in wrath around.  
Silent and tall he seemed as an oak  
On the grey bank of Lubar's rolling stream,  
Which had, in times of old, its towering top  
And branches blasted by the lightning's flash.  
It bends its blighted branches o'er the stream,  
And its grey moss loud-whistles in the wind.  
So stood the king of Lochlin on the plain.  
Then slow he went to Lena's rising heath.

His thousands round the mighty hero pour,  
And battle's darkness gathers on the hill.

Fingal, like a bright beam benign from heaven,  
Shone lovely to his warriors on the plain.  
Around him gather all his valiant chiefs,  
And he sends forth the mighty voice of power.  
Raise my bright standards high unto the clouds.—  
Spread the imperial signs on Lena's wind,  
Like flaming torches on a hundred hills.  
Let them sound mightily on Erin's blasts,  
And by their roar remind us of the fight.  
Ye noble heroes of the foamy streams,  
That pour in torrents from a thousand hills,  
Be near the king of Morven with your spears :  
Give due attention to his powerful words.  
O valiant Gaul, thou strongest arm of death !  
O Oscar, champion of future fights !  
Brave Connal, son of Sora's blades of steel !  
Renowned Dermid of the dark-brown hair,  
And valiant Ossian, king of many songs,  
Be near your father's arm in the field.

The bright sun-beam of battle high we rear'd ;  
The standard of the king wav'd in the wind.  
Each hero's soul exulted high with joy,  
As, streaming in the breeze, the ensign flew.  
With golden knobs it studded was all o'er,  
As the wide azure shell of nightly sky.

Each hero had his standard too, advanced  
On high ; and each his gloomy, warlike men.

Behold, now, said the king of generous shells,  
How Lochlin on dark Lena's heath divides.—  
They stand like broken clouds upon the hill,  
Or grove of oaks by fire half consum'd,  
When through its branches we perceive the sky,  
And meteor streaming in the wind behind.  
Let every chieftain among Fingal's friends  
Take a dark troop of those that frown so high ;  
Nor let a son of the loud-echoing groves  
Bound on the rolling waves of Inis-tore.

Mine, said the noble Gaul, be the seven chiefs  
That came from the grey banks of Lano's lake.  
Let Inis-tore's dark king, brave Oscar said,  
Come to the sword of Ossian's valiant son,  
To mine the vaunting King of Iniscon,  
Said noble Connal of the heart of steel.  
Or Mudan's chief or I, dark Dermid said,  
Shall this day sleep on the cold lap of earth.  
My choice, in fight, though now so weak and dark,  
Was Terman's battling king ; I pledg'd my truth  
To win the vaunting hero's dark-brown shield.  
Bless'd and victorious be my trusty chiefs,  
Said valiant Fingal of the mildest look.  
Dark-browed Swaran, king of roaring waves,  
Thou art the choice of Fingal in the fight.

Now, like a hundred different winds that pour  
Through many winding vales, divided, dark  
The armed heroes of the hill advanc'd,  
And Cromla's forests echoed around.

How can I tell the deaths of fallen chiefs,  
When we had clos'd in mighty strife of steel!  
O maid of Toscar! Bloody were our hands!  
The gloomy ranks of Lochlin's lofty king  
Fell like loud-roaring Cona's sapped banks.  
On Lena's heath victorious were our arms:  
Each chieftain did his promise well fulfil.  
Beside the murmur of dark Branno's stream  
Thou lovely, white-arm'd maid didst often sit;  
While thy white breast in frequent heavings rose  
Like downy swan when slow she sails the lake,  
And sidelong winds upon her bosom blow.  
Thou hast beheld the sun with radiant beams  
Slowly and red behind his cloud retire;  
Dark night upon the mountain gathering round,  
While the loud blasts roll'd in the narrow vales.  
At length the rain from burden'd clouds beats hard;  
And thunder rolls in peals from pole to pole.  
The forked lightning glances on the rocks.  
Portentous spirits ride on beams of fire.  
And the increasing strength of mountain-streams  
Comes in a roaring torrent down the hills.  
Such was the battle's noise on Lena's banks.  
O lovely maiden of the arms of snow,

Why, daughter of the hill, that falling tear?  
The maids of Lochlin have good cause to weep.  
The people of their land in battle fell,  
For bloody were my heroes' conquering blades.  
But I am sorrowful, forlorn, and blind;  
And no more the companion of the brave.  
Give, lovely maid, to me thy briney tears,  
For I have seen the tombs of all my friends.

By Fingal's conquering hand, much to his grief,  
A valiant chieftain of dark Lochlin fell.  
Grey-hair'd he rolled in the drenched dust,  
And lifted to the king his languid eyes.  
And hast thou fallen by me, said Comhal's son,  
'Thou friend of the once blooming Agandecca!  
Often, aforetime, have I seen thy tears  
For the white-bosom'd maiden of my love  
When we have met in bloody Starno's halls.  
Thou hast the foe been of my love's great foe,  
And hast thou fallen by my mighty hand?  
Raise, Ullin, raise the grave of Mathon's son,  
And give his name to the recorded song  
Of Agandecca's fate; for dear has been  
To my love swelled soul the sad remembrance  
Of gloomy Ardven's darkly-dwelling maid.

Cuchullin from the cave of Cromla heard  
The distant clamour of the troubled war.  
He call'd to valiant Connal chief of swords,

And Carril, son of songs of other times.  
The grey-hair'd heroes heard his wakening voice,  
And grasp'd their helmets and their aspen spears.

They came, and saw the tide of battle move  
Like wave compelling wave against the shore ;  
When the dark wind blows from the troubled deep,  
And rolls the billows o'er the sandy vale.

Cuchullin kindled at the martial sight,  
And darkness gather'd on his awful brow.  
His hand is on the sword his father wore :  
His eyes red-rolling on the furious foe.  
Thrice to the battle he essay'd to rush,  
And thrice did Connal stop his flaming spear.  
Brave chieftain of the isle of mist, said he,  
Great Fingal's powerful arm subdues the foe ;  
Seek not a portion of the king's renown,  
Himself is like the wide-destroying storm.

'Then, Carril, go, replied the valiant chief,  
And greet the king of Morven with the song.  
When gloomy Lochlin's people fall away  
Like streams abating when the flood is done,  
And the tremendous voice of battle's o'er.  
Then be the voice of song sweet in his ear  
'To praise the prowess of the king of swords,  
Give him the sword of Caithbat, for no more  
Is the once fam'd Cuchullin worthy of

The name he bore, clad in his fathers' arms.  
But, O ye ghosts of Cromla's lonely hills !  
Ye souls of chiefs that in the battle fell !  
Be ye Cuchullin's partners in his grief,  
And to him talk within his dismal cave.  
For never more shall I acquire renown  
Among the mighty chieftains of the land.  
I'm like a sun-beam that has blaz'd its day,  
Like watery vapour that soon fled away  
When o'er the forest came the morning blast,  
And brighten'd the rough summit of the hill.  
Connal ! of arms and battles talk no more :  
Departed like a meteor, is my fame.  
My heavy sighs shall burden Cromla's wind,  
Till my sad footsteps shall cease to be seen.—  
And thou, white-bosom'd Bragela, my love,  
Mourn o'er the fall of my exalted fame ;  
For vanquish'd, I will ne'er return to thee,  
Thou sun-beam of the valley of Dunscaich.

# Fingal:

## AN EPIC POEM.

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### Book 5th.

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#### THE ARGUMENT.

THE combat is here described. Fingal and Swaran meet: Swaran is overcome, bound and delivered over as a prisoner to the care of Ossian and Gaul the son of Morni. Fingal, his younger sons, and Oscar, still pursue the enemy. The episode of Orla a chief of Lochlin, who was mortally wounded in the battle, is introduced. Fingal, touched with the death of Orla, orders the pursuit to be discontinued; and calling his sons together, he is informed that Ryno, the youngest of them was killed. He laments his death, hears the story of Lamdarg and Gelchossa, and returns towards the place where he had left Swaran. Carril, who had been sent by Cuchullin to congratulate Fingal on his victory, comes in the mean time to Ossian. The conversation of the two poets closes the proceedings of the day.

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Now Connal on dark Cromla's windy side,  
Spoke to the chieftain of the gilded car.  
Why, son of Semo, in thy looks that gloom?  
Our friends are mighty in the field of war.  
And thou, O warrior! art in arms renown'd:  
Great was the slaughter of thy deadly steel.  
Oft' has fair Bragela, with eyes of joy,



Met her beloved hero on the hill,  
In triumph leading back his valiant train;  
When with the marks of death his spear was red,  
And his foes silent in the narrow house.  
Sweet were the bards to her attracted ear,  
When thy brave deeds rose in the martial song.

But see! the mighty king of Morven comes;  
Like fiery pillar does he move below.  
His strength may be compar'd to Lubar's stream,  
Or the loud wind on Cromla's echoing plain;  
When the thick groves of night are overturn'd.

Happy, O Fingal, are thy heroes brave,  
Thine arm and theirs the battle shall contest:  
In hours of danger thou dost first appear;  
The wisest friend thou art in days of peace;  
Thou speakest and thy thousands straight obey,  
And armies tremble at thy sounding steel.  
Happy are the bold people of thy land,  
O Fingal, chieftain of the lonely hills.

Who is that with the dark and awful brow,  
Approaching in the thunder of his course?  
Who is it but the gloomy Starno's son,  
To meet the king of Morven on the heath.  
Behold the battle of the warlike chiefs:  
It is in fury like the ocean's storm,  
When two dark spirits meet upon the sea,

And for the rolling of the wave contend.  
'The hunter hears the noise upon the hill ;  
And sees the billows rise on Ardden's shore.

Such were the words of Connal, when the chiefs  
Among their falling people met in fight.  
There was the clang of arms! There every blow  
Like roaring hammers of the furnace rung!  
Hideous is the battle of the kings,  
And terrible the rolling of their eyes.  
Their dark-brown sounding shields are cleft in  
twain ;  
And from their helmets the steel, broken, flies.  
The raging warriors fling their weapons down.  
Each hero rushes to his hero's grasp.  
Their sinewy arms around each other bend:  
Close lock'd in fight from side to side they turn,  
And strain and stretch their spreading limbs below.  
But when the fury of their strength arose,  
They shook the mountain with their sounding heels;  
Rocks rending tumble from their beds on high,  
And the green-headed shrubs are overturn'd!  
At length the mighty strength of Swaran fell;  
And the dark sovereign of the groves is bound.

Thus on the echoing Cona have I seen ;  
But echoing Cona I behold no more.  
Thus have I seen two lofty hills remov'd  
By the o'erturning strength of bursting streams.

Convuls'd, they reel and turn from side to side,  
And their tall oaks meet one another on high.  
They then fall down with all their rocks and trees.  
The troubled streams are turned by their sides,  
And the red ruin is beheld afar.

Sons of the king of Morven, Fingal said,  
The lofty king of Lochlin strictly guard;  
For he is powerful as a thousand waves.  
His hand was early to the battle taught;  
And warriors were his race from times of old.  
Gaul, thou first of the heroes of my train,  
And Ossian, king of songs of other times,  
Attend the friend of hapless Agandecca,  
And raise his evening grief to morning joy.  
But noble Oscar, Fillan, and Ryno,  
Ye valiant children of the warlike race!  
Pursue the remnant of our scattered foes,  
Who fly our reeking spears o'er Lena's heath;  
That Lochlin's ships may not hereafter bound  
On the dark-rolling waves of Inis-tore.

The heroes flew like lightning o'er the heath.  
Brave Fingal slowly moved as a cloud  
Of thunder o'er the silent, sultry plain.  
Before him as a sun-beam is his sword,  
Terrible as the meteor of the night.  
He came toward a chief of dark Lochlin,  
And spoke to the stern hero of the waves.

Who is he that approaches as a cloud  
Upon the rocky banks of roaring stream?  
O'er its dark-rolling course he cannot bound,  
Yet stately in his armour is the chief!  
His bossy shield is hanging on his side;  
And his long spear is like the desert pine.  
Youth of the dark-brown hair, why com'st thou thus,  
Art thou of Lochlin, art thou Fingal's foe?

I am a son of Lochlin, he replies,  
And strong and furious is my arm in war.  
My spouse is weeping at her lonely home,  
But Orla, dauntless chief, will ne'er return.

Or fights or yields the hero, Fingal said.  
Foes in my presence do not overcome;  
But my friends are renowned in the hall,  
Son of the stormy ocean, follow me,  
Partake the festive table of my shells,  
And, after that, my bounding deer pursue.

No: said the chief, the feeble I assist:  
My strength shall with the weak in arms remain.  
My sword, O warrior, has been yet unmatch'd:  
Let Morven's mighty chieftain yield to me.

I never yielded, Orla, Fingal said,  
I never yet did yield to mortal man.  
Draw forth thy weapon, and select thy foe.  
My heroes many are that wield the sword.

But king of Morven, if in fight I fall ;  
As one day the brave warrior must die ;  
In midst of Lena's heath erect my tomb,  
And let it be the greatest on the plain.  
And send o'er gloomy Lochlin's dark-blue waves,  
The sword of Orla to his weeping spouse ;  
That she may show it to her son with tears,  
To kindle, like his sire's, his soul to war.

Fingal replied, son of the mournful tale,  
Why dost thou with thy story wake my tears?  
One day, indeed, the warriors must die,  
And their heroic sons their arms shall see  
Hang rusty in their halls for lack of use.  
But valiant Orla, thy grey tomb shall rise,  
And thy white-bosom'd spouse weep o'er thy sword.

On Lena's heath the warriors met and fought,  
But Orla's arm was in the battle weak.  
The sword of Fingal, lifted up with might,  
Descending, cleft brave Orla's shield in twain.  
It fell and glitter'd on the redden'd plain  
As the bright moon upon the stream of night.

Great king of Morven, the fallen hero said,  
Lift now thy reeking sword and pierce my breast.  
Wounded and faint my friends have left me here.  
The mournful tale shall travel to my love  
As she reclines on streamy Loda's banks ;

When she is lonely in the desert wood,  
And hears the roaring of the rustling blast.

No; the great king of Morven bravely said,  
I'll never wound thee, Orla, chief of men.  
On Loda's banks let thy white-bosom'd spouse  
See thee escaped from the hands of war,  
Let thy grey-haired father, who, perhaps,  
Is blind with age, and mourning for thy fate,  
Thy voice again hear in thy festive hall.  
With joy increasing let the hero rise,  
And with his hands search for his noble son.

But never, Fingal, will he find his son,  
The valiant youth of streamy Loda said.  
On Lena's heath I shall with honour die;  
And foreign bards will speak of my renown.  
My broad belt spreadeth o'er my wound of death.  
And now I give it to the wasting wind.

The dark blood streamed from his gored side;  
Lifeless and pale he fell on Lena's heath.  
Fingal, in tears, bends o'er him as he dies,  
And calls his younger heroes to the sight.

Oscar and Fillan, both my warlike sons,  
Raise high the memory of brave Orla.  
Here let the dark-hair'd hero rest in peace  
Far from the spouse of his conjugal love.

Here let him rest within his narrow house  
Far from the sound of Loda's echoing streams.  
At home the warlike youths will find his bow,  
But will not bend it with their feeble arms.  
His faithful dogs howl on his native hills,  
And the wild boars, which he us'd to pursue,  
Rejoicing, through the woods in safety range.  
The arm of battle's fallen to the earth;  
'The mighty 'mong the valliant is laid low.

Exalt the voice of song, and blow the horn,  
Ye valiant sons of Morven's mighty king :  
Let us go back to Swaran of Lochlin,  
And with our singing chase the night away.  
Fillan, Oscar, and Ryno, my brave sons,  
Fly quickly over Lena's trodden heath.  
Where art thou, Ryno, thou young son of fame?  
Thou art not wont to be the last to come  
To answer to thy aged father's call.

Ryno, said grey-hair'd Ullin, first of bards,  
Is with his buried fathers' awful forms.  
His spirit dwells with 'Trathal king of shields,  
And with great Trenmor of the mighty deeds.  
The youth is low—the youth is pale—he lies  
In the cold bed of death on Lena's heath.

And fell the swiftest in the race of fame,  
The king replied, the first to bend the bow?

Thou, in thy deeds, hast scarce to me been known ;  
Why did young Ryno so untimely fall ?  
But sleep thou softly on dark Lena's plain,  
The mighty Fingal shall thee soon behold.  
Soon shall my thund'ring voice be heard no more,  
And traces of my feet no more be seen.  
The bards, in song, will tell of Fingal's name ;  
The lofty rocks will echo my renown.  
But, my son, Ryno, thou art low indeed,—  
Thy fame and honour thou hast not received.  
Ullin, for Ryno strike the well-tun'd harp ;  
Tell what the chief in glory would have been.  
Farewel, thou first of men in every field.  
No more shall I direct thy deadly dart.  
Thou that hast been so fair art now obscur'd :  
I thee behold not on the heath—Farewel.

On Fingal's cheek the falling tear was seen ;  
For terrible in battle was his son.  
His valiant son that shone before his foes  
Like beam of fire by night upon the hill ;  
When the thick forests sunk down in its course,  
And the lone trav'ler trembles at the sound.

Whose fame, began the king of generous shells,  
Is laid to silence in that dark-green tomb ?  
Four stones with their grey, mossy, heads stand  
there ;  
And gravely mark the narrow house of death.



Near this dark mansion let my Ryno rest,  
And be the peaceful neighbour of the brave.  
Perhaps, some chieftain of renown lies here  
To fly with my young hero on the clouds.  
O Ullin, raise the songs of other times.  
Bring to the mind the dwellers of the tomb.  
If in the field where mighty heroes fought  
They never fled from danger nor from death,  
My son with them shall have a bed of fame,  
Far from his weeping friends, on Lena's heath.

Here, said the mournful mouth of plaintive song,  
Here rest in darkness many valiant men.  
Silent is noble Lamderg in his tomb ;  
And Ullin king of swords. And who shews me,  
Soft smiling from her cloud, her face of love ?  
Why, lovely daughter, why so pale art thou,  
First of the fairest of dark Cromla's maids.  
Dost thou, Gelchossa, sleep with fallen foes,  
Thou snowy-bosom'd daughter of Tuathal ?  
The love of thousands thou hast surely been,  
But of the thousands Lamderg was thy love.  
He came in haste to Selma's mossy towers,  
And, striking his dark buckler loudly, spoke.

Where is Gelchossa, where abides my love,  
The noble Tuathal's white-bosom'd maid ?  
I left her in the hall of Selma's tower,  
When with the gloomy Ulfadda I fought.

Return, O Lamderg, soon, the maiden said,  
For in the midst of sorrow here I sit.  
Her snowy bosom with deep sighs did heave.  
Her lovely cheeks were wet with falling tears.  
But her I see not coming to my hill  
To soothe my soul, fatigued with the fight.  
Now silent is my hall which rang with joy;  
I hear not now the voice of ancient bard.  
My faithful Bran does not now as he wont,  
In gladness shake his chains at my return.  
Where is Gelchossa my white-bosom'd love,  
The daughter of the gen'rous Tuathal?

Lamderg! says Ferchios, brave Aidon's son,  
Gelchossa may be on dark Cromla's hills;  
She and the maidens of the bows of yew,  
Pursuing, in the chace, the flying deer.  
Ferchios! the gloomy Cromla's chief replied,  
No noise of chace or battle meets the ear  
Of brave Lamderg. No sound in Lena's woods.  
No deer fly in my sight. No dog pursues.  
Gelchossa my true love I do not see,  
Fair as the setting moon on Cromla's hills.  
Go Ferchios, go to Allad of the rock,  
The grey-hair'd son of the retired cave.  
His dwelling's in the circle of grey stones.  
He may of fair Gelchossa something know.

The son of Aidon to grave Allad went,  
And to the ear of age himself address'd.

Rever'd Allad! that dwellest in the rock :  
Thou that dost tremble in thy cave alone,  
What, in thy dwelling, saw thine eyes of age?

The hoary Allad answered, I saw  
Brave Ullin, son of Cairbar, on the hill.  
He came like a dark cloud from Cromla's heath ;  
And as he walk'd he humm'd a surly song,  
Like whizzing tempest in a leafless wood.  
He enter'd Selma's hall. Lamderg, he said,  
Most fam'd of men, with Ullin fight or yield.  
Lamderg, the son of battle, is not here,  
Replied Gelchossa, the white-bosom'd maid.  
He fights Ulfadda, the grey-bearded chief.  
He is not here, thou first of valiant men.  
But Lamderg never yielded to his foe.  
The son of Cairbar, he'll in battle meet.

Most lovely art thou, the stern Ullin said,  
Thou snowy-breasted maid of Tuathal.  
To Cairbar's halls I straightway carry thee.  
Gelchossa shall the valiant only have.  
Three days on Cromla's hills I shall remain,  
To meet that son of battle, brave Lamderg.  
On the fourth day Gelchossa is my prize,  
If from my sword the vanquish'd Lamderg flies.

Allad rever'd! said Cromla's mighty chief,  
Peace to thy dreams in thy retired cave.

Ferchios, blow loud the horn of Lamderg,  
That Ullin may on Cromla hear its sound.  
Lamderg advancing, like a roaring storm,  
From Selma's towers, ascended the brown hill.  
As he did mount he humm'd a surly song,  
Like the hoarse-murm'ring sound of falling stream.  
He roll'd a pond'rous stone, the sign of war.  
Brave Ullin heard the noise in Cairbar's hall.  
The hero heard, with joy, the foe's approach,  
And took to arms his father's shield and spear.  
A smile of joy sits on his dark-brown cheek,  
As on his side he girds his massy sword.  
The dagger glitter'd in his powerful hand.  
He whistled as he went to meet the foe.

The fair Gelchossa saw the silent chief,  
The hill ascending like a wreath of mist.  
She struck in sadness her white-heaving breast ;  
And silent, tearful, feared for Lamderg.

Renowned Cairbar ! hoary chief of shells,  
Said the fair maiden of the tender hand ;  
I must on Cromla bend the bow of yew ;  
For on the hills I see the dark-brown hinds.

With fearful step she hasted up the hill,  
To stop the mighty combat—but in vain !  
The gloomy heroes took the field and fought.—  
Why should I the great king of Morven tell

How furious in battle heroes meet.  
Brave Ullin fell. Young Lamderg came all pale,  
To meet the lovely maid of Tuathal.

What blood, my love, the soft-hair'd woman said,  
What blood runs down my noble warrior's side?  
'Tis Ullin's blood, the conquering chief replied,  
Thou fairer than the snow on Cromla's hills!  
Gelchossa, let me rest a little while.  
'The mighty Lamderg languished and died.

And sleepest thou, Lamderg, so soon on earth,  
O valiant chief of Cromla's shady vales?  
Three days she mourn'd beside her fallen love.  
The hunters found her lifeless by his side.  
They rais'd this moss-grown tomb upon the three.  
Thy son, O king of Morven, here may rest  
With heroes twain who ne'er knew how to yield.

And here my son shall rest, great Fingal said,  
The rumour of their fame has reach'd my ears.  
Fergus, and Fillan, hither Orla bring;  
The clay-cold youth of Loda's winding streams.  
Ryno in earth shall not unequall'd lie  
When valiant Orla resteth by his side.  
Ye daughters of the woody Morven, weep;  
And ye fair maids of streamy Loda, mourn.  
Like tow'ring trees they grew upon the hills;  
And they have fallen like the desert oak,

When it lies withering across a stream,  
And mould'ring in the stormy mountain-wind.

O noble Oscar! chief of every youth!  
Thou seest how the brave sons of war have fallen.  
Like them, be thou, on earth in battle fam'd.  
Their forms were awful in the bloody field;  
But calm was Ryno in the day of peace.  
He was like the bright bow of summer's shower  
Far distant seen upon the purling stream;  
When on Mora the sun is going down,  
And silence reigns on the grey hill of deer.  
Rest, youngest of my sons, O Ryno, rest  
On Lena's heath. We too shall be no more;  
For the brave warrior must one day fall.

Such was thy grief, thou king of misty hills,  
When valiant Ryno lifeless lay on earth.  
What must the grief of mourning Ossian be,  
For thou thyself, my princely sire, art gone.  
Thy voice on Cona's hills I do not hear.  
Mine eyes do not perceive thee in the vales.  
Forlorn and dark oft' at thy tomb I sit,  
And feel thy darksome dwelling with my hands.  
When I do fancy that I hear thy voice;  
'Tis but the blast upon the desert plain.  
Long since has mighty Fingal fallen asleep,  
The powerful ruler of the war of kings.

Then Gaul and Ossian with dark Swaran sat  
On the green bank of Lubar's echoing stream.  
To please the dark-brow'd king I touch'd the harp.  
But terrible and gloomy was his look.  
Towards Lena he rolled his red eyes.  
The hero mourned his brave chieftains slain.

To Cromla's hills I lifted up mine eyes,  
And saw the gen'rous Semo's valiant son.  
He sad and slow, retired from his hill  
Towards the lonely cave on Tura's shore.  
Fingal he saw victorious on the heath,  
And mix'd his beams of joy with clouds of grief.  
The sun is glitt'ring on his polish'd arms;  
And Connal slowly followed his warlike chief.  
They gradually declin'd behind the hill  
Like two red, fiery pillars in the night:  
When winds pursue them in their mountain-course,  
And the wide-spreading heath aloud resounds.  
Beside a stream of roaring foam his cave  
Is in a rock. One tree above it bends;  
And the winds rushing echo 'gainst its sides.  
There the brave son of generous Semo rests,  
The mighty chieftain of the dark Dunscaich.  
His thoughts are on the battles he has lost;  
And the full tear stands on his manly cheek.  
He mourned the departure of his fame  
That fled like floating mist o'er Cona's vale.  
O Bragela, thou art too far remote

To cheer the hero's heart. But let him see  
Thy bright and lovely form in his soul ;  
That his thoughts may return, full-fraught with love,  
To the, now, lonely sun-beam of Dunscaich.

Who comes towards us with the locks of age?  
It is the grey-hair'd son of martial songs.  
Hail, Carril, hail! thou bard of other times,  
Thy voice is like the harp in Tura's hall.  
Thy words are pleasant as the gentle shower  
That falls, refreshing, on the parched fields.  
Why com'st thou, Carril, of the times of old?  
Ossian, king of swords, replied the bard,  
Thou raisest best the voice of warlike song.  
Long hast thou been to aged Carril known,  
Thou ruler of the battles of the chiefs.  
Oft'times I've touched the well-tuned harp  
In song to lovely Evirallin's praise.  
And oft' hast thou accompanied my voice  
In Branno's lofty hall of gen'rous shells.  
And oft' the mildest Evirallin's song  
Was heard among our voices in the hall.  
Plaintive, one day she sung of Cormac's fall,  
The noble youth that died for her love.  
I saw the tears of grief upon her cheek,  
On thine, likewise, I saw them, chief of men.  
Her soul for the unhappy youth was touch'd,  
Though she to him had never given her heart.  
How fair among a thousand lovely maids  
Was the fair daughter of the gen'rous Branno.



Bring not, grey-haired Carril, I replied,  
Bring not her mem'ry to my sorrowing mind.  
At the remembrance my warm soul must melt.  
The fountain of my eyes must have their streams.  
That pale in earth she lies my tears would tell,  
The softly-blushing fair one of my love.

But sit thou on the heath, O Bard, and let  
Us hear thy voice, and harp's heart-soft'ning sound.  
It pleasant as the gale is of the spring,  
That sighs delightful on the hunter's ear ;  
When he awaketh from his dreams of joy ;  
And in his slumbers has the music heard  
Of the cloud-seated spirits of the hill.

# Fingal:

## AN EPIC POEM.

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### Book 6th.

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#### THE ARGUMENT.

**NIGHT** comes on. Fingal gives a feast to his army, at which Swaran is present. The king commands Ullin, his bard, to give the *Song of Peace*; a custom always observed at the end of a war. Ullin relates the actions of Trenmor, great-grandfather to Fingal, in Scandinavia, and his marriage with Inibaca, the daughter of a king of Lochlin, who was ancestor to Swaran; which consideration, together with his being brother to Agandecca, with whom Fingal was in love in his youth, induced the king to release him, and permit him to return, with the remains of his army, into Lochlin, upon his promise of never returning to Ireland, in a hostile manner. The night is spent in settling Swaran's departure, in songs of bards, and in a conversation in which the story of Grumal is introduced by Fingal. Morning comes. Swaran departs; Fingal goes on a hunting party, and finding Cuchullin in the cave of Tura, comforts him, and, the next day, sets sail for Scotland.

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**T**HE heavy clouds of night came rolling down,  
And rest on lofty Cromla's dark-brown steep.  
The stars, bespangling thick the northern sky,  
Arise o'er Ullin's darkly-rolling waves ;

Their heads of fire they show through the grey mist  
That, flying, oft' obscures the azure heaven.  
A distant wind roars on the desert wood ;  
But dark and silent is the plain of death.

Still on the gloomy Lena, in my ears  
The tuneful voice of aged Carril rose.  
Of the companions of our youth he sung,  
And of the pleasant days of former years ;  
When we did meet on Lego's lovely banks,  
And sent the joy of festive shells around.  
High Cromla answer'd to his tuneful voice.  
The ghosts of those of whom the bard did sing  
Came in their rustling blasts along the vale.  
They from their cloud were seen to bend with joy  
Towards the sound of their exalted praise.

Bless'd be thy soul, O Carril, of the song,  
In midst the tossing of thy eddying winds.  
O that thou would'st with thy well-tuned harp  
Come to my hall when I'm alone by night !  
And thou dost come, my friend.—I often hear  
Thy light hand passing gently o'er my lyre ;  
When it hangs loosely on the distant wall,  
And the weak sound doth faintly reach my ear.  
Why in my grief dost thou not speak to me,  
And tell me when I shall behold my friends ?  
But in thy murm'ring blast thou fliest away ;  
And the wind sounds through Ossian's hoary hair.

Now on the side of Mora's woody plain  
The valiant chieftains gathered to the feast.  
A thousand aged oaks are blazing high,  
With awful crackling on the rushing wind.  
The merriment of festive shells goes round.  
And the gay souls of heroes swell with joy.  
But silent is the king of dark Lochlin,  
And sorrow reddens in his lofty eyes.  
He often turned towards Lena's heath,  
And call'd to sad remembrance that he fell.

Brave Fingal leaned on the bossy shield  
His valiant fathers wore. His hoary locks  
Wav'd slowly in the gentle-fanning breeze,  
And glitter'd in the pale moon-beam of night.  
He saw the grief of Swaran as he sat,  
And to the first of Bards thus, quickly, spoke.

Raise, Ullin, raise the lovely song of peace,  
And soothe my soul that in the battle strove,  
That my ear may forget the noise of arms.  
And let a hundred harps be near my halls  
To glad the heart of Lochlin's dark-brow'd king.  
He must depart from our green plains in joy.  
None ever went from Fingal sad away.  
Oscar! the lightning of my shining steel  
Is against those that are in battle strong ;  
But quiet and peaceful by my side it lies,  
When in the battle the brave warrior yields.

The valiant Trenmor, said the mouth of songs,  
Liv'd in the strifeful times of other years.  
He bounded o'er the billows of the north ;  
Companion of the dark and ruthless storm.  
The lofty rocks of Lochlin's gloomy land,  
And its wide-spreading groves of murm'ring sounds  
Appeared to the hero through the mist ;—  
Fast to the mast he bound his snowy sails.  
Trenmor, with sword and spear pursu'd the boar  
That through the woods of Gormal roaring ran.  
Many heroes had from its presence fled,  
But by the spear of Trenmor it was slain.

Three wondering chieftains that beheld the deed,  
Told of the mighty stranger's dauntless soul.  
They told that he, like flaming pillar, clad  
In the bright armour of his valour, stood.  
'The king of Lochlin the gay feast prepar'd,  
And call'd the blooming Trenmor to his hall.  
Three days on Gormal's windy towers, the chief  
The festive mirth partook ; and got his choice  
Of spear, or sword, or hero in the fight.

The land of Lochlin could no hero bring  
That yielded not to Trenmor's powerful arm.  
The shell of festive joy went round with songs  
In praise of woody Morven's mighty king ;  
He that came over the dark-rolling waves,  
The first in courage of all valiant men.

Now when the fourth grey morn arose upon  
The eastern hills, the hero launch'd his ship ;  
And walking the dark, silent shore along,  
Impatient, looked for the rushing wind.  
For loud and distant the strong blast he heard  
In awful murmr'ing through the echoing grove.

Well covered over with bright arms of steel  
A son of woody Gormal then appear'd.  
Red was his youthful cheek, and fair his hair.  
His skin was like the snow on Morven's hills.  
His blue and smiling eye did mildly roll,  
When he spoke to the mighty king of swords.

Stay, noble Trenmor, stay thou first of men,  
Thou hast not conquer'd Lonval's valiant son.  
My sword has often met the brave in arms,  
And the strength of my bow the wise do shun.

Thou fair-hair'd valiant youth, Trenmor replied,  
I will not draw my sword on Lonval's son.  
Thou ruddy-beam of youth, thy arm is weak.  
Return in peace to Gormal's dark-brown hinds.

Retire I will, replied the valiant youth,  
But with the sword of Trenmor will I go ;  
Triumphing in the sound of my renown.  
With smiles the virgins shall assemble round  
The hero who bold Trenmor overcame.

With sighs of love their snowy breasts shall swell,  
And they'll admire the length of thy bright spear,  
When among thousands I shall bear it high,  
And wave its glittering point against the sun.

My glittering spear thou carry never shalt,  
Said the great king of Morven in a rage.  
Thy weeping mother soon shall find thee pale  
In death's dark arms on Gormal's echoing shore ;  
And looking over the blue-rolling deep,  
See the white sails of him that slew her son.

I will not lift the spear, the youth replied,  
My arm for buckler is not strong with years ;  
But with the bow of yew and feather'd dart,  
I've learned well to pierce the distant foe.  
Thy heavy mail of jointed steel throw down ;  
For Trenmor's body is all cover'd o'er.  
I first, will throw my coat of mail on earth.—  
Thou king of Morven, now thy dart let fly.

He saw the heaving of her snowy breast.  
It was the sister of the dark-brow'd king,  
In the high halls of Gormal she had seen  
The valiant chief ; and lov'd his face of youth.  
The glitt'ring spear then drop'd from Trenmor's  
hand :

His redden'd cheek he bent towards the ground,  
For he had seen her like a beam of light

That meets the sons of the retired cave,  
When they revisit the sun-scorched fields,  
And from their brightness bend their aching eyes.

Thou princely chief of Morven's windy hills,  
Began the maiden of the arms of snow ;  
Let me retreat into thy bounding ship,  
And from the love of Corlo find repose :  
For he, like thunder on the desert heath,  
Is terrible in Inibaca's eyes.  
He loves me in the darkness of his pride,  
And against warriors shakes a thousand spears.

Rest thou in peace, the mighty Trenmor said,  
Within the shadow of my father's shield.  
I will not from this valiant chieftain fly,  
Although he proudly shakes a thousand spears.

Three days he waited on the windy shore,  
And sent the sound of his loud horn abroad.  
Corlo he call'd from all his echoing hills.  
But Corlo to the battle never came.  
The gloomy king of Lochlin then came down.  
He feasted highly on the roaring shore ;  
And to brave Trenmor gave the lovely maid.  
King of Lochlin, said Fingal, as he sat,  
Thy blood flows in the veins e'en of thy foe.  
Our families of old, in battle met,  
Because they dearly lov'd the strife of spears :



But often did they join in festive mirth ;  
And send the joy of shells around the hall.  
Let thy face brighten with the joy of song,  
And in the tuneful harp delight thine ear.  
Dreadful as the dark storm that sweeps thy seas,  
Thou hast thy famed valour poured forth ;  
Thy voice has been like the awakening voice  
Of thousands in array upon the field.  
To-morrow thy bright sails raise to the wi. d,  
Thou brother of the hapless Agandecca.  
Bright as the mid-day beam upon the heath  
Her lovely form comes to my mournfulsoul.  
For Agandecca I have seen thy tears,  
And in the halls of Starno spared thy life,  
When red with slaughter was my massy sword,  
And my eyes tearful for the beauteous maid.  
Or, dost thou chuse to combat in the field ?  
The battle's thine thy sires to Trenmor gave :  
That thou may'st from our shores depart renown'd,  
Like the sun setting on the western hills.

Thou mighty king of Morven's warlike race,  
The gloomy chief of Lochlin's waves replied ;  
Never will Swaran his bright sword unsheath,  
To fight with thee, thou of a thousand chief.  
I've seen thee at the feast in Starno's halls,  
And few thy summers were beyond my own.  
When shall I, to my envying soul I said,  
Like noble Fingal lift the pond'rous spear ?

O warrior, in times of old we've fought,  
In combat fierce, on Malmor's shaggy side ;  
After my waves had brought me to thy halls,  
And high the feast was of a thousand shells.  
Let the recording bards, in martial song  
Send him who overcame to future years,  
For noble was the strife on Malmor's heath.

But many of the ships of dark Lochlin  
Have lost their valiant youths on Lena's heath.  
Take these, thou king of Morven, and be thou,  
Henceforth, the friend of Swaran of the seas.  
And when thy sons in future times shall come  
To Gormal's mossy towers, the feast of shells  
Shall in the sounding halls be largely spread,  
And combat offer'd in the echoing vale.

Nor ship, replied the king, shall Fingal take,  
Nor land of many hills. The desert is  
Enough to me with all its deer and woods.  
Let thy ships rise upon thy waves again,  
Thou noble friend of lovely Agandecca.  
Spread thy white sails to the bright morning-beam,  
And to dark Gormal's echoing hills return.

Bless'd be thy soul, thou mighty king of shells,  
Said gloomy Swaran of the dark-brown shield.  
In peace thou art the fost'ring gale of spring ;  
Thou art in war the wasting mountain-storm.

Thou noble king of Morven, take my hand  
In kindness offer'd by thy peaceful friend.

Let thy recording bards mourn those who fell.  
Let Erin to their mother earth commit  
'The sons of Lochlin that in war were slain;  
And raise the massy pillars of their fame.  
That the heroic children of the north  
May, in the times to come, behold the place  
Where fought their fathers and renown did gain.  
And some bold hunter in the chace may say,  
When he leans pensive on a mossy tomb,  
Here Fingal fought with Swaran of Lochlin,  
The heroes of the steel of other times.  
Thus shall our deeds be held in long record,  
And our renown for ever shine in song.

Swaran, replied the valiant king of shells,  
To-day our fame is at its greatest height.  
Like airy dream we both shall pass away.  
No sound will, henceforth, in the fields be heard;  
Where heroes met in battle of the spears.  
The untrod heath will cover our grey tombs.  
The hunter shall not know our narrow house.  
Our names may be recorded in the song,  
But the strength of our arms will with us cease.

O ye bards, Ossian, Carril, and Ullin,  
Ye know of heroes that have had their day.

Give us the warlike song of other years.  
In joyful sounds let the night pass away,  
And morning usher in with pleasant strains.

To the brave kings we gave the warrior's song,  
And tuneful harps accompanied our voice,  
The halls resounding from a hundred strings.  
The face of Swaran brighten'd like the moon,  
When the clouds vanish from the face of heaven,  
And leave her broad and calm amidst the sky.

'Twas then that mighty Fingal, king of hills,  
Spoke to old Carril, chief of other times.  
Where is Cuchullin, Semo's valiant son ;  
The mighty chieftain of the isle of mist ?  
Has he, like meteor of death, retir'd  
To dark abodes in 'Tura's dreary cave ?

Cuchullin, said the bard of other times,  
Lies sorrowful, in 'Tura's gloomy cave.  
His hand is on the weapon of his strength.  
His thoughts are on the battles which he lost.  
Now sad and mournful is the king of spears,  
For oft' victorious has the chieftain been.  
The sword of war, in its brown scabbard sheath'd,  
He sends to rest on noble Fingal's side.  
For, like the sweeping blast of desert storm,  
Thou hast dispersed all his valiant foes.  
O Fingal ! take the valiant warrior's sword ;

For his fame is departed like the mist  
Along the vale, before the rustling wind.

Not so: replied the king of misty hills,  
Fingal shall never take the chieftains sword.  
Still is his mighty arm for battle fit;  
And tell him his renown shall never fail.  
Many in battle have been overcome,  
That afterwards have shone like blazing sun.

O Swaran! king of the resounding woods,  
Give all thy grief and sadness to the wind,  
The vanquished, if brave, are all renown'd.  
They to the clouded sun may be compar'd  
When he his shining face hides in the south,  
But looks again upon the hills of grass.

Of Cona Grumal was the mighty chief.  
On every coast the battle he did seek.  
His soul rejoiced in the blood of foes;  
His ear delighted in the din of arms.  
On sounding Craca he his warriors pour'd;  
And Craca's sovereign met him from his groves;  
For then to the prophetic stone of power  
Within the circle of Brumo he spoke.

Fierce was the battle of the chiefs of steel,  
To win the maiden of the breast of snow.  
The fame of Craca's daughter, heard afar,

Had reached Grumal's ears at Cona's streams ;  
He vow'd to have the snowy-bosom'd maid,  
Or in the fight on echoing Cona die.  
Three days they strove together in the field,  
And on the fourth the great Grumal was bound.

Far from his friends the vanquish'd chief they plac'd  
In Brumo's horrid circle, where they said  
The ghosts of the deceas'd oft' howled round  
The hallowed stone of their religious fear.  
But afterwards he shone in warlike fame  
Like a bright pillar of the light of heaven.  
They fell in battle by his mighty hand ;  
And Grumal had his well-achiev'd renown.

Raise high, ye sons of song of other times,  
Extol the praises of heroic chiefs ;  
That my bright soul may settle on their fame ;  
And sadness cease in Swaran's troubled mind,

Scatter'd on Mora's dark-brown heath they lay ;  
The rustling tempest rushes o'er the chiefs.  
A thousand voices then at once arose,  
A hundred harpers strung their tuneful lyres,  
They sang the martial songs of other times,  
And warriors renown'd of former years.

When shall I hear the bard in pleasant song ;  
Or at my valiant father's fame rejoice ?

The harp on woody Morven is not strung ;  
Nor sound of music on high Cona rais'd.  
Dead with the mighty is the vocal bard ;  
And fame no more is in the desert found.

Bright morning trembles with the early beam,  
And glimmers on grey-headed Cromla's steep.  
The horn of Swaran is o'er Lena heard,  
And the dark sons of ocean gather round.  
Silent and sad they mount the rolling wave,  
And Ullin's blast fills the extended sail.  
White as the mist that floats on Morven's hills,  
'They float along the billows of the main.

Call, said the mighty Fingal, call my dogs,  
The staunch, long-bounding, fleet sons of the chace,  
White-breasted Bran call hither to his post,  
And Luath, noted for his surly strength.  
Fillan, and Ryno—but he is not here ;  
My valiant son rests on the bed of death.  
Fillan, and Fergus, blow my bugle-horn,  
'That in the chace our pleasures may arise ;  
'That the high-bounding deer of Cromla's heath  
May start in terror at the lake of roes.

The shrill sound spreads along the echoing wood.  
The sons of heathy Cromla soon arise.  
A thousand dogs fly in the chace at once,  
Bounding along through the divided heath.

By every dog a deer was doom'd to die ;  
And by white-breasted Bran three deer were slain.  
He in their flight the three to Fingal brought,  
That great might be the pleasure of the king.

At Ryno's tomb one bounding deer did fall ;  
And Fingal's grief return'd upon his soul.  
He saw how peaceful lay the stone of him  
Who at the chace was first upon the hills.  
No more, my son, shalt thou rise from thy grave,  
'The festive joys of Cromla to partake.  
Soon will thy tomb be hid upon the heath,  
And grass grow rank upon thy narrow house.  
The children of the feeble shall pass o'er  
The spot that holds thy bones, and shall not know  
That underneath the turf a hero lies.

Ossian and Fillan, brave sons of my strength,  
And Gaul king of the shining blades of war,  
Let us ascend the hill to Tura's cave,  
And of green Erin's battles find the chief.  
Are these the walls of Tura that I see,  
That grey and lonely, on the heath do rise?  
The king of shells is sorrowful and sad,  
And desolate and dark his lofty halls.  
Come, let us find the mighty king of swords,  
And give him in his lonely cave our joy.

But is that brave Cuchullin that I see,  
O Fillan, as a pillar, on the heath,



Of misty vapours floating with the breeze ?  
The wind of Cromla fanneth on my eyes,  
And I distinguish not my valiant friend.

Fingal, the youth replied, 'tis Semo's son.  
Gloomy and sullen is the hero's look ;  
His powerful hand is on his massy sword.  
Hail to the son of battle, valiant chief,  
'Thou sturdy breaker of the shining shields.

All hail to thee, O king, the chief replied,  
Hail to the sons of Morven's warlike race.  
Delightful is thy presence, mighty chief,  
'Tis like the sun on Cromla's rocky steep ;  
When the inactive hunter sits and mourns  
His absence for a season from the plains,  
And sees his glad return between the clouds.  
Like stars thy sons are that attend thy course,  
And in the night light up thy path obscure.

It is not thus, O Fingal, thou hast seen  
Thy friend returning from the wars of the  
Bleak desert ; when the kings, those mighty men,  
The conquerors of the world had fled our steel,  
And joy returned to the hill of hinds.

Cuchullin, said Connan of small renown,  
Thy words are many in thy boasting pride.  
O son of Semo, many are thy words,

But where are seen thy mighty deeds in arms?  
Why did we over the green ocean come,  
To lend assistance to thy feeble sword?  
Thou fliest in sorrow to thy lonely cave,  
And Connan fights thy battles in the field.  
These glittering arms of steel to me resign,  
Thou son of Erin, yield these arms to me.

No warrior, replied the angry chief,  
E'er sought Cuchullin to give up his arms ;  
And had a thousand heroes importuned,  
Vain would be the request, thou gloomy youth.  
In sorrow to my cave I did not fly,  
As long as Erin's warriors fought and fell.

Connan, thou stripling of the feeble arm,  
'The mighty Fingal said, of that no more.  
Fam'd in the battle is Cuchullin's steel,  
And awful o'er the desert is his name.  
Oft' have I heard of thy renown in arms,  
Thou stormy chief of rocky Inis-fail.  
Now for the isle of mist spread thy white sails,  
And see Bragela leaning on her rock.  
Her tender eye is in a flood of tears ;  
And her long hair, dishevel'd by the wind,  
Waves loosely round upon her heaving breast.  
She listens to the wind of gloomy night,  
'To hear the rower's voice upon the waves ;  
To catch the song with the delighted ear ;  
That sounds alternate with the distant harp.

Long shall she listen to the sound in vain ;  
The brave Cuchullin never shall return.  
How can I Bragela behold to raise  
A mournful breathing from her snowy breast !  
Fingal, the victory I've always gained  
In the dread battles fought of other spears.

And thou victorious shalt hereafter be,  
Said blue-eyed Fingal, mighty king of shells.  
Cuchullin's fame shall grow up to the clouds  
Like branchy tree on Cromla's woody hills.  
Many fierce battles do await thy sword,  
And many shall the wounds be of thy hands.

Bring hither, Oscar, the prepared deer,  
And set in order for the feast of shells ;  
That our souls after danger may rejoice,  
And in our presence friends may find delight.

We sat, we highly feasted, and we sang ;  
Cuchullin's soul rose with the martial sound.  
The strength returned to his mighty arm ;  
And gladness brighten'd in his manly face.

Old Ullin gave the festive song of shells,  
And grey-hair'd Carril rais'd his tuneful voice.  
I often join'd the music of the bards,  
And sang of battles of the spear and shield.  
Battles ! where I have fought in other years,

But such dread battles I shall fight no more.  
My former deeds have ceas'd to be renown'd ;  
And mournful and forlorn, I, pensive, sit  
Among the tombs of my departed friends.

Thus, in the song they pass'd the night away,  
And brought the morning in with sounds of joy.  
Great Fingal on the gloomy heath arose,  
And in his hand he shook his glittering spear.  
He moved first toward dark Lena's plains,  
And we came after like a ridge of fire.

Spread the white sails, the king of Morven said,  
And catch the winds that pour from Lena's heath.  
With songs we rose upon the roaring waves,  
And rush'd, with joy, through ocean's rolling foam.

# Comala:

## A DRAMATIC POEM.

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### THE PERSONS.

FINGAL.	MELILCOMA.	} <i>Daughters of Morni.</i>
HIDALLAN.	DERSAGRENA.	
COMALA.	BARDS.	

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### THE ARGUMENT.

TRADITION has handed down the story of this dramatic poem, briefly thus: “Comala, the daughter of Sarno king of Inistore or Orkney islands, fell in love with Fingal the son of Comhal at a feast, to which her father had invited him, (as mentioned in Fingal, Book 3d), upon his return from Lochlin, after the death of Agandecca. Her passion was so violent, that she followed him, disguised like a youth, who wanted to be employed in his wars. She was soon discovered by Hidallan the son of Lamor, one of Fingal’s heroes, whose love she had slighted some time before. Her romantic passion and beauty recommended her so much to the king, that he had resolved to make her his wife; when the news was brought him of Caracul’s expedition. He marched to stop the progress of the enemy, and Comala attended him. He left her on a hill, within sight of Caracul’s army, when he himself went to battle, having previously promised, if he survived, to return that night.” The sequel of the story may be gathered from the poem itself.

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### DERSAGRENA.

THE chace is over—and the distant sound  
Of horns, and bows, and bounding dogs is cea’d.

No noise on Ardven but the torrent's roar!  
Daughter of Morni, come from Crona's banks.  
Lay down the bow and take the gentle harp.  
Let gloomy night come on with jovial songs,  
And great on Ardven be our social joy.

## MELILCOMA.

And night comes on, thou lovely, blue-eyed maid,  
Grey night grows dim along the heathy plain.  
I saw a deer at Crona's murm'ring stream;  
A mossy bank he seemed through the gloom,  
But soon away he bounded to his hill.  
A meteor played round his branchy horns;  
And forms and faces dire of other times  
From the dark clouds of Crona looked down.

## DERSAGRENA.

These are the fatal signs of Fingal's death.  
The king of shields is fallen in his course!  
And Caracala and his chiefs prevail.  
Arise, Comala, from thy lonely rocks;  
Thou royal maid of Sarno, rise in tears.  
The noble youth of thy true love is low,  
And his pale ghost is seen upon our hills.

## MELILCOMA.

There, on a rock Comala sits forlorn!  
Two hoary-hair'd dogs near their rough ears shake,  
And catch with open nose the flying breeze.

Her reddened cheek she resteth on her arm,  
And her fair locks move with the mountain-wind.  
Her azure-rolling eyes she often turns  
Towards the fields where she should meet her love.  
Where art thou, Fingal, for the gloomy night,  
With darkening strides, is gathering around.

## COMALA.

O Carun of the streams! why do I see  
Thy winding waters rolling deep with blood!  
Has the shrill clang of battle on thy banks  
Been heard afar; and sleeps high Morven's king?  
Rise, moon, thou lovely daughter of the sky!  
Look from between thy clouds, that I may see  
The brightness of his steel upon the field.  
Or rather let the meteor that lights  
Our fathers that are dead through the long night,  
Come with its ruddy beam, me to direct  
Unto the place where my fallen hero lies.  
Who from deep sorrow will defend my heart?  
Who from Hidallan's love will me protect?  
Long shall Comala look with anxious eyes  
Before she can her Fingal's face behold  
Amidst his armed host, bright as the beam  
Of morning sun seen through the early shower.

## HIDALLAN.

Roll, thou thick mist of gloomy Cona's hill,  
Roll, with thy darkness on the hunter's path;

From my bedewed eyes conceal his steps,  
And let my thoughts be on my friend no more.  
Widely scatter'd are the bands of battle,  
And no steps of the chiefs are crowding seen  
Around the noise of his victorious steel.  
O Carun, roll along thy streams of blood,  
For the brave chieftain of the people fell.

## COMALA.

What champion fell on Carun's grassy banks,  
Thou gloomy-browed son of cloudy night ?  
Was he white as the snow on Ardven's steep ?  
Blooming and bright like the bow of the shower ?  
Was his hair like the mist upon the hill,  
Curling and soft in the day of the sun ?  
Was he in battle like the peals of heaven ?  
Fleet as the roe upon the desert plain ?

## HIDALLAN.

O that I might behold his lovely maid,  
In sorrow leaning on her lonely rock !  
Her red eye dim with grief, bedew'd with tears,  
And her fair cheek half hid within her locks !  
Blow, blow, thou gentle breeze upon the hill,  
And lift the heavy ringlets of the maid,  
That I her snowy-bosom may behold,  
And lovely cheek, in cloud of sorrow hid.



## COMALA.

And is the mighty son of Comhal fallen,  
Thou gloomy chieftain of the mournful tale?  
Loud peals of thunder roll upon the hill!  
The forked lightning flies on wings of fire!  
But Comala they do not terrify,  
For her brave Fingal in the battle fell.  
O say, thou bearer of the mournful tale,  
Is he then fallen—the breaker of the shields?

## HIDALLAN.

The nations are scattered on their hills;  
For they shall hear their chieftain's voice no more.

## COMALA.

Confusion follow thee o'er all thy plains,  
And may destruction overtake thy steps,  
Thou cruel-hearted sovereign of the world.  
Few be thy steps to thy inglorious grave;  
And let one virgin only mourn thy fate.  
Sorrowful, like Comala, let her be,  
And tearful in her days of blooming youth.  
Why hast thou told me that my hero fell?  
I might have hop'd, Hidallan, his return,  
And thought I saw him on the distant rock,  
A tree might have deceiv'd my wishful eyes  
With his appearance; and the rustling winds  
Upon the hill have been the joyful call

Of his loud-sounding horn in my ear.  
O that I were on Carun's grassy banks!  
That I might bathe his cheek with warm tears!

## IIDALLAN.

On Carun's banks the chieftain does not lie:  
On Ardven's heath his heroes raise his tomb.  
O lovely moon, look on them from thy clouds;  
Be thy beam bright on his undaunted breast,  
That sad Comala may behold her chief  
In his bright armour ere his tomb is clos'd.

## COMALA.

Stop, ye dark sons of the un pitying grave,  
Suspend your work till I behold my love,  
Alone he left me at the bounding chace.  
I knew not that my lover went to war.  
He said he would return with the grey night;  
And sure the king of Morven is return'd.  
Why didst thou not inform me that the king  
Would in the battle fall, O trembling son  
Of the retired rock! thou hast of old  
Observ'd my warrior in the blood of's youth,  
But didst not tell Comala of his fate!

## MELILCOMA.

What sound is that I hear on Ardven's plains?  
Who is he that so bright shines in the vale?  
Who like the strength of rivers cometh on,  
When their full waters glitter in the moon?

## COMALA.

Who is he but the foe of Comala,  
The sovereign of the world's warlike son!  
O ghost of Fingal! do thou from thy cloud,  
Direct Comala's hand to draw the bow.  
Like the hart of the desert let him fall.  
It is my Fingal 'midst his crowded ghosts.  
Why dost thou come, my love, so pale and wan,  
To frighten and to please my doubting soul?

## FINGAL.

Raise high, ye hoary bards of other times,  
The wars of streamy Carun in the song.  
Stern Caracula from my steel has fled  
Along the fields of his unconquer'd pride.  
He sets far distant like a passing light  
That wraps around a spirit of the night,  
When on the heath the driving tempest roars,  
And the dark woods are gleaming all around.

I heard a voice soft as the upland breeze,  
Is it the lovely huntress of Galmal,  
The snowy-handed daughter of Sarno?  
Look from the covert of thy rocks, my love,  
And let me hear Comala's gentle voice.

## COMALA.

O lovely son of death, let me retire  
With thee into thy lonely cave of rest.

## FINGAL.

Come to the gloomy cave of my repose.—  
The storm is over, and the radiant sun  
Shines gloriously from heaven on our fields.  
Fair huntress of the echoing Cona, come,  
And rest with me in my retired cave.

## COMALA.

He is returned with his name renown'd;  
The right hand of his battle I perceive.  
But I must rest within the hollow rock  
Till my rack'd soul shall from its terror cease.  
Daughters of Morni, let the harp be near;  
And to the praise of heroes raise the song.

## DERSAGRENA.

Three deer on Ardven has Comala slain,  
And on the rock the festive fire ascends:  
Go, king of Morven, to Comala's feast!

## FINGAL.

Ye grey-hair'd bards, sons of the tuneful harp,  
The wars of streamy Carun raise in song;  
That my white-handed maiden may rejoice;  
While I behold the feast of my true love.

## BARDS.

Roll on, thou streamy Carun, roll in joy,  
The sons of battle from our mountains fled.

The steed is not seen prancing on our plains :  
With wide-expanded wings our foes retire  
And spread their pride on other, distant lands.  
The sun will now roll through the day in peace,  
And evening shadows shall descend in joy.  
The hunter's voice will on the hills be heard ;  
And glittering shields hang in the festive hall.  
Our chief delight will be in ocean's war,  
Upon the stormy coasts of dark Lochlin ;  
And red our hands be in his people's blood.  
Roll on, thou streamy Carun, roll in joy,  
The sons of battle from our mountains fled.

## MELILCOMA.

Descend, ye light and gentle mists from high ;  
Ye lovely moon-beams lift her passing soul.—  
Pale lies the maid beneath the shadowy rock !  
The snowy-arm'd Comala is no more !

## FINGAL.

Is valiant Sarno's lovely daughter dead ;  
The snowy-bosom'd maiden of my love ?  
Meet me, Comala, in my heathy plains  
When at my mountain-streams I sit alone.

## HIDALLAN.

Ceased on her accustomed, echoing, hills  
The voice of the fair huntress of Galmal ?  
The maid's quiet spirit why did I perplex ?

When shall I see thee with the face of joy,  
In the long-bounding chase of dark-brown hinds ?

## FINGAL.

Youth of the gloomy brow ! no more shalt thou  
Sit at the feast within my sounding halls.  
No more the chace of hinds shalt thou pursue,  
Nor shall thy weapon ever thin my foes.  
O lead me to the place where rests my love,  
That I once more her beauty may behold.  
All pale and lifeless at the rock she lies,  
And the cold winds blow through here lovely hair.  
Her bow-string sounds amidst the rustling blast,  
And broken was her arrow in her fall.  
The praise of Sarno's daughter raise in song,  
And to the mountain breezes give her name.

## BARDS.

See ! fleeting meteors roll around the maid ;  
And moon-beams lift her spirit to the sky !  
Around her, from their clouds, in sadness bend  
The awful faces of her warlike sires ;  
The valiant Sarno of the gloomy brow ;  
And Fidallan, of the red-rolling eyes.  
When shall thy snowy hand be raised up,  
And on our rocks thy gentle voice be heard ?  
The maids shall seek thee on the desert heath,  
But traces of thee there they shall not find.  
Thou shalt, at times, come to their roving dreams,

And settle peace in their perturbed soul.  
Thy voice shall, sweetly, in their ears remain,  
And they, awaking, shall, with thoughts of joy,  
Reflect upon the visions of their rest.  
The fleeting meteors roll around the maid,  
And moon-beams lift her spirit to the sky.

THE  
**War of Caros:**

A POEM.

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THE ARGUMENT.

CAROS is probably the noted usurper Carausius, by birth a Menapian, who assumed the purple in the year 284; and, seizing on Britain, defeated the emperor Maximian Herculus in several naval engagements, which gives propriety to his being called the *king of ships*.—He repaired Agricola's wall, in order to obstruct the incursions of the Caledonians; and when he was employed in that work, it appears he was attacked by a party under the command of Oscar the son of Ossian. This battle is the foundation of the present poem, which is addressed to Malvina the daughter of Toscar.

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**D**AUGHTER of Toscar, bring the tuneful harp;  
In Ossian's soul springs up the light of song.  
'Tis like the field, when darkness spreads around  
The mountain's top, and makes the lengthening  
    shade  
Grow slowly o'er the yellow plain below.

O lovely maid, Malvina, I behold  
My valiant son near Crona's mossy rock!



But 'tis, the mist upon the desert hill,  
Ting'd with the beam of the declining sun :  
Lovely's the mist that Oscar's form assumes.  
Ye mighty tempests, turn from it your winds,  
When loud ye roar on Ardven's rocky steep.

Who comes towards my son with mutter'd song ?  
His aiding staff is in his aged hand,  
And his grey hair loose in the rustling breeze.  
His face is lighten'd with a surly joy,  
And he oft' back to Caros casts a look.  
'Tis Ryno of the song, and tuneful harp,  
He that went forth to view the coming foe.

Why to our shore comes Caros king of ships,  
Said the now mournful Ossian's valiant son ?  
Spreads he the wings of his presumptuous pride,  
Thou hoary-headed bard of other times ?

He spreads them, Oscar, said the aged bard,  
But they are seen behind his gather'd heap.  
O'er his weak battlements he looks with fear,  
And thee beholds in terrible array,  
As the grim ghost in the tempestuous night,  
That rolls the foaming billows to his ships.

Go, Ryno, first of bards, says Oscar, go,  
And take the spear of Fingal in thy hand.  
Fix on its glittering point a flaming torch,

And shake it in the stormy winds of heaven.  
Bid him, in songs, to land upon our shore,  
And leave the rolling of his troubled wave.  
To Caros tell that I for battle long ;  
And that my bow is weary of the chace.  
Tell him the mighty are not in the field,  
And that my arm is young and weak in war.

The bard went with the murmur of his song.  
The noble Oscar rear'd his voice on high.  
It reach'd his heroes ears on Ardven's plains,  
Like blust'ring winds within the sounding cave,  
When dark Togorma's sea before it rolls ;  
And its tall trees bend by the roaring blast.  
They gather round my valiant sons like streams  
Descending from the hills, when, after rain,  
They roll, in swelled pride, along their course.

Unto the mighty Caros Ryno came,  
And as a summons struck his flaming spear.  
Come onward to the battle of Oscar,  
O thou that sittest on the rolling waves.  
Far distant is great Fingal on his hills ;  
He hears on Morven's heights the martial songs ;  
And the wind of his hall is in his hair.  
His massy spear hangs at his shining side ;  
And his brown shield that's like the darken'd moon.  
Come to the battle ; Oscar is alone.

He came not over streamy Carun's vale;  
The aged bard returned with his song.  
Grey night grows dim on Crona's gloomy hills.  
The feast of shells is spread upon the plain.  
A hundred blighted oaks burn to the wind,  
And light gleams faintly o'er the dark-brown heath.  
The ghosts of Ardven flitting through the beam,  
Exhibit their dim, death-like, distant forms.  
Comala on her meteor is half unseen;  
Sullen and dim is sad Hidallan's brow,  
Like moon obscur'd behind the mist of night.

Why, said old Ryno, is thy spirit sad?  
For he alone beheld the mournful chief.  
Why art thou sorrowful, Hidallan, hast  
Thou not receiv'd the praise in martial song?  
The songs of valiant Ossian have been heard,  
And thy grey ghost has brighten'd in the wind,  
When thou didst bend from thy fast-moving cloud,  
To hear the voice of Morven's lovely bard.

And do thine eyes, said Oscar, see the chief,  
Like the grim meteor of gloomy night?  
Say, Ryno, say, how did the hero fall,  
That in our fathers' days was so renown'd?  
On Cona's rocks his valiant name remains;  
And I have often seen his mountain-streams.

Fingal, the hoary-headed bard replied,  
Had driven the dark Hidallan from his wars.

The king's soul for Comala was distress'd,  
And his eyes could not Hidallan behold.

Lonely, and sad along the darksome heath  
He slowly mov'd with soft and silent steps.  
His arms hang disordered on his side.  
His hair dishevel'd from his helmet flies.  
The tear of grief is in his downcast eyes ;  
And in his breast is the half-silent sigh.

Three days the hero stray'd, unseen, alone,  
Before he came to Lamor's ancient halls :  
The mossy halls of his brave fathers' spears,  
At Balva's stream, in the sequester'd vale.  
There Lamor sat alone beneath a tree ;  
For, with his son, Hidallan, he had sent  
His valiant chiefs to war on Carun's plains.  
The winding stream ran murm'ring at his feet,  
And his grey head reclined on his staff.  
Sightless and weak are the aged hero's eyes.  
He slowly hums the song of other times.  
A noise approached to his list'ning ear,  
It was Hidallan's tread—he knew the sound.

Is Lamor's son returned from the war ;  
Or is the noise I hear a ghostly sound ?  
Art thou laid low on streamy Carun's banks,  
'Thou valiant son of aged Lamor's heart ?  
Or, if I hear the sound of my brave son ;

Where are the mighty that went forth to war?  
Where are my people, Hidallan, that were  
Wont to return with their loud-echoing shields?  
Have they all fallen on streamy Carun's banks?

No : said the sighing youth, the people live.  
They are, my father, in the war renown'd ;  
But Hidallan is no more in battle fam'd.  
On Balva's banks I must recline alone,  
When loud the roaring of the battle grows.

But never did thy fathers sit alone,  
Replied Lamor in his rising pride ;  
On Balva's banks they never sat alone,  
When loud the roaring of the battle rose.  
Dost thou not see that tomb with moss o'ergrown?  
My sightless eyes do not discern the stone ;  
There sleep in dust the brave Garmallon's bones,  
Who never fled the field nor fear'd the foe.  
Come, thou renown'd in war, the hero says,  
Come with thy glory to thy father's tomb.  
How, noble Garmallon, am I renown'd,  
For from the field my son has basely fled?

Hidallan, with a sigh, said, why dost thou,  
King of the streamy Balva, vex my soul?  
Lamor, I never fear'd the shining steel.  
For fair Comala Fingal's heart was sad,  
And to Hidallan did his wars deny ;

To the grey streamlets of thy land return,  
He said, and moulder like a leafless oak,  
Which over Balva's stream the wind has bent,  
Never to rustle with the summer breeze.

And must I hear, the aged sire replied,  
The lonely tread of my Hidallan's feet?  
When thousands in dread battle are renown'd,  
Shall he o'er my grey streams in sorrow bend?  
Thou spirit of the noble Garmallon!  
The aged Lamor carry to his place;  
His sightless eyes are dark, his soul is sad;  
And his dejected son has lost his fame.

Where, said the youth, shall I search for renown  
To gladden Lamor's overburthen'd soul?  
From whence shall I, with fame acquir'd, return,  
That the loud sound of my victorious arms  
May strike with pleasure his delighted ear?  
If I go to the chace of bounding roes,  
My name will not be heard beyond the day.  
Lamor will not my dogs feel with his hands,  
Glad at my safe arrival from the hill.  
He will not of his mountains ask for me,  
[ Nor of his dark-brown deer upon his heath.

I must, said Lamor, fall like leafless oak :  
It grew and spread its branches on a rock,  
But the tempestuous winds have laid it low.

My ghost will be seen wand'ring on my hills,  
In mournful mood for my young Hidallan.  
O will not ye, ye mists, as thick ye rise  
Along the valley, hide him from my sight?  
My son beloved! go to Lamor's hall:  
There the dark armour of our fathers hang.  
The sword of great Garmallon bring to me;  
He took the massy weapon from a foe.

He brought the sword with all its studded thongs.  
He gave it to his father. With his hand  
The grey-hair'd hero felt the fatal point.

My son! lead me to brave Garmallon's tomb;  
It rises grey beside that rustling tree.  
The grass is wither'd round the hero's grave;  
I heard the whistling breeze upon the plain.  
A little fountain murmurs near the spot  
And sends its water into Balva's stream.  
There let me rest; it is the mid-day hour:  
And the hot-scorching sun is on our fields.

He led his father to Garmallon's tomb.  
His son's side Lamor pierced with his sword.  
They sleep together 'neath the rustling tree:  
And their dark halls which oft' with mirth did ring,  
On Balva's banks, now moulder and decay.  
Grim ghosts are seen to hover there at noon:  
Throughout the valley deadly silence reigns,  
And Lamor's burying-place the people shun.

Sad, mournful, and appalling is thy tale,  
Said noble Oscar, son of ancient days!  
My soul for young Hidallan often sighs;  
He fell in the bright sunshine of his course.  
He flies upon the desert's surly blast,  
And his steps wander in a foreign land.

Sons of the echoing Morven! hear my call.  
To Fingal's foes your armed chiefs draw near.  
Send ye in songs the gloomy night away;  
And watch the strength of Caros with much care.  
Oscar retires to chiefs of other times;  
To silent Ardven's shades the hero goes.  
Where in their clouds his fathers sit obscur'd,  
And view the future combats of their chiefs.  
And art thou there, Hidallan, in the shade,  
Like half-extinguish'd meteor of the night?  
Chief of the roaring Balva! show thyself  
In all thy sorrow to my longing eyes.

On mov'd the heroes with their martial songs.—  
Brave Oscar slowly mounts the misty hill,  
The meteors of night set on the heath.  
A distant mountain-torrent faintly roars.  
Unfrequent blasts rush through the aged oaks.  
The half-enlighten'd moon sinks red and dim  
Behind the summits of the western hills.  
On the dark heath are feeble voices heard.  
Oscar drew from his side his massy sword.



Come, said the hero, O ye wand'ring ghosts!  
Ye spirits of my fathers long since dead!  
Ye that did fight against usurping kings!  
Tell me the mighty deeds of future times;  
And your dark conversation in your caves;  
When ye within your cloud together talk,  
And in the fields of war behold your sons.

From his dark hill the ghostly Trenmor came,  
At the soft voice of his victorious son.—  
A cloud, in movement like the stranger's steed,  
His airy limbs supported as he flew.  
His robe is of dark Lano's noxious mist,  
That deadly sickness to the people brings.  
His sword is a green meteor half put out:  
Grim, and without form is his hideous face.  
Thrice o'er the hero heavy sighs he gave:  
And thrice the winds of night did roar around.  
To valiant Oscar many were his words:  
But to our ears they only came by halves:  
Dark as the tales of other times they were,  
Before the light of martial song arose.  
The spirit slowly vanish'd from our sight,  
Like mist that on the sunny hill dissolves.

'Twas then, O lovely daughter of Toscar,  
My son's soul to be grieved first began.  
The fall of his brave race he then foresaw;  
And thoughtful and concern'd at times he was;

Like the obscured sun when on his face  
He carries a thick cloud ; but afterwards  
Looks on the hills of Cona with a smile.

Among his fathers Oscar pass'd the night,  
Grey morning met him on sweet Carun's banks.

A verdant vale encompassed a tomb  
Which was erected in the times of old.  
Little hills at a distance lift their heads ;  
And their old trees stretch to the rustling wind.  
The warriors of Caros there repos'd,  
For they had pass'd the murm'ring stream by night.  
Like trunks of aged pines the chiefs appear'd  
To the pale glimmering of the rising morn.

Oscar stood armed at the warrior's tomb,  
And thrice his formidable voice he rais'd.  
The rocking hills loud-echoed around :  
The starting roes in terror fled away.  
And the astonish'd ghosts of heroes dead  
Fled, shrieking in dread horror, on their clouds.  
So awful was the voice of my brave son,  
When he his warriors to the battle call'd.

The chiefs of Caros rose ; a thousand spears  
And glittering helmets rose to view around.  
Why daughter of Toscar, why that full tear ?  
My son is brave, although he stands alone.

Oscar is like a sun-beam of the sky ;  
He turns around and straight the people fall.  
His hand is like a spirit's powerful arm,  
When from a cloud he moves it o'er the heath :  
The rest of his thin figure is unseen :  
But in the vale the blasted people die.

Dauntless my son beheld the coming foe ;  
And in the darkness of his strength he stood.  
Am I, said valiant Oscar, left alone  
Amidst a thousand foes all train'd to arms ?  
Many a glittering spear is on the plain !  
Many a darkly-rolling eye is there !  
Shall I to Ardven for my safety fly ?  
But did my fathers ever fly the field ?  
A thousand battles mark their arms' strength.  
Oscar will likewise be renown'd in war.  
Come, ye dim ghosts that guard my fathers' tombs,  
And see my deeds in battle ! I may fall ;  
But I will be renowned like the race  
Of heroes who on echoing Morven fell.

He stood his ground, increasing in his place,  
Like flood confined in the narrow vale.  
The battle came, and many warriors fell ;  
The sword of Oscar reek'd with heroes' blood.

At Crona was the noise of battle heard ;  
The people rushed like a hundred streams.

The warriors of Caros fled dismay'd,  
And valiant Oscar on the field remain'd  
Like batter'd rock left by the ebbing sea.

Now dark, and deep, with all his neighing steeds,  
The furious Caros roll'd his might along :  
The little streams were lost beneath his course ;  
And the convulsed earth is rocking round.  
The battle spreads amain from wing to wing :  
Ten thousand swords at once gleam in the sky.—  
But why should Ossian of fierce battles sing ?  
For never more my shield shall shine in war.  
With grief I bear in mind my youthful days ;  
When I do feel the weakness of my arm.  
Happy are they, who on the bloody field,  
Fell in their youth, in midst of their renown.  
They the tombs of their friends have not beheld :  
Nor the bow of their strength have fail'd to bend.  
Happy art thou, O Oscar, in the midst  
Of thy fierce-rushing blast to warlike praise.  
Thou often goest to the field of fame,  
Where Caros fled from thy uplifted sword.

A misty darkness overclouds my soul,  
O lovely daughter of the fam'd Toscar,  
At Carun, my son's form I don't perceive ;  
Nor Oscar's figure upon Crona's plains.  
The rustling winds have carried him away ;  
And sad and mournful is his father's heart.

But lead me, O Malvina, to the sound  
Of my green woods, and roar of mountain-streams.  
On Cona let the bounding chase be heard ;  
That I may think on days of other years.  
And bring me, lovely maid, the tuneful harp,  
That I may touch it when my heart is cheer'd.  
Be thy attention bent to learn the song ;  
And Ossian shall be heard in future times.

The youthful warriors of the feeble will  
Hereafter on high Cona lift the voice ;  
And looking up to the projecting rocks  
With wond'ring eyes, say, " here did Ossian dwell."  
'They shall admire the chiefs of other times,  
And the heroic race that are no more :  
While we, Malvina, travel on our clouds,  
And ride upon the wings of roaring winds.  
At times our chanting voices shall be heard  
In the bleak desert of the mountain's top ;  
And on the airy rocks we'll sit and sing.

THE

# War of Inis-thona :

A POEM.

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## THE ARGUMENT.

THIS poem is an episode introduced in a great work composed by Ossian, in which the actions of his friends, and his beloved son Oscar, were interwoven. Branno, mentioned in the poem, was the father of Evirallan, and grandfather to Oscar; he was of Irish extraction and lord of the country round the lake of Lego. His great actions are handed down by tradition, and his hospitality has passed into a proverb. Cormalo, a principal actor in this scene, had resolved on a war against his father in law Annir, king of Inis-thona, in order to deprive him of his kingdom: the injustice of his designs was so much resented by Fingal, that he sent his grandson, Oscar, to the assistance of Annir. Both armies came soon to a battle, in which the conduct and valour of Oscar obtained a complete victory. An end was put to the war by the death of Cormalo, who fell in a single combat, by Oscar's hand.

---

OUR youthful days are like the airy dream  
Of weary hunter on the hill of heath.  
In the mild beams of the bright sun he sleeps;  
But he awakes amidst a rushing storm;

The forked lightning, flashing, flies around ;  
And trees shake their tall branches to the wind.  
On days of sunshine he looks back with joy ;  
And the delightful visions of his rest !

O ! when shall Ossian's youthful days return,  
Or in the sound of arms his ear delight ?  
When shall I, like the valiant Oscar, tread  
The field of battle in my shining steel ?  
Approach, ye hills of Cona with your streams,  
And give attention to old Ossian's voice !  
The song, in my soul, rises like the sun ;  
And my heart feels the joys of other times.

O Selma ! I behold thy gloomy towers,  
And the o'ershadowing oaks of thy grey wall :  
Thy murm'ring streams sound hoarsely in my ear ;  
Around thy battlements thy heroes crowd.  
Amidst thy warriors great Fingal sits ;  
And on the shield of Trenmor leans his head :  
Against the wall he lays his shining spear ;  
And listens to the song of other times.  
The great achievements of his arm are heard ;  
And the king's actions in his youthful days.

Brave Oscar had returned from the chace,  
And heard, with swelled soul, the hero's praise.  
He took the shield of Branno from the wall ;  
His glistening eyes were fill'd with tears of joy.

Red was the cheek of the aspiring youth.  
His trembling voice low-sounded from his lips.  
My shining spear shook in his grasping hand :  
He to the king of Morven thus did say.

Fingal ! thou mighty king of valiant men !  
Brave Ossian, next to him in war renown'd !  
Ye, in your youth, have the fierce battle fought ;  
Your names are famed in the warlike song,  
Oscar is like the mist on Cona's heath ;  
I visible become and disappear.  
The bard hereafter will not know my name,  
The brawny hunter of the bounding roes  
Will not upon the heath search for my tomb.  
Let me, O heroes, travel o'er the waves,  
And in dark Inis-thona's battles fight.  
Far distant is the land of my renown !  
Ye shall not hear the sound of Oscar's fall.  
Some bard may find me on the fatal field,  
And give my name to songs of future times.  
The stranger's daughter shall behold my tomb,  
And weep o'er the brave youth that came from far.  
At the gay feast of shells the bard shall say  
The song of Oscar hear from distant land.

Oscar, replied Morven's mighty king,  
Son of my fame ! thou shalt the battles fight,  
Prepare for sailing my dark-bosom'd ship,  
To carry my brave chieftain o'er the seas



To gloomy Inis-thona's echoing shore.  
Son of my son, regard our fame in arms ;  
For thou art of the race of chiefs renown'd.  
Let not the children of the strangers say,  
Feeble and faint are woody Morven's sons !  
Be thou in battle like the roaring storm :  
Mild as the evening's sun in days of peace.  
Brave Oscar, tell to Inis-thona's king,  
That Fingal bears in mind his youthful strength,  
When we together in the combat strove,  
In the bright days of Agandecca's sun.

They hoisted to the wind the sounding sail ;  
Loud whiz'd the tempest through the tighten'd  
thongs.

Waves lash the oozy rocks : stir'd ocean roars.  
My son saw from the wave the land of groves.  
He rushed into Runa's echoing bay ;  
And sent his sword to Annir, king of spears.

The grey-hair'd hero rose amidst his chiefs,  
When he the sword of mighty Fingal saw.  
His tearful eye bespoke his thoughtful soul ;  
And call'd to mind the battles of their youth.  
Twice in fierce battle lifted they the spear  
Before fair Agandecca, lovely maid.  
Heroes, amazed, at a distance stood,  
As if two ghosts contended on their clouds.

But now, began the grey-hair'd king, I'm old ;  
'The sword lies useless in my lofty hall.  
'Thou valiant man, who art of Morven's race !  
Annir has oft' been in the strife of spears ;  
But feeble, pale, and withered now is he,  
Like the grey, blighted oak, on Lano's heath.  
No son have I to greet thee with the feast,  
Or to conduct thee to his father's halls.  
Argon lies pale and ghastly in his tomb,  
And Ruro the brave champion is no more.  
My daughter in the hall of strangers dwells,  
And longs and wishes to behold my grave.  
Her spouse, unkindly, shakes ten thousand spears ;  
And comes from Lano like a cloud of death,  
'Thou valiant son of echoing Morven, come,  
To share the feast that Annir has prepar'd.

Three days the king the hero entertain'd  
In sumptuous feasting ; and on the fourth  
Annir with joy the name of Oscar heard.  
Together they rejoiced in the shell ;  
And, in the woods of Runa chas'd the boars.

Beside two mossy stones the heroes rest.  
'The tear in secret steals from Annir's eyes :  
And he broke in his breast the rising sigh.  
Here darkly rest, the pensive hero said,  
My valiant sons, the children of my youth.  
Beneath this stone is Ruro's lonely tomb,

That rustling tree sounds over Argon's grave.  
O my once valiant sons, do ye within  
Your dark and narrow mansion hear my voice?  
Or do ye speak among these rustling leaves,  
When the rough tempests of the desert rise?

O king of Inis-thona, Oscar said,  
How fell the valiant chieftains in their youth?  
The wild boar often rushes o'er their tombs,  
But the quiet hunters he does not disturb.  
Deer form'd of clouds they o'er the sky pursue,  
And bend in bounding chace, the airy bow.  
In sports of youthful days they still delight ;  
And the dark-winged tempest mount with joy.

Cormalo, replied Inis-thona's king,  
Is mighty leader of ten thousand spears ;  
He dwells at marshy Lano's misty lake,  
Which on the people sends a cloud of death.  
To Runa's echoing hall the hero came,  
And sought the honour of the tilting spear.  
The youth was lovely as the beam of day ;  
And few were they who could meet him in fight !  
My heroes yielded to Cormalo's strength :  
And Lano's valiant son my daughter lov'd.

Argon and Ruro from the chace return'd ;  
The tears of pride fall from the haughty cheek ;  
Their silent eyes on Runa's chiefs they roll'd,

Because they yielded to a stranger's arm.  
Three days with Cormalo the feast went round ;  
And on the fourth my Argon took the field.  
But who with Argon could in battle stand !  
Dark Lano's gloomy chief is overcome.  
His heart high-swelled with the grief of pride,  
And he resolved, in his secret thoughts,  
To see the death of my two valiant sons.

On Runa's hills they chas'd the dark-brown hinds.  
The arrow of Cormalo from his bow  
In secret flew ; and both my children fell.  
He came to Inis-thona's dark-hair'd maid ;  
To the white-armed damsel of his love.  
The treach'rous warriors o'er the desert fled—  
And Annir sorrowful remain'd alone.

Dark night came on—and the bright day appear'd ;  
Nor Argon's voice, nor Ruro's could be heard.  
At length their much lov'd dog is at the gate ;  
The nimble Runar of the bounding chace.  
He came and howled in his master's hall ;  
And seem'd to look to where the heroes fell.  
We followed him : we found the warriors dead :  
And laid their bodies by this mossy stream.  
This is sad Annir's solitary haunt,  
When on the hills the chace of hinds is ceas'd.  
I bend above them like an aged oak :  
And my dim eyes with tears for ever flow.

O valiant Ronnan ! Ogar king of spears !  
Said Oscar, rising from the mossy stones ;  
Together call my heroes to my side,  
The warlike chiefs of Morven's streamy vale.  
To-day we go to Lano's rolling lake  
That sends forth on the people clouds of death.  
Cormalo will not long in safety dwell :  
Death often sits upon our pointed spears.

They o'er the desert came like stormy clouds,  
When they are rolled by the rushing winds :  
With beams of lightning are their edges ting'd :  
And the resounding groves foresee the storm.  
The horn of Oscar's battle loud is heard ;  
And Lano shook o'er all its rolling waves.  
The children of the lake in haste conven'd  
Around the bold Cormalo's sounding shield.

Oscar, as he was wont in battle, fought.  
Beneath his vengeful sword Cormalo fell :  
And Lano's dismal sons fled to their vales.  
Victorious Oscar brought the dark-hair'd maid  
Of Inis-thone to Annir's echoing halls.  
The wrinkled face of age is bright with joy ;  
He pour'd his blessing on the king of swords.

How great was Ossian's joy when he beheld  
The distant sail of his returning son !  
'Twas like a cloud of light that from the east

Springs up with cheering beams, when, in a land  
Unknown, the traveller in sadness walks ;  
And dismal night with her terrific ghosts,  
Is setting round his hope-forlorn path.

With songs, we brought him into Selma's halls.  
Fingal loud-call'd to spread the feast of shells.  
A thousand bards the name of Oscar rais'd :  
And streamy Morven answer'd to the noise.  
The lovely daughter of Toscar was there,  
And sweet her voice was like the tuneful harp ;  
When, in the evening, comes the distant sound,  
On the soft breeze low-rustling through the vale,

O ! lay my body, ye that see the light,  
Near some tall, mossy, rock upon my hills :  
Let the thick hazels stand around my tomb,  
And near it let the rustling oak be seen.  
Green be the place where I am laid to rest ;  
And let the sound be heard of distant streams.  
Daughter of 'Toscar, take the tuneful harp,  
And the soft-model'd song of Selma raise ;  
That sleep may overtake my pleased soul  
Amidst the joy that overspreads my heart :  
That dreams of youthful actions may return,  
And airy thoughts of mighty Fingal's days.

Selma ! thy towers, and shaded walls I see.  
The streamy Morven's heroes I behold ;

And hear the song of bards of other times.  
Cormalo's sword the valiant Oscar lifts;  
And many youths admire its studded thongs.  
They look with wonder on my warlike son;  
And the strength of his arm admire with awe.  
They mark the gladness of his father's eyes;  
And long to gain in war an equal fame,

And ye shall have your well-deserved fame,  
O valiant sons of Morven's streamy vales.  
My soul is often brighten'd with the song,  
While on the heroes of my youth I think.  
But sleep with the sweet sound of harp descends;  
And roving fancy rises on the mind.  
Sons of the bounding chase stand ye remote,  
Nor stir up, nor disturb my peaceful rest.  
The bard of other times converses now  
With his forefathers on the clouds of heaven,  
The mighty chieftains of the days of old.  
Sons of the bounding chase stand ye remote;  
Awake not Ossian, nor disturb his dreams.

THE  
**Battle of Nora.**  
A POEM.

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THE ARGUMENT.

FINGAL, on his return from Ireland, after he had expelled Swaran from that kingdom, made a feast to all his heroes: he forgot to invite Ma-ronnan and Aldo, two chiefs, who had not been along with him on his expedition. They resented his neglect; and went over to Erragon, king of Sora, a country of Scandinavia, the declared enemy of Fingal. The valour of Aldo soon gained him a great reputation in Sora: and Lorma the beautiful wife of Erragon fell in love with him.—He found means to escape with her, and to come to Fingal, who resided then in Selma on the western coast.—Erragon invaded Scotland, and was slain in battle by Gaul the son of Morni, after he had rejected terms of peace offered him by Fingal.—In this war Aldo fell, in a single combat, by the hands of his rival Erragon; and the unfortunate Lorma afterwards died of grief.

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SON of the distant land, secluded from  
The public view within thy secret cell!  
Do the sounds of thy groves delight my ear?  
Or am I pleased with thy voice of songs?



Loud was the roaring torrent to my ear,  
But with the sound I heard a tuneful voice.  
Dost thou extol the chieftains of thy land ;  
Or praise in songs the spirits of the wind ?  
But lonely dweller of the vaulted rock !  
With sorrowing eyes look o'er that heathy plain :  
'Thou seest green tombs, with their rank, whistling  
grass ;  
With monumental stones of mossy heads :  
'Thou seest them, son of the retired rock,  
But Ossian's eyes have fail'd him in the sight.

A mountain stream comes roaring from the steep,  
And sends its waters round the echoing hill :  
Four mossy stones amidst the withered grass,  
Rear on the top their weather-beaten heads :  
Two lofty trees, which stormy winds have bent,  
Their whistling branches spread around the spot.  
This is thy dwelling Erragon ; thy narrow house :  
The festive sound of thy rejoicing shells  
Has long in distant Sora been forgot :  
And in thy hall dark is the shield become.  
Erragon, chief of Sora ! king of ships !  
How hast thou fallen on our heathy hills !  
How is the mighty in the battle low !

Revered son of the retired cell !  
Dost thou delight in songs of other times ?  
The fight of Lora with attention hear ;

The sound of its bright steel is long since past.  
So roars the thunder on the darken'd hill ;  
Its peals affright, but soon are heard no more.  
The sun returneth with his silent beams :  
The glittering rocks, and green-top'd mountains  
smile.

From Ullin's roaring waves our ships return'd,  
And were receiv'd in Cona's shelt'ring bay :  
Loose hung to the tall masts our snowy sheets :  
And boist'rous winds roar'd loud through Morven's  
groves.

Loud-sounded is the horn of the king,  
And from their rocks the deer in terror bound.  
In the resounding woods our arrows flew ;  
The feast is spread upon the sunny hill.  
Our joy was great upon our native rocks.  
For the downfal of Swaran of Lochlin.

At our high feast two heroes were forgot ;  
And the hot fury of their bosoms burn'd.  
They rolled their red eyes in secret wrath :  
The sigh bursts from their pride-inflamed breasts.  
To talk together they were often seen,  
And on the earth to throw their massy spears.  
They were two gloomy clouds amidst our joy ;  
Like misty pillars on the settled sea :  
They glitter bright to the descending sun,  
But the astonish'd seamen fear a storm.

Raise, said Ma-ronnan, my white-flying sails,  
Raise them aloft to catch the western gale ;  
Let us, O Aldo, rush before the wind,  
Through foaming billows of the northern sea,  
We are forgot at the rejoicing feast :  
But our bright armour has been red in blood.  
Let us the hills of Fingal leave in scorn,  
And to the king of Sora lend our aid.  
Fierce is his countenance, and stout his heart,  
And the war darkens round his glancing spear.  
Let us, O Aldo, have our names renown'd,  
For deeds of war on Sora's echoing shore.

They took their swords and shields of shining  
thongs ;  
And rush'd through waves to Lumar's sounding bay.  
They came to Sora's dark-brow'd, lofty, king,  
The haughty leader of the bounding steeds.  
Erragon had returned from the chace :  
His spear was reeking with the blood of boars.  
His gloomy face towards the ground was bent :  
And, careless, whistled as he went along.  
He took the strangers to his hall of feasts :  
They fought his battles, and obtain'd renown.

Aldo returned with his well-earn'd fame  
Towards the woody Sora's lofty wall.  
The spouse of Erragon look'd from her tower,  
The lovely Lorma's humid, rolling eyes.

Her dark-brown hair flies on the ocean's wind :  
Her white breast heaves, like snow upon the heath ;  
When gentle winds arise, and slowly move  
The flaky hillocks to the morning light.  
She saw young Aldo, like the golden beam  
Of Sora's setting sun. At his approach  
Her soft heart sigh'd: tears fill'd her gazing eyes;  
And her white arm sustain'd her lovely cheek.

Three days she sat within her festive hall,  
And covered grief with garb of feigned joy.  
She left her palace, on the fourth, and fled  
With the young hero o'er the rolling sea.  
They came to misty Cona's mossy towers,  
To mighty Fingal, king of shining spears.

O Aldo, of the lofty breast of pride!  
Said Morven's rising king, shall I defend  
Thee from the wrath of Sora's injur'd king ?  
Who will my people now receive into  
Their festive halls, or give the joyous feast  
Of strangers, since Aldo, of little soul,  
Has the fair spouse of Sora borne away ?  
Go to the hills and hide thee in thy caves;  
Sorrowful is the battle we must fight,  
With Sora's gloomy king whom thou hast hurt.  
Thou spirit of the noble Trenmor ! When  
Will Fingal cease to wield the spear in war ?  
Amidst the noise of battles I was born,

And to my tomb my steps must move in blood.  
But my hand on the feeble never press'd,  
My steel did never touch the weak in arms.  
Thy tempests, mighty Morven, I behold,  
Which will my echoing turrets overturn ;  
When my brave children are in battle dead,  
And none remains to dwell in Selma's halls.  
Then will the feeble croud around my walls,  
But they will not perceive my lonely tomb :  
My fame is only in the martial song :  
And my brave actions in the field shall be  
Remember'd as a dream to future times.

Around king Erragon his people came  
As dark storms gather round the ghost of night ;  
When from the top of Morven loud he calls  
To pour his heroes on the strangers' land.  
He came in haste to Cona's sounding shore,  
And to the king sent his grey-haired bard,  
To claim the combat of a thousand chiefs,  
Or the forfeited land of many hills.

Fingal sat, joyful, in his sounding hall,  
With the companions of his youth around.  
The younger chiefs were at the chace of hinds,  
Bounding far distant on the desert heath.  
'The grey-hair'd heroes talk'd of other times,  
And of the warlike actions of their youth ;  
When aged Narthmor, king of Lora, came.

This is not the fit time, began the chief,  
To hear the martial songs of other years:  
The furious Erragon, of raging waves,  
Frowns on the coast, and lifts ten thousand swords.  
Now gloomy is the king among his chiefs!  
He sits, astonish'd, like the darken'd moon,  
Amidst the glaring meteors of the night.

Come, said the roused Fingal, from thy hall,  
'Thou blue-eyed daughter of my early love;  
Come fair Bosmina, streamy Morven's maid,  
In bright attire from thy secret hall.  
Grey-haired Narthmor, take the strangers' steeds,  
And Fingal's daughter on her way attend:  
Let her the lofty king of Sora bid  
To our high feast in Selma's shaded walls.  
O Bosmina! the peace of heroes, and  
The wealth of Aldo, offer to the king.  
Our youths are distant far among the hills,  
And age is fallen on our trembling hands.

To Erragon's arm'd host Bosmina came,  
Like beam of light unto a gloomy cloud.  
In her right hand a golden arrow shone:  
And in her left she held a sparkling shell,  
The festive, joyful, sign of Morven's peace.

Erragon brighten'd, as a polish'd rock  
Before the sudden beams of noon-day sun,

When bright they issue from a broken cloud,  
Divided by the tempest-roaring wind.

Son of the distant Sora's echoing hills,  
Began Bosmina, mildly-blushing maid,  
Come to the feast which Morven's king prepares,  
Within the gloomy Selma's shaded walls.  
O warrior, the peace of heroes take,  
And let thy massy sword rest by thy side.  
And if thou chusest the heap'd wealth of kings  
Hear generous Aldo's liberal words to thee.  
To Erragon he gives a hundred steeds,  
The well-train'd children of the hunter's rein ;  
A hundred lovely maids from distant lands ;  
A hundred soaring hawks with fluttering wing,  
That fly like meteor across the sky.  
A hundred girdles also shall be thine,  
To bind high-bosom'd women, sanctified ;  
The efficacious friends of heroes' births,  
And sovereign cure of the dark sons of toil.  
Ten studded shells shall shine in Sora's towers :  
The azure lustre trembles on their gems,  
Like glittering stars upon the vaulted sky.  
'They gladden'd once the sovereigns of the world,  
In the grand banquets of their echoing halls.  
These, hero, or thy fair spouse, shall be thine.  
Lorma shall her bright eyes roll in thy halls.  
Although Fingal the generous Aldo loves:

Fingal! who ne'er did to a hero wrong,  
Though strong his arm is in the field of war.

Soft voice of Cona! the proud king reply'd,  
O tell him that in vain he spreads the feast.—  
Around me let great Fingal pour his spoils;  
And bend himself beneath my humbling power.  
Let him to me present his fathers' swords,  
And the bright studded shields of other times;  
That my brave sons may see them in my halls,  
And say, rejoicing, "These are Fingal's arms."

Them shall they never in thy halls behold,  
Said the fair maiden, in her rising pride;  
They in the mighty hands of heroes are  
Who never yielded to the arm of war.  
King of the echoing Sora! look around,  
The furious storm is gathering on our hills.  
O dost thou not perceive the people's fall,  
Advent'rous hero of a distant land!

To Selma's silent halls the maiden came;  
The king with grief beheld her downcast eyes.  
He from his place arose, and, in his strength,  
With violent motion shook his aged locks.  
He took the valiant Trenmor's sounding mail,  
And his renowned fathers' dark-brown shield.  
A gloomy silence filled Selma's hall,  
When he stretch'd forth his hand to take his spear.



The ghosts of thousands sat upon their clouds,  
And saw the sword of slaughter coming on.  
The aged heroes rush'd to meet the foe,  
With face enliven'd with a frightful joy.  
Their thoughts were on the deeds of other years :  
And on the glory of the hero's tomb.

At Trathal's tomb the bounding dogs appear'd  
That in the chace of roes had left the hills ;  
Fingal knew that his heroes followed them,  
And stop'd amidst the fury of his course.  
Oscar appeared first ;—then Morni's son,  
And Nemi's valiant children of the steel.  
The trusty Fercuth showed his gloomy form :  
Brave Dermid his dark hair spread to the wind.  
Ossian came the last, son of the cave,  
I humm'd the martial song of other times.  
My spear supported my considerate steps,  
As I walk'd pensive o'er the little streams ;  
And my thoughts were on deeds of mighty men.  
Now Fingal loudly struck his bossy shield ;  
And to his chieftains gave the sign of war ;  
A thousand glittering swords at once unsheath'd  
Glance in the sun-beams on the waving heath.  
The grey-hair'd sons of song of other times  
Raise on the ear the tuneful, mournful, voice.  
Now deep and dark in rank with sounding steps,  
We rush, a gloomy ridge, along the heath :

Like pattering shower of a ruthless storm  
When it pours fiercely on the narrow vale.

The king of Morven sat upon his hill :  
The standard of the fight flew on the wind :  
The brave companions of his youth are near,  
With all the waving locks of hoary age.  
Joy in the hero's eyes was seen to rise  
When he beheld his valiant sons in war ;  
When he beheld them 'midst the glare of swords,  
And mindful of their fathers' deeds in arms,  
Erragon in his mighty strength came on,  
Like the tremendous roar of winter stream :  
The battle falls in his conflicting course,  
And gloomy death appeareth at his side.

Who comes, said Fingal, like the bounding roe,  
Like the swift hart of Cona's echoing hills ?  
His sounding shield hangs, glist'ning, on his side,  
And mournful is the clangour of his arms.  
The sword of Erragon the hero meets !  
Behold the awful battle of the chiefs !  
'Tis like ghosts warring in a gloomy storm.—  
But fallest thou, son of the hill of hinds,  
And is thy snowy bosom stain'd with blood ?  
Weep, hapless Lorma, Aldo is no more.

The king enraged, grasp'd his mighty spear ;  
For at the death of Aldo he was sad :

Upon the foe he bent his deathful eyes ;  
But noble Gaul the king of Sora met.—  
Who can relate the battle of the chiefs ?  
Amain they fought : the mighty stranger fell.

Ye sons of Cona ! Fingal cried aloud,  
Step forth, and stop the slaught'ring hand of death.  
Once mighty was he that is now so low !  
And much in Sora is the hero mourn'd !  
'The stranger towards his dark hall will come,  
And wonder why dead silence reigns within.  
The king, O stranger, is in battle slain,  
And the rejoicings of his house are ceas'd.  
To the deep sound of his dark woods attend :  
Perhaps his ghost flits in the gloomy shade ;  
But he is distant far, on Morven's heath,  
Beneath the weapon of a foreign foe.

Such were the words of Fingal o'er the chief,  
When the old bard rais'd high the song of peace ;  
We stopped our uplifted, reeking swords,  
And spar'd the feeble foe beneath our steel.  
We laid brave Erragon in that grey tomb ;  
And I rais'd o'er the chief the voice of grief.  
The gloomy clouds of night came rolling down,  
And Erragon's grim ghost appear'd to some.  
Cloudy and dark his frighful face appear'd ;  
And a half-formed sigh is in his breast.  
Happy, O king of Sora ! be thy soul ;  
In the dread battle mighty was thy arm !

The lovely Lorma sat, in Aldo's hall,  
At the bright, cheering light of flaming oak ;  
The dark night came, but he did not return ;  
And Lorma's soul is racked with suspense.  
Hunter of Cona, what retards thy steps ?  
For thou didst promise Lorma to return.  
Has the long-bounding roe been distant far ;  
And do the winds sigh round thee on the heath ?  
In the strange land of warriors I am left ;  
But Aldo, where can I espy a friend ?  
Come from thy echoing hills, my dearest love !

Towards the gate her longing eyes she turn'd,  
And, fearful, listens to the rustling blast.  
She thinks she hears her loved Aldo's tread,  
And joy arises in her clouded face.  
But grief again o'erspreads her lovely cheeks,  
Like a thin vapour o'er the silver'd moon.  
And thou wilt not return, my only love ?  
Let me the face of yonder hill behold.  
The moon is climbing up the eastern hills.  
Calm is the bosom of the bright'ning lake !  
When shall I see his dogs upon the hill  
Returning weary from the bounding chace ?  
When shall I hear the music of his voice,  
Resounding loud and distant on the wind ?  
Come, my beloved, from thy echoing hills ;  
Hunter of woody Cona, come to me !

His thin ghost on a lofty rock appear'd,  
Like watery beam of the obsured moon,  
When from between two clouds it rushes forth,  
And on the field is heard the midnight shower  
The empty form she follow'd o'er the heath,  
For she knew that her youthful hero fell.  
Her cries approaching on the wind I heard,  
Like mournful breathing of the evening breeze,  
When it sighs doleful on the grassy cave.

She came—she found the hero on the heath :  
Her mournful-sighing voice was heard no more.  
Silent and sad she roll'd her weeping eyes ;  
Pale as a watery cloud she was, that from  
The lake ascends to the moon's bright'ning beams.

Few were her days on Cona's heathy plain :  
She sigh'd—and sunk into the silent tomb.  
Fingal commanded his grey-haired bards ;  
And Lorma's death they sang in plaintive strain.  
Morven's fair daughters, one day in the year,  
When the dark winds of autumn swept the heath,  
Went to lament at Lorma's lonely tomb.

Rever'd, sequester'd, son of distant land,  
Thou dwellest in the field of high renown :  
O let thy song of heroes rise at times,  
In praise of those that fell : that their thin ghosts  
May joy around thee on their flitting clouds ;

And Lorma's soul come on the beam of night,  
When thou liest down to rest upon thy couch,  
And the moon looks into thy rocky cave.  
Then shalt thou see her lovely to the sight ;  
Though still upon her cheek the tear is seen.

# Conlath and Cuthona:

## A POEM.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

CONLATH was the youngest of Morni's sons, and brother to the celebrated Gaul, who is often mentioned in Ossian's poems. He was in love with Cuthona the daughter of Rumar, when Toscar the son of Kinfena, accompanied by his friend Fercuth, arrived, from Ireland, at Mora where Conlath dwelt. He was hospitably received, and according to the custom of the times, feasted, three days, with Conlath. On the fourth he set sail, and coasting the *island of waves*, probably one of the Hebrides, he saw Cuthona hunting, fell in love with her, and carried her away, by force, in his ship. He was forced, by stress of weather, into I-thona a desert isle. In the mean time Conlath, hearing of the rape, sailed after him, and found him on the point of sailing for the coast of Ireland. They fought; and they, and their followers fell by mutual wounds. Cuthona did not long survive: for she died of grief the third day after.

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**D**ID not a plaintive voice strike Ossian's ear?  
Or is't the sound of days that are no more?  
Oft' does the memory of former times  
Come, like the evening sun, upon my soul.  
The noise of hunting is again begun.

And, in rejoicing thought I lift the spear.  
But Ossian did hear a plaintive voice :  
Who art thou, son of the dark midnight shade?  
The sons of little men are now asleep,  
And the wind whistles through my sounding hall.  
Perhaps it is great Fingal's studded shield  
That echoes to the blast : it hangs aloft  
In Ossian's hall, where, with his powerful hand,  
The hero, with much pleasure, sometimes feels.  
Yes! my pale friend, I hear thee in the wind;  
Long has thy voice been absent from mine ear!  
Son of the generous Morni, what event  
Brings thee to Ossian on thy gloomy cloud?  
Are the friends of the aged near thy seat?  
Where is the noble Oscar, son of fame?  
Often O Conlath, was he near thy arm,  
When the loud noise of mighty battle rose.

## GHOST OF CONLATH.

Sleeps the sweet voice of Cona undisturb'd,  
Amidst the murmurs of his rustling hall?  
Sleeps Ossian, and his friends without their fame?  
The raging sea around I-thona rolls,  
And our tombs by the stranger are not seen.  
O valiant son of Morven's echoing hills,  
How long unheard shall our renown remain?

## OSSIAN.

O that mine eye could thy pale face behold,  
As thou sit'st dim and ghastly, on thy cloud!



Art thou like the thin mist on Lano's heath;  
Or meteor half-extinguish'd in the air?  
Of what are the bright borders of thy robe?  
Of what light substance is thy airy bow?  
But he is gone, and vanish'd on his blast,  
Like the light shadow of the flying mist.  
Come from thy silent wall, my tuneful harp,  
And let thy sound be heard in heroes' fame.  
Let recollection on I-thona rise,  
That I may in the song behold my friends.  
And Ossian does his absent friends behold,  
On the blue, lonely, isle of rolling waves.  
The cave of Thona to the mind appears,  
With all its mossy rocks and bending trees.  
At its dark entrance roars a mountain stream,  
And o'er its course the valiant Toscar leans.  
Fercuth his friend is mournful at his side:  
And at a distance the maid of his love  
Sits sorrowful, and weeps her chieftain slain.  
Am I deceived by the noisy waves?  
Or do I hear the hapless heroes speak?

## TOSCAR.

The night was stormy, and the moon obscur'd.  
From their high hills the groaning oaks came down.  
Darkly-roll'd the swell'd sea beneath the blast,  
And roaring waves were dashing on our rocks.  
The lightning glar'd, and show'd the blasted fern.  
Fercuth! I saw the wandering ghost of night.

On that grey bank the spirit silent stood ;  
His robe of mist flew on the rustling wind.  
I could behold the tear upon his cheek :  
An aged man he seem'd, and full of thought.

## FERCUTH.

O Toscar ! 'twas thy father thou didst see ;  
And he foresees some death among his race.  
Such on high Cromla his appearance was,  
Before the great Ma-ronnan was laid low.  
How pleasant, Ullin, are thy grassy vales !  
Silence is near the banks of thy blue streams,  
And the reviving sun is on thy fields.  
Soft is the tuneful harp on Selama,  
And sweet on Cromla is the hunter's cry.  
But we are on I-thona's rocky isle,  
Surrounded by the stormy-rolling sea.  
Above our rocks the billows lift their heads ;  
And the tempestuous night makes us afraid.

## TOSCAR.

O whither is the soul of battle fled,  
Brave Fercuth with the hoary locks of age ?  
In danger thee undaunted I have seen,  
And thine eyes burning in the fight with joy.  
O whither is the soul of battle fled ?  
Our fathers never flinch'd nor fear'd a foe.  
Go : view the settling sea : the wind is laid.  
The waves still tremble on the restless deep,

And seem to fear the force of coming storm.  
Grey morning brightens on our shelving rocks.  
The sun will soon look from the eastern hills,  
In all his majesty and pride of light.

My sails with joy I lifted to the wind,  
Before the halls of generous Conlath.  
My course was by the isle of roaring waves,  
Where his true love pursu'd the bounding deer.  
I saw her like a sun-beam from a cloud.  
Her hair was waving on her heaving breast ;  
She, bending forward, drew the bow of yew :  
Like snow on Cromla seem'd her lovely arm.  
Come thou fair huntress of the isle of waves ;  
Come to my soul, I said, thou beauteous maid.  
But she in tears doth pass her time away,  
And on the generous Conlath rests her peace.  
Where can I, fair Cuthona, find thy peace ?

## CUTHONA.

A distant steep bends o'er the roaring sea,  
With aged trees and rocks o'ergrown with moss :  
The foaming billows roll against its base ;  
And on its side the bounding roes are seen.  
The people call it Ardven. There the towers  
Of Mora rise like pillars in the clouds.  
There Conlath looketh o'er the rolling sea,  
For the appearance of his only love.  
The weary daughters of the chace return'd,

And he beheld, in fear, their downcast eyes.  
Where is the lovely daughter of Rumar?  
But they no answer gave. My peace doth dwell  
On Ardven's rocks, son of the distant land.

## TOSCAR.

And to her peace Cuthona shall return:  
To generous Conlath's halls of festive shells.  
He is the friend of Toscar: in his halls  
I've often feasted when the chace was o'er.  
Ye gentle breezes of green Ullin, rise,  
And stretch my sails towards dark Ardven's shores.  
The fair Cuthona shall on Ardven rest:  
But the best days of Toscar will be sad.  
I in my cave shall sit, hid from the sun.  
The gentle wind will rustle in my trees,  
And I shall think it is Cuthona's voice.  
But she is distant far, in Conlath's halls.

## CUTHONA.

Oh! what dark cloud is that which glides along?  
It carries on its front my fathers' ghosts.  
The borders of their misty robes I see,  
Like grey and watery vapour on the wind.  
O Rumar! when shall sad Cuthona fall?  
She sees her death draw near. Will not Conlath  
Behold me, ere I sink into the tomb?

## OSSIAN.

And he, O maid, will yet behold his love:  
He comes along the tempest-tossed sea.  
The death of Toscar on his spear is dark;  
And blood is issuing from his wounded side.  
At the dark cave of Thona he sits pale,  
And bares his side, and shows his ghastly wound.  
Where art thou, sad Cuthona, with thy tears?  
The chief of Mora sees the narrow house.  
Dim on my mind the deadly vision grows:  
I with these eyes behold the chiefs no more.  
But O ye bards of song of future times,  
The fall of Conlath bring to mind with tears:  
The valiant chieftain fell before his day;  
And sadness darken'd in his silent hall.  
His mother look'd to his suspended shield,  
And it was bloody. At the sight she knew  
Her son was dead; and loud her voice was heard  
In mournful measure through dark Mora's towers.

Art thou, Cuthona, pale upon thy rock?  
Beside the bodies of the fallen chiefs?  
Dark night comes on, and the bright day returns,  
But none appears to raise the heroes' tomb.  
The screaming fowls thou terrifiest away,  
And over thy fair cheeks tears ever flow.  
Thou'rt pale and ghastly as a watery cloud,  
That rises whitish from the misty lake.

The valiant children of the desert came,  
And on the rock they found Cuthona dead.  
They o'er the heroes raise the lonely tomb,  
And at the side of Conlath rests the maid.  
Come not, O hapless Conlath, to my dreams;  
For thou thy fame in battle hast received.  
From my still hall be thy voice distant far;  
That gentle slumbers may at night descend.  
O that I could my fallen friends forget:  
Until my footsteps to be seen shall cease!  
Till I among them come with heighten'd joy!  
And my old limbs lay in the narrow house.

# Carthon:

## A POEM.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

CLESSAMMOR, the son of Thaddu, was driven by a storm into the river Clyde, on the banks of which stood Balclutha, a town belonging to the Britons between the walls. He was hospitably received by Reuthamir, the principal man in the place, who gave him Moina, his only daughter, in marriage. Reuda, the son of Cormo, was in love with Moina, and a quarrel ensued between him and Clessammor. Reuda was killed; and Clessammor, being hard pressed by the Britons, who saw the combat, threw himself into the Clyde, and swam to his ship. He often tried to carry off his beloved Moina, but did not succeed. Moina brought forth a son, and soon after died. The child was named Carthon. When Carthon grew up to man's estate he was resolved to revenge the fall of Balclutha, which was destroyed in his minority by Comhal the father of Fingal, in one of his expeditions against the Britons. He set sail from the Clyde, and falling on the coast of Morven, defeated two of Fingal's heroes, who came to oppose his progress. He was, at last, unwittingly killed by his father Clessammor, in a single combat.

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A MOURNFUL story of the times of old!  
The mighty deeds of days of other years!  
The murmur of thy streams, O Lora, brings  
The memory back to scenes of other times.

The echoing of thy woods, Garmallar, sounds  
In sweet reverberation in my ear.  
Malvina, dost thou not a rock behold,  
With its grey, heathy, summit in the wind?  
Three aged firs bend from its airy front;  
Green at its bottom is the narrow plain;  
Where the white flower of the mountain grows,  
And shakes its snowy head amidst the breeze.  
The downy thistle standeth there alone,  
And by its shade its aged beard conceals.  
Two stones, half hid, show their grey heads of moss.  
The mountain deer avoid the lonely place,  
For the grey ghost that guards it they behold:  
For, O Malvina, in the narrow plain  
That joineth to the rock, the mighty lie.  
A mournful story of the times of old!  
The mighty deeds of days of other years!

What chieftain from the land of strangers comes,  
With his brave thousands in his martial train?  
The sun-beam its bright stream before him pours;  
And his hair meets the tempest of his hills.  
His face is settled from the storm of war.  
Calm is he as the evening beam, that looks  
From western cloud on Cona's silent vale.  
Who is't but Fingal, Comhal's valiant son,  
The long-renowned king of mighty deeds!  
His woody hills he now beholds with joy,  
And bids a thousand voices rise in song.



Ye've cowardly fled, ye sons of distant land !  
The proud king of the world sits in his hall,  
And hears with sorrow of his people's flight.  
His fiery eye of pride he sternly lifts,  
And lays his hand upon his father's sword.  
Ye've cowardly fled, sons of the distant land !

Such were the words of the recording bards,  
When they came to dark Selma's sounding halls.  
A thousand lights rose from the stranger's land.  
The feast of shells is largely spread around ;  
And the night pass'd away in festive joy.  
Where is the noble Clessammor, of mighty name,  
The fair-hair'd Fingal said ? Where is the friend  
Of my brave father, in my joyful days ?  
Sullen and sad, in Lora's echoing vale,  
His days he passes : but, behold, he comes,  
Like pawing steed, rejoicing in his strength,  
Who finds his fleet companions in the breeze,  
And his bright mane waves in the rustling wind.  
Bless'd be the soul of noble Clessammor,  
Why tarried'st thou from Selma's echoing halls ?

Returns the mighty chief, said Clessammor,  
In midst of his renown ? Such was the fame  
Of Comhal in the battles of his youth.  
Oft' over Carun did we pass in arms  
To fight the battles in the stranger's land :  
Our swords returned, not unstain'd with blood :  
Nor did the sovereigns of the world rejoice.

The battles of my youth why do I bear  
In memory? My hair is mix'd with grey.  
My feeble hand forgets to bend the bow ;  
And I do now uplift a lighter spear.  
O that my joy and pleasure would return,  
As when I first beheld the beauteous maid ;  
The snowy-bosom'd daughter of the land  
Of strangers, Moina, with the dark-blue eyes !

Tell, said the mighty Fingal, tell the tale,  
The mournful story of thy youthful days !  
As a dark cloud obscures the mid-day sun,  
So sorrow shades the soul of Clessammor.  
Sad are thy thoughts, alone, on Lora's banks.  
The sorrow of thy youth to us relate,  
And tell us of the darkness of thy days.

'Twas in the days of peace, said Clessammor,  
I, in my bounding ship, came o'er the waves,  
To dark Balclutha's mossy walls of towers.  
The winds had roar'd behind my snowy sails,  
And Clutha's streams my vessel soon receiv'd.  
Three days I in Reuthamir's halls remain'd,  
And that bright beam of light, his daughter, saw.  
The festive pleasures of the shell went round,  
And the grey-haired hero gave the fair.  
Her breasts were like the foam upon the wave,  
And her eyes twinkled like the stars of light.  
Dark were her tresses as the raven's wing :

And mild and gen'rous was her virgin soul.  
For lovely Moina my regard was great:  
And my subdued heart pour'd forth in joy.

The mighty hero of a stranger came,  
A chief who loved the white-bosom'd maid.  
His words were lofty in Reuthamir's hall,  
And oft' he half-unsheath'd his massy sword.  
Where is the mighty Comhal, loud he call'd,  
The restless wanderer of the waving heath?  
Comes he to dark Balclutha, with his host,  
Since Clessammor the mighty is so bold?

My lofty soul, O warrior! I replied,  
Burns in a flame of its own lighting up.  
In midst of thousands, without fear I stand,  
Although my valiant friends are distant far.  
Stranger! thy words are mighty in the sound,  
For Clessammor, though fearless, is alone.  
But my sword trembles on my shining side,  
And longs to glitter in my powerful hand.  
No more of mighty Comhal, therefore, speak,  
Thou son of Clutha of the winding stream!

The strength of the young hero's pride arose.  
Amain we fought; he fell beneath my sword.  
The trembling banks of Clutha heard his fall,  
And spears a thousand glittered around.  
I fought: the strangers at the last prevail'd:

I plunged into Clutha's rolling stream.  
My sails unfurled rose upon the waves,  
And high I bounded on the dark-blue sea.  
The lovely Moina to the shore drew near,  
And roll'd her sparkling eyes bedew'd with tears :  
Her dark, dishevel'd, hair flew on the wind ;  
And on the blast I heard her piteous cries.  
Oft' did I turn my ship to gain the shore !  
But still the tempest of the East prevail'd.  
Nor Clutha have I ever since beheld :  
Nor lovely Moina of the dark-brown hair.  
In dark Balclutha did the fair one fall :  
For I have seen her ghost upon her cloud.  
I knew her as through dusky night she came  
Along the banks of Lora's murm'ring streams :  
Like the new moon she through the mist was seen ;  
When the sky poureth down its flaky snow ;  
And dark and silent is the drowsy world.

Raise high, ye bards, the mighty Fingal said,  
Raise high in song the hapless Moina's praise ;  
Call with your hymns her spirit to our hills ;  
That with the fair of Morven she may rest,  
Who were the bright sun-beams of other days,  
And the delight of heroes fam'd of old.  
Balclutha's ancient walls I since have seen,  
But they were lonely, and in ruins wild.  
The fire had echoed in the lofty halls :  
And the sad people's voice is heard no more.

The winding stream of Clutha, by the fall  
Of battlements, was moved from its course.  
There the grey thistle shook its lonely head:  
The waving moss loud whistled in the wind.  
The fox from the deserted windows look'd,  
And the grass of the wall flew round his head.  
How desolate is Moina's dwelling-place,  
In her brave father's house dead silence reigns.  
O bards! the song of mourning o'er the land  
Of strangers, softly raise. They have but fallen  
Before our time: for, one day, we must fall.  
Why dost thou build the lofty roofed hall,  
Precarious tenant of the winged days?  
To-day thou lookest for thy stately towers;  
Yet but a few revolving years shall pass,  
And the dark tempest of the desert comes;  
It howleth doleful in thy empty court,  
And shrilly whistles round thy half-worn shield.  
And let the tempest of the desert come!  
We shall in deeds of valour be renown'd.  
My mighty arm shall in the battle leave  
Its deadly mark: and the recording bard  
Shall send my name in song to future times.  
Raise high the song; send round the festive shell:  
And in my hall let mirth and joy be heard.  
When thou, bright sun of heaven shalt decay!  
If thou, O mighty light! shalt e'er decay,  
If thou, like Fingal, for a season shin'st;  
Our fame thy beauteous splendour shall survive.

Such was the song of Fingal, in the day  
When festive joy resounded in his hall.  
His thousand bards lean'd forward from their seats,  
To hear the voice of the exulting king.  
'Twas like the music of the tuneful harp,  
On the soft gale of the reviving spring.  
Thy thoughts, O Fingal, lovely were and great,  
Why had not Ossian thy strength of soul?  
But thou, my noble father, stand'st alone;  
And who can equal Morven's mighty king?

The night did pass away in festive song,  
And morning usher'd in its beams of joy.  
The rocky mountains showed their grey heads;  
And the blue face of ocean smil'd around.  
The foaming wave rolls round the distant rock;  
The grey mist rises slowly from the lake.  
In the shrunk figure of an aged man,  
It came along the silent, heathy, plain.  
In steps and strides it did not move its limbs,  
For in mid air a ghost supported it.  
Towards dark Selma's hall the figure came,  
And soon dissolved in a shower of blood.

The king alone beheld the awful sight,  
And he foresaw the people's death in war.  
He came in silence to his ancient hall;  
And laid his hand upon his father's spear.  
The shining armour rattled on his breast.

'The heroes rose around their warlike chief.  
'The chiefs in silence on each other look'd,  
Marking the eyes of Fingal as he stood.  
They saw the heat of battle in his face :  
The death of armies on his glittering spear.  
A thousand shields are placed on their arms ;  
And they at once draw forth a thousand swords.  
The hall of Selma brightened around.  
The clang of arms ascends upon the wind.  
The grey dogs dolefully howl in their place.  
No word is heard among the chiefs. Each mark'd  
The rolling of the king's soul-piercing eye,  
And half assum'd his spear and glistening shield.

Sons of the woody Morven, said the king,  
This is no time to fill the festive shiell.  
The battle darkens near us on the heath ;  
And death begins to hover o'er the land.  
Some ghost, the friend of Fingal, from its cloud,  
Has graciously forewarn'd us of the foe.  
From the dark-rolling sea the strangers come,  
For, from the water Morven's danger came.  
Let each assume his heavy, sharpen'd spear,  
And gird upon his side his father's sword.  
Let the dark helmet rise on every head ;  
And the bright mail its lightning shed around.  
'The battle gathers like a rushing storm,  
And soon ye'll hear the awful roar of death.



The hero moved on before his host,  
Like gloomy cloud before a ridge a fire ;  
When bright it streams along the sky of night,  
And watchful mariners foresee a storm.  
On Cona's rising heath the warriors stood :  
The white-arm'd maids beheld them like a grove ;  
The death of their young heroes they foresaw,  
And look'd with fear towards the rolling sea.  
They took the foaming waves for distant sails,  
And on their cheek is seen the falling tear.

The sun rose on the sea, and we beheld  
A distant fleet upon the rolling waves.  
Like the grey mist of ocean they came on :  
And pour'd their valiant youth upon the coast.  
Among them was their armed leader seen,  
Like bounding stag amidst a herd of hinds.  
His shining shield is studded o'er with gold,  
And stately strode the lofty king of spears.—  
He moved towards Selma's gloomy halls ;  
He walk'd before, his thousands mov'd behind.

Go, with thy song of peace, brave Fingal said,  
Go, aged Ullin, to the king of spears.  
Tell him that we in battle mighty are ;  
And that the ghosts are many of our foes.  
But fam'd are they who in my festive halls  
Have oft' partaken of the joy of shells!  
My fathers' armour with their guests exchang'd,



'They show their heroes in a foreign land.  
'The children of the stranger are amaz'd,  
And bless the friendly sons of Morven's race.  
For our names have been heard in lands afar ;  
The world's great kings amidst their people shook.

Ullin went forward with his song of peace.  
The valiant Fingal rested on his spear :  
He in his armour saw the mighty foe :  
And he the hero of the stranger blest.

How stately and august dost thou appear,  
Son of the sea! said woody Morven's king.  
Thy sword a beam of might is by thy side :  
Thy spear a fir is that defies the storm.  
The moon's face is not broader than thy shield.  
Ruddy and healthful is thy face of youth!  
And soft the ringlets of thy golden hair!  
But this tall, stately, tree may one day fall ;  
And his name perish in the lapse of years.  
The daughter of the stranger will be sad,  
And look with sorrow to the rolling sea.  
The childien will cry out, " we see a ship ;  
Perhaps it is Balclutha's noble king."  
The anxious tear starts from their mother's eye.  
Of him that sleeps in Morven are her thoughts.

Such were the words of Morven's valiant king,  
When Ullin to the mighty Carthon came :

Before him he threw down the glittering spear,  
And rais'd in gentle strain the song of peace.

Come to the feast that Fingal has prepar'd,  
O valiant Carthon, from the rolling sea!  
Partake the royal feast of joyous shells,  
Or lift the sharpen'd, shining, spear of war.  
Many are the pale spirits of our foes:  
But much renown'd are mighty Morven's friends.

Behold, O Carthon, that once bloody field;  
Thereupon rises many a green hill,  
With grey-top'd, mossy, stones and rustling grass;  
These are the tombs of Fingal's fallen foes,  
The valiant children of the rolling sea.

Bard of the woody Morven, Carthon said,  
Dost thou declaim thus to the weak in arms?  
Son of the song, is my face pale with fear?  
Why, then, my soul to darken dost thou think  
With the distressing tales of those that fell?  
My arm has often in the battle fought;  
My high renown in arms is heard afar.  
Go to the feeble with the peaceful song,  
And bid them to king Fingal yield their swords.  
Have I not seen Balclutha's fallen towers?  
And shall I feast with Comhal's son? Comhal!  
Who threw his fire amidst my father's hall!  
But young was I, and did not know the cause

Why the fair-breasted virgins sat and wept.  
The tow'ring smoky-columns pleas'd my eye,  
As they o'ertop'd my walls and battlements;  
I often looked back with joyful heart,  
When my friends fled for safety to the hill.  
But when the years of manly youth came on,  
The moss of my fallen towers, I beheld:  
With the faint light of morn my sigh arose,  
And my sad tears descended with the night.  
Shall I not fight, unto my soul I said,  
Against the sons of my ransacking foes?  
And fight I will, O bard, I feel the strength  
Of my enraged and vindictive soul.

His armed chiefs around the hero flew,  
And drew, at once, in wrath, their shining swords.  
Like fiery pillar in the midst he stands;  
The tear half-starting from his rolling eye;  
For of the fallen Balclutha was his thought,  
And the pride of his soul in vengeance rose.  
Up to the hill he gave a sidelong look,  
Where our collected heroes shone in arms,  
The long spear trembled in his vengeful hand;  
And, bending, he seem'd to defy the king.

Shall I, said Fingal to his moved soul,  
The king, at once, encounter? Shall I stop  
The hero in his course, before his fame,  
For deeds in arms, shall be exalted high?

But the recording bard, in future times,  
When he the tomb of Carthon sees, may say,  
Fingal, along with him, his thousands took  
To battle, ere the noble Carthon fell.—

No : bard of the sad song of future times !  
Great Fingal's fame thou lessen never shalt.  
My heroes on the heath shall fight the youth,  
And Fingal the fierce battle shall behold.  
If Carthon overcomes, I, in my strength,  
Rush on amain, like Cona's roaring stream.

Who of my armed heroes here will meet  
The daring champion of the rolling sea ?  
Many are his brave warriors on the coast :  
And strong the arm that wields his ashen spear.

Cathul, the mighty Lormar's valiant son,  
Rejoicing in his strength of battle, rose :  
Three hundred youths attend the armed chief,  
The bold descendants of his native streams.  
Against bold Carthon feeble was his arm,  
He fell in battle ; and his heroes fled.

Connal resum'd the battle in its strength,  
But his long, ashen, spear he broke in twain :  
On the red field of battle he lay bound :  
And Carthon straight the flying host pursued.

Brave Clessaminor, the king of Morven said,  
Where is the spear of thy renowned strength ?

Wilt thou behold the valiant Connal bound?  
Thy friend in arms, at Lora's echoing stream?  
Thou friend of Comhal, in the light arise  
Of thy bright steel. Let the young hero of  
Balclutha feel the strength of Morven's race.

The hero rose, shaking his grizzly locks.  
His shining shield he fitted to his side;  
And, in the pride of valour rushed on.

Carthon stood firmly on that heathy rock,  
And saw, undaunted, the hero's approach.  
The awful gladness in his face he lov'd:  
And his strength in the hoary locks of age.  
Shall I that heavy spear uplift, he said,  
That never strikes, but once, a daring foe?  
Or, shall I, with the soothing words of peace,  
Get me renown, yet save the warrior's life?  
Steady and stately are the steps of age!  
Lovely the remnant of his lengthen'd years.  
Perhaps it is Clessammor, Moina's love;  
The car-borne Carthon's father of renown.  
Oft' have I heard, but truth is not report,  
The hero dwelt at Lora's echoing stream.

Such were his words, when brave Clessammor came,  
And, sternly looking, lifted up his spear.  
The valiant youth receiv'd it on his shield,  
And to the hero spake the words of peace.

O aged warrior of the hoary locks!  
Is there no youthful arm to lift the spear?  
Hast thou no son to raise the shield before  
His father, and to meet the arm of youth?  
Is thy dear spouse, thy only love, no more?  
Or weeps she over thy sons' lonely tombs?  
Art thou a chieftain of the kings of men?  
What will be my renown if thou shalt fall?

It will be great, thou lofty son of pride,  
Began the tall Clessammor, as he stood.  
I have in battle often been renown'd;  
But never told I to a foe my name.  
Yield thou to me, son of the roaring wave,  
And then from a brave conqueror thou shalt know,  
That my sword's mark is left in many a field.

I never yielded, king of shining spears!  
Replied the noble Carthon in his pride:  
In bloody battles I have also fought;  
And on my sword I see my future fame.  
Despise me not, though young, thou chief of men;  
My arm is strong, my spear is sharp—retire  
Among thy friends, and let young heroes fight.

Why dost thou with thy taunting wound my soul,  
Replied Clessammor with a tear of grief?  
Age does not tremble on my shielded arm;  
My hand is able still to lift the sword.

Shall I, in Fingal's presence, fly the field ;  
Shall I fly in the sight of him I lov'd ?  
Son of the rolling sea ! I never fled :  
Exalt thy pointed spear : thy power I brave.

The heroes fought, like two contending winds,  
That with repelling fury raise the wave.  
Brave Carthon bade his glittering spear to err ;  
For he still thought the foe was Moina's spouse.  
He broke Clessammor's beamy spear in twain :  
And seiz'd with furious grasp his shining sword.  
But as Carthon stood o'er the vanquish'd chief ;  
The chieftain drew a dagger, unperceiv'd.  
He saw the bending foe's uncover'd side ;  
And, thrusting, opened there a deadly wound.

The noble Fingal saw Clessammor low :  
He moved in the sound of his bright steel.  
The armed host stood, silent, in his sight ;  
Towards the hero they did turn their eyes.  
He came like sullen noise of rising storm  
Before the roaring winds sweep o'er the plain.  
The hunter hears it in the heathy vale,  
And to the rocky cave retires in haste.

Carthon, though wounded, did not leave the field :  
The blood is rushing down his heaving side :  
He saw the mighty Fingal coming down ;  
And on his soul high hopes of fame arose.



But pale and ghastly was his manly cheek :  
His hair flew loose, his helmet shook on high :  
The strength of valiant Carthon failed fast ;  
But strong and vigorous was his lofty soul.

Fingal beheld the hero's blood run down ;  
He stop'd the stroke of the uplifted spear.  
Yield, king of swords ! said Comhal's warlike son ;  
Thy streaming blood, young hero, I behold.  
Mighty in battle has thy valour been ;  
And thy wide-spreading fame shall never fade.

Art thou the king so much renown'd in war,  
Replied the car-borne Carthon, faint, and pale ?  
Art thou that light of death that, blazing high,  
Strikes terror in the sovereigns of the world ?  
But why should Carthon ask ? for he is strong  
As desert river, rolling in his course ;  
Swift as the towering eagle of the sky.  
O that I with the king of shields had fought ;  
That in the song great might be my renown !  
That the high-bounding hunter on the heath,  
My tomb beholding as he passes by,  
Might say, with Fingal the young hero fought.  
But Carthon, in the desert dies unknown ;  
He on the weak has poured out his force.

But thou, young hero, shalt not die unknown,  
The king of woody Morven quick replied :



Many, O Carthon, are my tuneful bards,  
And their records descend to future times.  
The children of the years to come shall hear  
The fame of Carthon in the martial song ;  
When round the burning oak they, festive, sit,  
And the long night is spent in tales of old.  
The weary hunter, sitting in the heath,  
Shall hear the rustling of the mountain-blast ;  
And, his eyes raising o'er the waving plain,  
Behold the rock where valiant Carthon fell.  
He to his son shall turn, and show the place  
Where fought the mighty, and acquir'd renown.  
There fought the dark Balclutha's noble king,  
Like the strength of a thousand roaring streams.

At hearing this, joy rose in Carthon's face ;  
He lifted on the chiefs his heavy eyes.  
The youth to mighty Fingal gave his sword,  
To lie within his hall, that the remembrance  
Of Clutha's king on Morven might remain.  
The rage of battle ceas'd along the plain,  
For the glad song of peace the bard had sung.  
The chiefs the falling Carthon gather'd round,  
And heard with sighs the hero's dying words.  
Silent they leaned on their ashen spears,  
While the brave chieftain of Balclutha spoke.  
His hair sigh'd in the wind ; his words were weak.

O king of woody Morven, Carthon said,  
I fall before my course is half-way run.

A foreign tomb receiveth, in his youth,  
The last of heroes of Rheuthamir's race.  
Darkness, indeed, now in Balclutha dwells :  
And grief in Crathmo spreads its gloomy shade.  
But my remembrance raise on the grey banks  
Of streamy Lora : where my fathers dwelt :  
Perhaps the hapless Moina's husband, when  
He sees my lonely tomb upon the heath,  
Will o'er his fallen Carthon shed a tear.

His words did reach the heart of Clessammor :  
He fell, in silent sorrow, on his son.  
The host stood darkened in grief around :  
No voice is on the plain of Lora heard.  
Night came, and from the east the rising moon  
Look'd pale and sad upon the mournful field :  
But still the warriors in sorrow stood,  
Like silent grove on Gormal, when the winds  
Are hush'd, and autumn darkens on the plain.

Three days the chieftains over Carthon mourn'd ;  
And on the fourth his mourning father died.  
In the small plain among the rocks they lie ;  
And a dim ghost defends their lonely tomb.  
The lovely Moina there is often seen ;  
When on the rocks the sun-beam, glaring, beats,  
And all is dark around the narrow vale.  
There she is seen, Malvina, hovering round,  
But not like the fair daughters of the hill.

Her ghostly robes are from the stranger's land ;  
And still she wanders in the vale alone.

Fingal for noble Carthon long did mourn ;  
He ordered his bards to mark the day,  
When shadowy autumn on the plain return'd.  
And often did they mark the fatal day,  
And sing the hero of Balclutha's praise.  
Who comes so dark from troubled ocean's roar,  
Like autumn's shadowy cloud along the plain ?  
Pale death sits trembling on his powerful hand !  
His furious-rolling eyes are flames of fire !  
Who roars along dark Lora's waving heath ?  
Who but the noble Carthon, king of spears ?  
The people, by his weapon, fall around !  
See ! how he strides like Morven's sullen ghost !  
But there the chieftain lies a goodly oak,  
Which sudden blasts o'erturned on the hill.  
Joy of Balclutha, when wilt thou arise !  
When wilt thou, car-borne Carthon, lift the spear !  
Who comes so dark from troubled ocean's roar,  
Like autumn's shadowy cloud along the plain ?

Such were the words of the recording bards,  
On the appointed day of mournful praise :  
I have with mine accompanied their voice ;  
And added my full portion to their song.  
For Carthon sorrowful has been my soul ;  
He fell in the bright sun-shine of his course :

And thou, O Clessammor ! where dost thou rest ?  
Where is thy airy dwelling ? Has the youth  
Forgot his wound, the dagger, and the blood ?  
And flies he, with thee, on the fleeting clouds ?  
The noon-day sun's composing power I feel ;  
O fair Malvina, leave me to my rest.  
Perhaps the heroes to my dreams may come ;  
I think, even now, I hear a feeble voice.  
On Carthon's grave the beam of heaven delights  
To shed its power : I feel it warm around.

O thou that with great glory roll'st above,  
Round as the sparkling shield my fathers wore !  
Whence are thy beams, O sun ! thy lasting light ?  
Thou, in thy awful beauty, comest forth,  
And in the darken'd sky the stars are hid ;  
The cold, pale, moon sinks in the western wave.  
But thou thyself mov'st o'er the heaven alone ;  
Who can be a companion of thy course !  
The lofty oaks upon the mountain fall :  
The lofty hills themselves decay with years ;  
The mighty ocean shrinks and grows again :  
The moon herself is lost amid the heavens ;  
But thou, great light ! for ever art the same ;  
Rejoicing in the brightness of thy day.  
When dark with awful tempests is the world ;  
When thunder rolls, and forked lightning flies ;  
Thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds,  
And laughest at the roar of rushing storm.

But to old Ossian thou look'st in vain ;  
For he beholds thy glaring beams no more ;  
Whether thy yellow hair flows o'er the east,  
Or skirts the clouds upon the western hills.  
Perhaps, thou for a season art, like me,  
And thy revolving years shall have an end.  
Wrapt in thy clouds, thou shalt securely sleep,  
Careless of morning's call, to mount the sky.—  
O Sun, exult then, in the strength of youth !  
Dark and unlovely is enfeebled age ;  
It is like the moon's doubtful, glimmering light,  
When she shines faintly through the broken clouds,  
And the incumbent mist is on the hills ;  
The northern blast is on the heathy plain,  
The wand'ring trav'ler in his journey shrinks.

THE

## Death of Cuchullin:

A POEM.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

CUCHULLIN was but three and twenty years old, when he assumed the management of affairs in Ireland: and the invasion of Swaran happened two years after. In the twenty-seventh year of Cuchullin's age, and the third of his administration, Torlath, the son of Cantela, set up for himself in Connaught, and advanced towards Temora, in order to dethrone Cormac. Cuchullin marched against him, came up with him at the lake of Lego, and totally defeated his forces. Torlath fell in battle by Cuchullin's hand; but as he himself pressed too eagerly on the flying enemy, he was mortally wounded by an arrow, and died the second day after.

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**D**OES the wind gently blow on Fingal's shield?  
Or is the voice of past times in my hall?  
Sing on, sweet voice, for thou delightful art.  
And carriest away my night with joy.  
Sing on, O Bragela, thy pleasing song,  
Thou lovely daughter of car-borne Sorglan!

It is the foaming wave against the rock,  
And not Cuchullin's snowy sails I see.  
Oft' do the mists upon the rolling flood,  
When round some ghost they rise, and spread their  
skirts,

Dereive me for the vessel of my love!  
Son of the generous Semo! why dost thou  
So long delay thy coming to my arms?  
Four times has autumn with its winds return'd,  
And rais'd Togorma's seas, since thou hast been  
In the dread roar of battles, and thy love,  
The sorrowing Bragela, distant far.  
Ye silent mountains of the isle of mist!  
When will ye answer to his bounding hounds?  
But ye are shrouded in your gloomy clouds,  
And sad Bragela sighs and calls in vain.  
Dark night comes down; the face of ocean fails.  
The heath-cock's head is hid beneath his wing:  
The hart of the desert sleeps with the hind.  
They with the morning twilight shall arise,  
And seek their food along the mossy stream.  
But with the sun my mournful tears return,  
And with the shades of night my sighs come on.  
When, in thy shining armour wilt thou come,  
O valiant chief of mossy Tura's halls?

O lovely daughter of car-borne Sorglan!  
Delightful is thy voice in Ossian's ear.  
But to the hall of festive shells retire;

To the wide-blazing of the burning oak.—  
Attend to the hoarse-murmur of the sea :  
It rolleth, foaming, at Dunscaich's walls :  
Let gentle sleep descend on thy blue eyes,  
And thy young hero meet thee in thy dreams.

Cuchullin sits in Lego's marshy vale,  
At the dark-rolling waters of the lake.  
Around the hero gloomy night comes down ;  
And his brave thousands spread along the heath :  
A hundred burning oaks blaze in the midst.  
The joyous feast of shells is smoking wide.  
Old Carril strikes the harp, beneath a tree ;  
His grey locks glitter in the glaring beam ;  
The rustling blast of night is on the plain,  
And from his shoulders lifts his aged hair.  
His song is of Togorma of the waves,  
And of its valiant chief, Cuchullin's friend.

Why art thou absent, Connal, in the day  
Of gloomy storm ? The chieftains of the south  
Against the car-borne Cormac have conven'd :  
The adverse winds detain thy lofty sails,  
And round thy vessel the blue waters roll.  
But Cormac's not defenceless, nor alone :  
Cuchullin, Semo's son, his battles fights.  
Brave Semo's valiant son his battles fights !  
The terror of the stranger ! he that's like  
The breath of death borne by the sultry winds.



Seen thro' the infectious air the sun appears  
To redden in his course: the vapour flies  
Pregnant with plague: the people fall around.

Such was the song of aged Carril, when  
An armed chieftain of the foe appear'd ;  
His pointless spear he threw upon the ground,  
And spoke the words of Torlath ; a brave chief  
From Lego's sable surge : a hero that  
In battle led his thousands 'gainst Cormac.  
Brave car-borne Cormac, who was distant far,  
In dark Temora's royal, echoing halls :  
His father's bow he learned there to bend ;  
And to uplift his father's ashen spear.  
Nor long did'st thou uplift the polish'd spear,  
Thou mildly shining beam of youthful fame !  
Grim death behind thee stands like the dim half  
Of the pale moon behind its growing light.'

The brave Cuchullin rose before the bard,  
That from the gen'rous Torlath came in haste ;  
He offer'd him the shell of festive joy,  
And highly honoured the son of songs.  
Sweet voice of Lego, the brave chieftain said,  
What are the words of Torlath? Comes he to  
Our feast, or fight, the son of Cantela?

He to thy battle comes, the bard replied,  
To the loud-sounding strife of clashing spears.

When grey the morning is on Lego's lake,  
Torlath will fight the battle on the plain:  
And wilt thou in thine armour meet the chief,  
Thou mighty warrior of the isle of mist?  
Terrible is the spear of great Torlath!  
Like meteor of the night it lights the skies.  
He lifts it, and the people fall around:  
Death sits in the dread lightning of his sword.

Do I the spear of car-borne Torlath fear,  
Replied Cuchullin, as he felt his sword!  
Torlath is as a thousand heroes brave,  
But my undaunted soul delights in war.  
The weapon rests not by Cuchullin's side,  
Bard of the hero's deeds in times of old!  
Morning shall meet me on the appointed plain,  
And gleam on the blue arms of Semo's son—  
But sit thou, on the heath, O aged bard!  
And let us hear thy voice in heroes' praise:  
Partake thou, with us, of the joyful shell;  
And of Temora hear the festive songs.

'This is no time replied the stranger bard,  
To hear the song of joy upon the heath;  
When in battle the mighty are to meet  
Like the dark waves of Lego's rolling lake.  
Why art thou, high Slimora, cap'd with clouds?  
Why so obscur'd with all thy silent woods?  
No green star trembles on thy misty top;

No moon-beam shines upon thy gloomy side.  
But there the meteors of death play around,  
And the grey, watery, forms of flitting ghosts.  
Why art thou, high Slimora, cap'd with clouds?  
Why so obscur'd with all thy silent woods?

In the sound of his song the bard retir'd :  
Carril accompanied his tuneful voice.  
The music brought to memory the pleasures past,  
Joyful at once and mournful to the soul.  
The winged spirits of departed bards  
Heard the sweet music from Slimora's side.  
Sounds soft and pleasant spread along the wood,  
And silent valleys of the night rejoice.—  
So, when in silence of noon-day he sits,  
In the green valley of his fanning breeze,  
The gentle humming of the mountain bee  
Comes to grave Ossian's ear : the pleasant sound,  
Though often drowned by the rustling gale,  
Returns again, in its sweet murm'ring course.

Raise, said Cuchullin, to his hundred bards,  
The song of noble Fingal : that sweet song  
Which in the silent night he hears, when sleep,  
In roving thoughts, descends upon his rest :  
When distant bards strike the harmonious harp,  
And the faint light gleams far on Selma's walls.  
Or let the grief of streamy Lara rise,  
And Calmar's mourning mother's sighs be heard,

When he was sought, in vain, upon his hills ;  
And she beheld his bow hung in the hall.  
Carril, the shield of Caithbat hang upon  
That branch, and let Cuchullin's spear be near ;  
That the sound of my battle may arise  
With the grey beam upon the eastern sky.

The hero leaned on his father's shield :  
The mournful song of streamy Lara rose.  
The hundred singing bards were distant far :  
Carril alone was near the mighty chief.  
His were the words of the lamenting song ;  
And mournful was the music of his harp.

Aged Alcletha with the hoary locks !  
Mother of car-borne Calmar ! why dost thou  
Towards the desert with impatience look,  
Thy valiant son's return to behold ?  
These are not his heroes, dark on the heath :  
Nor is that Calmar's voice which we do hear :  
It is, Alcletha, but the distant grove !  
But the loud roar of the mountain wind !

Who bounds, in armour, over Lara's stream,  
Sister of noble Calmar, dost thou know ?  
Does not Alchetha his long spear behold ?  
But dim and almost sightless are her eyes !  
Is it not Calmar, Matha's valiant son,  
My dear Alona, daughter of my love ?

It is, Alcletha, but an aged oak !  
Replied Alona, lovely-weeping maid ;  
'Tis but an oak, Alcletha, which the blast  
Of winter's wind has bent o'er Lara's stream.  
But who is he that comes along the plain ?  
The pensive walk of sorrow's in his speed.  
The heavy spear of Calmar he lifts high.  
It is, Alcletha, covered with blood !

But it is covered with the blood of foes,  
Sister of car-borne Calmar, lovely maid !  
His spear ne'er did return unstain'd with blood,  
Nor his bow from the strife of mighty men.  
In his dread look the battle is consum'd :  
His eyes, Alona, are a flame of death.  
Youth of the mournful speed ! respect my words.  
Where is Alcletha's valiant son ? Does he  
Return with fame, amidst his echoing shields ?  
Gloomy and silent, noble youth, thou art !  
Brave Calmar, by thy look, is then no more.  
Tell me not, warrior, how the hero fell,  
For of his wound my ears can never hear.

Mother of car-borne Calmar, why dost thou  
In sorrow look towards the desert plain ?

Such was the song of Carril on the heath,  
When on his studded shield Cuchullin lay :  
The silent bards reclined on their harps,

And gentle slumbers, softly, fell around.  
The son of Semo was awake alone ;  
His brooding soul was fixed on the war.—  
The burning oaks began now to decay ;  
A faint red light is spread around the plain.  
A feeble voice is heard upon the wind :  
The ghost of Calmar stalked in the beam.  
Dark is the wound in his uncover'd side.  
Loose and disorder'd are his lovely locks.  
Gladness sits darkly on his ghastly face ;  
And seems to call Cuchullin to his cave.

O thou pale wanderer of the cloudy night !  
Said the brave chief of Erin, as he rose ;  
Why dost thou, ghost of car-borne Calmar, bend  
From thy dark cloud, thy gloomy eyes on me ?  
O Matha's son ! would'st thou me terrify,  
And frighten from the battles of Cormac ?  
Thy hand was never weak in days of war ;  
Nor feeble was thy voice in times of peace.  
How art thou changed, chief of Lara's stream !  
If thou dost now advise to fly the foe !  
But Calmar, well thou know'st, I never fled.  
The ghosts of the desert I never fear'd.  
Small is their knowledge, and feeble their hands ;  
Their lonely dwelling's in the rustling wind.  
But my soul in the midst of danger grows,  
And swells with joy amidst the noise of steel.  
Retire, thou flitting spirit, to thy cave ;

Thou art not Calmar's ghost ; his chief delight  
Was in the noise of battle ; and his arm  
Was like the thunder of the roaring heaven.

The ghost retired in his blast with joy,  
For he had heard the voice of his renown.  
The faint beam of the morn rose on the hills,  
And the loud sound of Caithbat's buckler spread.  
Green Ullin's warriors together met,  
Like the loud noise of many mountain-streams.  
The horn of war is over Lego heard ;  
The mighty Torlath, with his chieftains came.

Why dost thou, brave Cuchullin, Torlath said,  
Come with thy thousands over Lego's heath ?  
I know the strength of thy war-famed arm :  
An undistinguished fire is thy soul.  
Why fight we not in single combat on  
The plain, and let our hosts behold our deeds ?  
Let them behold us like two roaring waves,  
That tumble furiously around a rock :  
The gazing mariners hasten away,  
And look on their tremendous strife with fear.

Like the bright sun, thou risest on my soul,  
The son of Semo to the chief replied.  
Mighty, O Torlath, is thine arm in war,  
And worthy of the fury of my wrath.  
Retire, ye men of Ullin, from the field,

And move to high Slimora's shady side ;  
There view the chief of Erin in his fame.  
Carril, of songs ! to mighty Connal tell,  
If in the battle Cuchullin must fall,  
Tell thou the chieftain I accus'd the winds  
Which roar on dark Togorma's rolling waves.  
Ne'er was the hero absent in the fight,  
When the contention of my fame arose.  
Before young Cormac let this sword be plac'd,  
Like beam of heaven : let his counsel sound  
In perilous day, through dark Timora's halls.

The hero rushed, in the clang of arms,  
Like Leda's awful ghost, when he appears  
In the dread roar of a thousand storms,  
And scatters battles from his flaming eyes.  
He sits upon a cloud o'er Lochlin's seas :  
His mighty hand is on his massy sword,  
And the winds whistle through his flaming locks.  
So awful was Cuchullin in the day  
Of his renown, upon the echoing plain.  
The valiant Torlath by his weapon fell,  
And Lego's heroes mourn'd. They gather round  
The fallen chief like clouds upon the heath.  
A thousand glittering swords at once arose ;  
A thousand arrows from the archers flew ;  
But in the battle's rage the chieftain stood  
Firm as a rock amidst a roaring sea.  
The warriors fell around ; he strode in blood :



Slimora's darksome valley echoed wide.  
The sons of Ullin rushed to the fight,  
And over Lego the fierce battle spread.  
The mighty chief of Erin overcame;  
He from the field returned with his fame.

But pale the warrior from the field return'd!  
Dark was the joy upon his manly face.  
In awful silence his dark eyes he roll'd.  
In his weak hand, the sword, unsheathed, hung,  
And his spear bent at every feeble step.

Carril, of songs! the king in secret said,  
Cuchullin's strength is now in its decay.  
My days are with the seasons that are past:  
And no bright morn of mine shall e'er arise.  
The chiefs shall seek me in Temora's towers,  
But I shall not be found. Cormac will sit  
In his once joyous hall, and, weeping, say,  
"Where is Cuchullin, Tura's valiant chief?"  
But my name is renown'd! To future times  
The bards my fame shall utter in the song.  
The youthful champion will in secret say,  
O let me die as brave Cuchullin died;  
Renown did clothe him like a gorgeous robe;  
And the light of my fame is seen afar.  
The deadly arrow from my bosom draw;  
And lay Cuchullin's corpse beneath that oak.  
Near to my tomb let Caithbat's shield be plac'd,  
'That they may see me 'midst my fathers' arms.

And is the noble son of Semo fallen,  
Said aged Carril, with a heavy sigh?  
Mournful and dark are Tura's mossy walls;  
And sorrow has her dwelling at Dunscaich.  
Thy fair spouse in her youth is left alone,  
Alone the son is of thy early love.—  
The noble youth shall come to Bragela,  
And ask his joyless mother why she weeps.  
He shall his eyes lift to the gloomy wall,  
And see the massy sword his father wore.  
Whose sword is that? the lovely youth will say,  
And sad and troubled is his mother's soul.  
Who is he, like the hart upon the heath,  
That, in the murmur of his course appears?  
His eyes look wildly round to see his friend.  
Where hast thou, Connal, son of Colgar, been,  
When the renowned warrior of Erin fell?  
Did the seas of Togormia round thee roll?  
Was the opposing south wind in thy sails?  
In battle mighty have the heroes fallen,  
And thou cam'st not to see the bloody field.  
Let none from Selma's towers thy absence tell,  
Nor be it heard in Morven's woody land;  
The heart of noble Fingal will be sad,  
And the brave chieftains of the desert mourn.

By the dark-rolling waves of Lego lake,  
On the brown heath they rais'd the hero's tomb.  
The faithful Luath at a distance lies,

Cuchullin's fleet companion at the chase.  
Bless'd, son of Semo, be thy wand'ring soul ;  
Thy arm was mighty in the battle seen.  
Thy strength was like the rushing of a stream :  
Thy swiftness like the soaring eagle's wing.  
Terrible in the battle was thy path :  
The steps of death were heard behind thy sword.  
Bless'd, son of Semo, be thy wand'ring soul ;  
Thou car-borne chief of sorrowful Dunscaich !  
Tho hast not fallen by the hero's sword,  
Nor was thy blood upon the warrior's spear.  
The deadly arrow struck thy manly breast,  
Like the sharp sting of death thrown in the blast :  
Nor did the feeble hand that drew the bow,  
Perceive its course, or see the hero slain.  
Peace to thy Spirit, wandering, or at rest  
Within thy cave, chief of the isle of Mist !

The mighty at Temora are dispers'd :  
In Corinac's hall there is no hero left.  
The youthful king sits mournful in his tower,  
For thy returning steps he does not see.  
The warlike sound of thy bright steel is ceas'd :  
His armed foes are gathering around.  
Soft be thy rest in thy retired cave,  
Thou Spirit of the chief of Erin's wars !

Sad Bragela will not hope thy return,  
Nor see thy snowy sails in ocean's foam.

Her mournful steps are not upon the shore :  
Nor her ears open to the rowers' voice.  
She sits in the once festive hall of shells,  
And sees the arms of him that is no more.  
Thine eyes are tearful, daughter of Sorglan !  
Bless'd, chief of Cromla, be thy soul in death !

# Dar-thula :

## A POEM.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

USNOTH, lord of Etha (supposed to be in Argyleshire), had three sons, Nathos, Althos, and Ardan. The three brothers went over to Ireland : they were just landed when the news of the death of Cuchullin, their relation arrived. Nathos, though very young, took the command of Cuchullin's army, made head against Cairbar the usurper, and defeated him in several battles. Cairbar at last having found means to murder Cormac, the lawful king, the army of Nathos shifted sides, and he himself was obliged to return into Ulster, in order to pass over into Scotland.

Darthula, the daughter of Colla, with whom Cairbar was in love, resided, at that time, in Selama, a castle in Ulster : she saw, fell in love with, and fled with Nathos ; but a storm rising at sea, they were unfortunately driven back on that part of the coast of Ulster, where Cairbar was encamped with his army. The three brothers, after having defended themselves, for some time, with great bravery, were overpowered and slain, and the unfortunate Dar-thula killed herself upon the body of her beloved Nathos.

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**D**AUGHTER of heaven, fair to behold art thou !  
Delightful is the silence of thy face.  
In loveliness thou movest o'er thy sky :  
The stars thy blue steps in the east attend.

In thy presence, O moon, the clouds rejoice,  
And brighten with thy beams, their dark-brown  
sides.

Daughter of night who is in heaven like thee?  
The stars in thy bright presence are asham'd,  
And their green, sparkling, eyes in darkness hide.  
O whether from thy course dost thou retire,  
When o'er thy countenance a gloom appears?  
Hast thou, like Ossian, thy hall of grief?  
In the dark shade of sorrow dwellest thou?  
Have thy fair sisters fallen from the heavens?  
Are they who joy'd with thee at night, no more?  
Yes! they have fallen, daughter of the sky!  
And thou to mourn dost oftentimes retire.  
But thou thyself, one night, will disappear;  
And the light of thy path in heaven shall fail.  
The stars will then display their sparkling heads:  
And they who in thy presence were asham'd,  
Will, in the absence of thy light rejoice.

Thou with thy silver'd brightness now art cloth'd:  
Look from thy gates upon the eastern sky.  
O wind of the bleak desert burst the cloud,  
That forth the daughter of the night may look,  
That the rough mountain's top may brighten wide,  
And ocean roll in light its azure waves.

Nathos is on the deep, and that bright beam  
Of youth, Althos, and Ardan, in his pride;

In the gloom of their course the brothers move.  
The sons of Usnoth move in darkness, from  
The wrath of Cairbar, who young Cormac slew.

Who is that dim and gloomy by their side?  
The night has covered her lovely face.  
Her hair sighs on dark ocean's roaring wind;  
Her robe in dusky wreaths streams in the blast.  
Like the fair ghost of heaven she appears,  
In the dark bosom of his shadowy mist.  
Who is it but Dar-thula, of bright eyes,  
The first in beauty of green Erin's maids?  
She has from Cairbar, with young Nathos fled.  
But, O Dar-thula, thee the winds deceive;  
And woody Etha to thy sails deny.  
These shaggy mountains, Nathos, are not thine,  
Nor of thy climbing waves is that the roar.  
The halls of Cairbar we are drawing near;  
And the towers of the foe erect their heads.  
Its green head Ullin stretches to the sea;  
And Tura's bay the gallant ship receives.  
Ye southern winds where have ye blowing been,  
When the sons of my hero are deceiv'd?  
But ye have, with your blasts, been on the plain,  
In sport pursuing the rough thistle's beard.  
O that ye had been swelling Natho's sails,  
In their right course, till Etha's hills arose!  
Till they rose high, and saw their coming chief!  
Long hast thou, hapless Nathos, been away!  
And thy day of return is not to come.

But fair thy face was in the stranger's land :  
Lovely wast thou in thy Dar-thula's eyes.  
Thy countenance was like the morning light,  
Thy flowing ringlets like the raven's wing.  
Thy love-swelled soul was generous and mild,  
Like the soft breeze before the setting sun.  
Thy words were like the gale among the reeds,  
Or the soft sound of Lora's gliding stream.

But when the rage of mighty battle rose,  
Thou wast like rolling sea amidst a storm ;  
Terrible was the clanking of thy arms :  
The armed host, embattled on the plain,  
At the sound of thy coming disappear'd.  
'Twas then Dar-thula, from her mossy tower,  
Selama's tower, where her fathers dwelt,  
Beheld thee, in the brightness of thy course.

O stranger ! lovely and belov'd art thou,  
Dar-thula said, for her mov'd soul arose.  
Fair art thou in thy battles ; and thy name,  
Friend of the fallen Cormac, is renown'd.  
Why dost thou, in thy valour, rush on death,  
Thou youthful hero of the ruddy look ?  
Few are thy hands, in battle well approv'd,  
Against the car-borne Cairbar to contend !  
O that I might be freed of Cairbar's love !  
That I in Nathos' presence might rejoice.  
Bless'd are the rocks on Etha's echoing shore ;



They will perceive his footsteps at the chace !  
They will his snowy bosom see afar,  
When the soft breezes lift his raven hair.

Such were thy words, Dar-thula, lovely maid,  
As thou look'dst from Selama's mossy towers.  
But, now, the gloomy night around thee spreads :  
And the rude tempest has deceiv'd thy sails.  
The winds, Dar-thula, have deceiv'd thy sails :  
Their blust'ring sound is high upon the clouds.  
O north wind, cease your roar a little while,  
And the voice of the lovely let me hear.  
'Thy voice is sweet, Dar-thula, 'tween the blasts.

Are these the rocks of Nathos which I see,  
And the roar of his streams which I do hear !  
Comes that bright beam of light from Usnoth's hall ?  
The mist rolls round, and feeble is the beam.  
But the light of Dar-thula's soul's deriv'd  
From the bright beam of Etha's car-borne chief !  
Son of the generous Usnoth, why that sigh ?  
Are we not in the land of strangers here,  
'Thou valiant chief of Etha's echoing shore ?

The rocks of Nathos these are not, he said,  
Nor do we hear the roaring of his streams.  
No light comes to our path from Etha's halls,  
For they are distant far, amidst the mist.  
Here are we cast upon the strangers' shore :

In car-borne Cairbar's land our feet are stayed.  
The winds, Dar-thula, have deceived our sails.  
Green Ullin's hills lift here their lovely heads.  
Brave Althos, bend thy course towards the north ;  
Be thy steps, Ardan, quick along the coast ;  
That the arm'd foe may not in darkness come,  
And our glad hopes of seeing Etha fail.

Towards that mossy tower I will go,  
And see who dwells about the glitt'ring beam.  
Rest, my Dar-thula, on the shore awhile !  
Rest here in peace, thou beauteous beam of light !  
The sword of Nathos waves around thy seat,  
Like the lightning of heaven, to keep thee safe.

The hero went. The maiden sat alone,  
And listen'd to the rolling of the wave.  
The big-swoln tear sat in her longing eye ;  
And for the car-borne Nathos still she look'd.  
Her timorous soul now trembles at the blast.  
And to his tread she turns her listening ear.  
Her chief's returning tread she does not hear.  
Where art thou, valiant chieftain of my love !  
The roaring of the blast is heard around.  
Gloomy and dismal is the cloudy night.  
But Nathos, lovely youth, does not return :  
Brave chief of Etha, what retards thy steps ?  
Have the foes met the hero in the strife,  
Alone, amid the darkness of the heath ?

The chief returned, but his face was dark :  
He had beheld his brave, departed, friend.  
It was the wall of Tura, and the ghost  
Of Semo's son, Cuchullin, stalked there.  
Frequent was the deep sighing of his breast ;  
And awful the dull fire of his eyes.  
His pond'rous spear a column was of mist :  
And through his ghastly form the stars look'd dim.  
His voice was like the hollow-sounding cave :  
And he related the sad tale of grief.  
The soul of Nathos was in sorrow wrap'd,  
Like the sun's sullen beams in misty days,  
When dim and watery his broad face appears.

O Nathos, my belov'd, why art thou sad,  
The lovely daughter of brave Colla said ?  
Thou to Dar-thula art a beam of light :  
In Etha's chief the joy is of her eyes.  
O ! where, but valiant Nathos, is my friend ?  
My father resteth in his lonely tomb.  
On Selama's high towers silence dwells :  
Sorrow spreads on the streamlets of my land.  
With the young king, Cormac, my friends have  
fallen.

The mighty were in Ullin's battle slain.

The evening shadows darken'd on the plain.  
The blue streams fail'd before my steadfast eyes.  
The blast, at intervals, came rustling through

The tops of Selama's loud-sounding groves.  
My seat was in the shadow of a tree,  
On the grey walls which my forefathers built.  
Truthil, in armour, pass'd before my soul ;  
The brother of my love ; the chief that was  
From battle absent against Cairbar fought.

In sadness, bending on his ashen spear,  
The grey-hair'd Colla to my presence came :  
His down-cast face is darkened with grief,  
And sorrow dwelleth in his burden'd soul.  
His glittering sword is on the hero's side :  
The helmet of his fathers on his head.  
In his avenging breast the battle grows.  
He strives, in vain, to hide the swelling tear.

Fair Dar-thula, the hero, sighing, said,  
Thou art the last of Colla's ancient race.  
The valiant Truthil is in battle slain.  
The chieftain of Selama is no more.  
The murderous Cairbar, with his thousands, comes  
To take possession of Selama's walls.  
Colla will boldly the usurper meet,  
In his proud spirit, and revenge his son.  
But where shall I from foes thy safety find,  
Gentle Dar-thula with the dark-brown hair!  
Thou lovely art like the sun-beam of heaven,  
And thy friends, still renowned, are laid low !

And is the valiant son of battle slain,  
I straight exclaimed, with a bursting sigh?  
Ceas'd Truthil's soul to lighten through the field?  
My safety, Colla, in that bow depends;  
With the bent yew I've learn'd to pierce the deer.  
Father of Truthil, is not Cairbar like  
The doomed hart upon the desert heath?

The face of age now brightened with joy :  
And down the crowded tears pour'd from his eyes.  
The lips of Colla trembled as he spoke.  
His grey beard whistled in the rustling blast.  
Thou art the sister of Truthil, he said,  
And burnest in the ardour of his soul.  
Take, my Dar-thula, take that shining spear,  
That burnish'd helmet, and that brazen shield :  
They are a warrior's spoils, of early youth.  
With these accoutred, march unto the field.  
When the light rises on Selama's towers,  
The car-borne Cairbar we go forth to meet.  
But keep thou near to Colla's aged arm.  
Beneath the sheltering shadow of my shield.  
Thy sire, Dar-thula, once could thee defend.  
But age sits trembling on his feeble hand.  
The former vigour of his arm has fail'd,  
And his soul, now, is darkened with grief.

In sorrow's gloomy shade we pass'd the night.  
The light of morning rose upon the heath.

I shone in glittering armour for the fight.  
The grey-hair'd hero moved on before.  
The warlike sons of Selama conven'd  
Around the aged Colla's sounding shield.  
But few the chiefs were in the heathy plain,  
And their wide-flowing locks were grey with age.  
The youths had fallen with Truthil in the fight,  
When Cairbar's host strove with the young Cormac.

Companions of my youth! brave Colla said,  
It was not thus you have me seen in arms.  
It was not this way I to battle strode,  
When the great champion, Confadan, fell.  
But ye are pressed down with loads of grief.  
The gloom of age comes like the desert mist.  
My shining shield is worn bright with years.  
My sword is fixed in the hall of fame,  
Where heroes meet in festive joy. I said  
Unto my soul, thy evening shall be calm,  
And thy departure like a fading light.  
But the o'erwhelming tempest has return'd;  
I bend before it like the aged oak.  
In Selama my boughs are fallen off,  
And in my place I tremble with the blast.  
Where art thou, Truthil, with thy fallen chiefs?  
Thou, from thy rushing blast dost not reply;  
And in deep sorrow is thy father's soul.  
But my rous'd spirit will be sad no more.  
Cairbar or Colla, in the field must fall.

I feel the strength returning of my arm.  
My heart at the glad sound of battle leaps.

The aged hero drew his massy sword.  
The gleaming blades of his brave people rose.  
They moved silently along the plain.  
Their grey hair streamed in the whistling wind.  
In Lona's silent plain stern Cairbar sat,  
In festive joy, amidst his armed chiefs.  
He saw the heroes coming o'er the plain,  
And straight his chieftains to the battle call'd.

Why should I tell to Nathos, how the strife  
Of battle grew! Thee I have seen, amidst  
Thy thousands, like the beam of heaven's fire;  
Lovely, but awful, is the glaring light;  
In its red course the people fall around.  
The spear of Colla slew, for to his mind  
Came fresh the mighty battles of his youth.  
An arrow came, and pierc'd the hero's side.  
The chieftain fell upon his echoing shield.  
My soul with horror started at the sight;  
My buckler over him I gently stretch'd;  
But my high-heaving bosom was perceiv'd.  
Cairbar came on with his uplifted spear,  
And he beheld Selama's hapless maid:  
A beam of joy rose on his dark-brown face;  
He stayed the steel uplifted for the blow.  
He raised Colla's tomb upon the heath;

And brought me weeping to Selama's towers.  
He spoke the smooth and soften'd words of love,  
But my sad soul his speech did not regard.  
I saw, with sorrowing eyes, my fathers' shields,  
And car-borne Truthil's sword hung in the hall.  
I saw the rusty armour of the dead,  
And the full tear of grief stood on my cheek.

Then thou did'st come, O Nathos, to our aid :  
And gloomy Cairbar from the field did fly.  
He fled like the dim spirit of the heath,  
Before the rising of the morning beam.  
His armed thousands at a distance were :  
And feeble was his arm against thy steel.

O Nathos, my belov'd, why art thou sad !  
The lovely daughter of brave Colla said ?

I have, replied the hero, in my youth,  
Oft times the fury of the battle met.  
When first the danger rose, my youthful arm  
Could not the spear uplift, nor bear the shield ;  
But my soul brightened before the war,  
As the green narrow vale between the rocks,  
When the bright sun pours forth his streamy beams,  
Before he in a tempest hides his head.  
My soul in danger brightened before  
I saw Selama's fair ; before I saw  
Thee, like a star that shines upon the hill ;



The darkening cloud of night comes slowly on,  
And threatens to obscure the lovely light.

We are, Darthula! in the land of foes,  
And the inconstant winds have us deceiv'd :  
Nor the strength of our friends, nor Etha's hills  
Are near to give us aid in our distress.  
Where shall I in thy present per'lous state,  
Daughter of mighty Colla, find thy peace!  
The noble brothers of Nathos are brave :  
And his own sword has often shone in war.  
But what in power are Usnoth's valiant sons  
To car-borne Cairbar's host of armed chiefs.  
O that the winds had brought thy snowy sails,  
Most noble Oscar, chief of valiant men!  
Thou long resolv'dst, and didst a promise make,  
To aid in battle the young king Cormac.  
Then would my hand as th' arm of death be strong.  
Cairbar would tremble in his silent hall,  
And peace around the fair Dar-thula dwell.  
But why art thou depress'd, and sad, my soul?  
The valiant sons of Usnoth may prevail.

And the brave sons of Usnoth will prevail,  
O Nathos, said the maid, with rising soul :  
Ne'er shall Dar-thula see dark Cairbar's halls.  
Give me those arms of brass, that shield and spear,  
That glitter to the meteor's passing beam ;  
I see them laid in the dark-bosom'd ship.

Dar-thula enter will the fight of steel.—  
Ghost of the noble Colla ! do I see  
'Thee on thy cloud ? Who is that dim with thee ?  
It is the car-borne Truthil, by thy side.  
Shall I behold the halls of him that slew  
Selama's chief ! No : I will never see  
His halls, or towers, bless'd spirits of my love ?

A beam of joy in Nathos' face arose,  
When he heard the white-bosom'd, lovely maid.  
Fair daughter of Selama ! thy charms shine  
With higher lustre on my brightening soul.  
Come with thy thousands, Cairbar, to the fight !  
The strength of Nathos' arm is returned,  
And thou, O aged Usnoth, shalt not hear  
That the son of thy youth has fled the field.  
Thy words on Etha I remember well ;  
When to the wind my sails began to rise ;  
When wide I spread them towards Ullin's shore,  
Towards dark Tura's ancient, mossy, walls.  
Thou goest, he said, O Nathos, to the king  
Of shields ; to brave Cuchullin chief of men  
Who never fear'd—who ne'er from danger fled.  
Let not thine arm be feeble in the fight :  
Neither be thy low thoughts of cowardly flight :  
Lest Semo's son say Etha's race are weak.  
His galling words may come to Usnoth's ear.  
And his soul sadden in his festive hall.—  
The tear of joy and fear is on his cheek.  
To the brave chief he gave his shining sword.

For battle bent, I came to Tura's bay :  
But silence reign'd in Tura's ancient halls ;  
I look'd around its towers, and there was none  
To tell me of the chieftain of Dunscaich.  
I went to his once festive hall of shells,  
Where the brown armour of his fathers hung.  
But shield, and helmet, sword, and spear were gone,  
And the brave, aged, Lamhor sat in tears.

Whence are these arms, said Lamhor, as he rose ?  
The shining light of shield and spear has long  
Been absent from sad Tura's dusky walls.  
Come ye, young warriors, from the rolling sea ?  
Or from Temora's royal, mournful halls ?

From the tempestuous sea, I said, we come,  
From Usnoth's rising towers. We are the sons  
Of Slissama, the daughter of Semo,  
The car-borne chieftain of the isle of mist.  
Where is Cuchullin, Tura's mighty chief,  
Son of the dark and silent hall ? But why  
Should Nathos ask ? for I behold thy tears.  
How, son of Tura, did the mighty fall ?

The hero fell not, sad Lamhor replied,  
Like silent star of the blue sky of night,  
When it through darkness shoots and is no more.  
But he was like a meteor that flies  
Athwart the heavens, and falls in distant land ;

The death of heroes its green course attends,  
And its appearance is the sign of wars.  
The banks of Lego mournful are and sad,  
And hoarse the roaring is of Lara's streams.  
There, son of Usnoth, did the hero fall.

The hero in the midst of slaughter fell,  
Said I to Lamhor, with a bursting sigh?  
Powerful in battle was the chieftain's hand;  
And death did always stalk behind his sword.  
To marshy Lego's mournful banks we came.  
We found his rising tomb upon the heath.  
His brave companions in the war are there;  
There were his aged bards of many songs.  
O'er the entombed chief three days we mourn'd:  
I struck the shield of Caithbat on the fourth.  
The warlike heroes gather'd round with joy,  
And shook their glittering spears above their heads.

The chieftain Corlath with his host was near,  
The friend of Cairbar. We came like a stream  
By night, loud-roaring, and his heroes fell.  
When the sad people of the valley rose,  
They saw, with morning light, the bloody plain.  
But, for the battle keen, we roll'd away,  
Like wreaths of mist, to Cormac's echoing towers.  
Our glancing swords rose to defend the king.  
But empty were Temora's royal halls.  
The brave Cormac had fallen in his youth.  
The lovely king of Erin was no more.

The sons of Ullin were with sadness seiz'd,  
And gloomily, and slowly they retir'd :  
Like heavy clouds, that, having threatened rain,  
Retire to beds obscure, behind the hills.  
The sons of Usnoth moved in their grief,  
Towards deserted Tura's sounding bay.  
We pass'd by Selama, and dark Cairbar  
Retired like the mist on Lena's heath,  
When it is driven by the desert winds.

'Twas then, O lovely maid, I thee beheld  
Like the bright morning beam of Etha's sun.  
Delightful is that beauteous ray, I said,  
And in my bosom rose the crowded sigh.  
Thou in thy beauty camest, Dar-thula,  
To Etha's loving, although mournful, chief.  
But the tempestuous winds have us deceiv'd,  
Daughter of Colla, and the foe is near.

Yes! said brave Althos in his rustling strength,  
The armed host of foes is drawing near.  
I heard their clanging armour on the coast,  
And the dark wreaths of Erin's standard saw.  
Distinctly heard is mighty Cairbar's voice,  
And loud as Cromla's falling mountain stream.  
The dark ship on the sea he had perceived,  
Before the dusky night obscur'd the waves.  
His warlike people watch on Lena's plain,  
And lift ten thousand swords and glittering shields.

And let them lift ten thousand swords and shields,  
Said the undaunted Nathos with a smile.  
The sons of car-borne Usnoth, like their sire,  
Will ne'er in danger quake, nor shun a foe.  
Thou roaring sea of Ullin why dost thou,  
With all thy lashed foam roll to the shore?  
Why do ye rustle on your darksome wings,  
Ye whistling tempests of the troubled sky?  
Ye roaring tempests, do ye think ye keep  
Nathos a prisoner on 'Tura's coast?  
No: children of the night! his vengeful soul,  
Not your dark storms, detains him on this shore.  
O Althos! hither bring my father's arms:  
'Thou seest them beaming to the sparkling stars.  
Bring hither Semo's spear, which Usnoth wore;  
In the dark-bosom'd ship the weapon stands.

He brought his father's armour. Nathos cloth'd  
His lusty limbs in all their shining steel.  
The chief is lovely with his manly stride:  
The joy is terrible of his dark eyes.  
He looks towards the coming of Cairbar.  
The rustling wind is whizzing in his hair.  
Silent is fair Dar-thula at his side:  
Her look is fixed on the valiant chief.  
She struggles to conceal the rising sigh,  
And two swoln tears stand in her lovely eyes.

Althos! said Etha's chief, I see a cave  
Within the shadow of that shelving rock.

'There place Dar-thula : and let thy strong arm  
Be her defence. Ardan ! we meet the foe,  
And gloomy Cairbar to the battle call.  
O that he came in his loud-sounding steel,  
To meet the son of Usnoth ! Dar-thula !  
If thou shalt from the raging foe escape,  
Look not on Nathos, fallen in the fight.  
O Althos ! lift thy sails high to the wind,  
Towards our native Etha's echoing groves.

Tell to the chief that his son fell with fame ;  
That my bright sword the battle did not shun.  
Tell him I in the midst of thousands fell,  
And of his sorrow let the joy be great.  
Fair daughter of Colla ! thy maidens call  
To Etha's echoing hall. Let their gay songs  
For Nathos rise, when shadowy autumn comes.  
O that the voice of Cona might be heard  
In my renown ! then would my soul rejoice  
Amidst the rushing of the mountain winds.

And thee my voice shall with loud praise extol,  
Brave Nathos, of the woody Etha chief !  
The voice of Ossian in thy praise shall rise,  
Son of the generous Usnoth ! Why was I  
From Lena absent, when the battle rose ?  
Then would the sword of Ossian thee defend,  
Or low himself fall in the glad attempt.

That night in Selma's echoing tower we sat :  
Around the strength of the enlivening shell.  
The wind was heard among the lofty oaks ;  
The stormy spirit of the mountain shriek'd.  
The blast in a low rattling noise came through  
The lofty hall, and gently touch'd my harp.  
The hollow sound was sorrowful and low,  
Like melancholy music of the tomb.  
Fingal himself first heard the mournful sound,  
And crowded sighs from his sad bosom rose.  
Some of my heroes on the heath are low,  
The brave, grey-haired, king of Morven said.  
On my son's harp I hear the sound of death.  
Touch, Ossian, the mournful-sounding string ;  
Bid the deep sorrow rise, that their bright souls  
May fly with joy to Morven's woody hills.

I touch'd the dismal harp before the king,  
The sound was mournful to his aged ear.  
Bend forward from your gloomy clouds, I said,  
Ghosts of my fathers ! from your stations bend ;  
Lay by the redden'd terror of your course,  
And to your arms receive the falling chief ;  
Whether he cometh from a distant land,  
Or rises from the tempest-rolling sea.  
Let his grey robe of misty cloud be near ;  
His spear that's of the watery vapour form'd.  
A half-extinguish'd meteor by his side  
Place in the figure of the hero's sword.



And let his countenance be lovely seen,  
That his friends in his presence may delight.  
Bend forward from your gloomy clouds, I said,  
Ghosts of my fathers ! from your stations bend.

Such was my song in Selma, to the harp  
Of lightly-trembling sound upon the breeze.  
But valiant Nathos was on Ullin's shore,  
Surrounded by the gloomy clouds of night ;  
He heard the voice of the advancing foe,  
Amidst the roaring of the tumbling waves.  
He heard their voice, and rested on his spear.

Bright morning, with its beams, rose on the hills ;  
The sons of Erin on the coast appear ;  
Like grey rocks, with their trees, they spread along.  
Amidst his chieftains lofty Cairbar stood,  
And grimly smiled when he saw the foe.

Brave Nathos rushed forward in his strength,  
Nor could the fair Dar-thula stay behind.  
The lovely maiden with the hero came,  
Uplifting to the sun her shining spear.  
Who are these chieftains, in their armour clad,  
Advancing in the manly pride of youth ?  
Who but the aged Usnoth's valiant sons,  
Althos, and dark-hair'd Ardan, chiefs of steel ?

Come, chief of high Temora ! Nathos said,  
Come, let our battle on the coast be for  
The fair Dar-thula, the white-bosom'd maid.  
His warriors Nathos has not with him here ;  
They are behind that darkly-rolling sea.  
Why dost thou, Cairbar, thy arm'd thousands bring  
Against the chief of Etha ? Thou didst fly  
From him in fight, when his friends were around.

Youth of the heart of pride, shall Erin's king,  
Whose name in arms is famed, fight with thee ?  
Thy fathers were not rank'd with the renown'd,  
Nor were descended of the kings of men.  
Are the bright spoils of foes seen in their halls ?  
Or the dark shields and spears of other times ?  
Cairbar in high Temora is renew'd,  
Nor does he ever fight with little men.

The tear of passion starts from Nathos' eyes ;  
He to his brothers turns his wrathful look.  
Their glancing spears, at once flew in the wind,  
And on the earth three lifeless heroes lay.  
Then the light of their swords did gleam on high ;  
The ranks of Erin yield, as a dark ridge  
Of gloomy clouds before a blast of wind.

Then Cairbar ordered his people on,  
And, at his word, a thousand bows they drew.  
A thousand deadly-piercing arrows flew ;

The brave, undaunted sons of Usnoth fell.  
They fell like three young oaks which stood alone  
Upon the heathy hill ; the traveller saw  
The lovely trees, and wonder'd how they grew  
So lonely, yet so stately in the blast ;  
By night the tempest of the desert came  
And their green heads laid low, unto the ground ;  
The wandering traveller next day return'd,  
But they were wither'd, and the heath was bare.

The fair Dar-thula stood in silent grief ;  
She saw them fighting, and beheld their fall ;  
No tear of sorrow fills her lovely eye :  
But wildly sad was her perturbed look.  
Pale was her cheek, for beauty so admired ;  
Her trembling lips broke short an half-formed word.  
Her raven locks flow loosely on the wind.  
But gloomy Cairbar came, and her address'd.  
Where is thy lover now ? the car-borne chief ?  
Hast thou beheld on Etha Usnoth's halls ?  
Or hast thou seen great Fingal's dark-brown hills ?  
On woody Morven had my battle roar'd,  
Did not the adverse winds Dar-thula meet.  
Fingal himself would, vanquish'd, have been low,  
And sorrow dwelling in dark Selma's halls.

The shield fell from Dar-thula's lovely arm,  
Her heaving snowy bosom now appear'd.  
Fair it appear'd, but it was stain'd with blood,

For fixed was an arrow in her side.  
She fell on Nathos like a wreath of snow.  
Her loose dark hair spreads o'er his pallid face,  
And the fond lovers' blood is mixing round.

Daughter of noble Colla ! thou art low !  
Said Cairbar's hundred bards of future song.  
Dead silence reigns at Selama's blue streams,  
For Truthil's race of heroes is no more.  
When wilt thou, fair one, in thy beauty rise,  
Thou first in loveliness of Erin's maids ?  
Long is thy sleep in the dark, lonely tomb,  
And the awakening morning distant far.  
The sun shall not come to thy bed and say,  
Arise, thou first of women, Dar-thula !  
Arise, fair-maid, the wind of spring's abroad.  
On the green hills the flowers shake their heads,  
And the green woods wave wide their spreading  
leaves.

Retire, O sun, with thy awakening beams,  
For Colla's lovely daughter is asleep.  
She will not in her beauty come again :  
In steps of loveliness she will not move.

Such was the song of the recording bards,  
When to the lovers' praise they rais'd the tomb.  
I, afterwards, sung o'er the lonely grave,  
When the great king of woody Morven came ;  
When to green Ullin's rocky shore he came,  
To meet the car-borne Cairbar in the fight.

# Temora:

## AN EPIC POEM.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

THERE are two traditions respecting the subject of this poem, on neither of which shall I dwell.

The poem seems to have its name from Timora, the royal palace of the Irish kings, near which the last and decisive battle was fought between Fingal and Cathmor. The variety of the characters makes it interesting; and the war, as it is carried on by Fingal and Cathmor, affords instances of the greatest bravery, mixed with incomparably generous actions and sentiments. One is at a loss for which side to declare himself; and often wishes, when both commanders march to battle, that both may retire victorious. At length the good fortune of Fingal preponderates, and the family of Cormac are re-established on the Irish throne.

Cathol, whose name we meet with in the poem, the son of Maronnan, or Moran, was murdered by Cairbar, for his attachment to the family of Cormac.

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THE dark blue waves of Ullin roll in light.  
'The verdant hills are covered with day.  
'Trees their broad, dusky, heads shake in the breeze;  
And swelled torrents pour their noisy streams.

Two hills, with aged oaks, surround a plain.  
The blue course of the mountain-stream is there,  
Dark Cairbar standeth on its grassy banks.  
His glittering spear supports the thoughtful king :  
The red eyes of his fear in sadness roll.  
The murder'd Cormac rises in his soul,  
With all his gore and ghastly-gaping wounds.  
The spectred figure of the lovely youth  
Amidst the darkness of the mist appears,  
And the blood poureth from his airy sides.  
Thrice Cairbar threw on earth his glittering spear ;  
And thrice in pensive mood he strok'd his beard.  
Short are his thoughtful steps ; he often stop'd :  
And toss'd his sinewy arms around his head.  
He's like a cloud, in the wide, desert plain ;  
That varies its dark form in every blast :  
The shadowed valleys gloomy are around,  
And fear, by turns, the coming of the shower.

The king, at length, resum'd his wonted soul,  
And laid his hand upon his pointed spear.  
His eyes he turned towards Lena's heath.  
The watchful scouts of ocean now appear.  
With steps of fear they their approaches made,  
And often, in advancing, look'd behind.  
Cairbar knew that the mighty were at hand,  
And straight together call'd his gloomy chiefs.  
The sounding steps of his arm'd heroes came.  
They drew, at once, their glancing, massy, swords.

'There valiant Morlath stood with darken'd face.  
Midalla's bushy hair sighs in the wind.  
On his long spear red-haired Cormar bends,  
And sternly rolls his side-long-looking eyes.  
Wild is the look of Malthos from beneath  
Two shaggy brows, like over-hanging cliffs.  
Foldath stands firmly, like an oozy rock  
That covers its dark sides with rolling foam ;  
His spear is like Slimora's lofty fir,  
That meets among the clouds the wind of heaven.  
His shield is with the strokes of battle mark'd ;  
And his red eye all danger doth despise.  
These and a thousand other armed chiefs  
Surrounded car-borne Cairbar on the plain,  
When Mor-annal, the scout of ocean came  
From streamy Lena, panting in his course.  
His eyes hang forward from his ghastly face,  
His pale lips trembling as he hail'd the chiefs.

Do the brave chiefs of Erin stand, he said,  
Still as the silent grove of even-tide?  
Stand they unmoved like a silent wood,  
And Fingal, great in battle, on the coast?  
Fingal, the streamy Morven's mighty king.

And hast thou seen, said Cairbar, with a sigh,  
The warrior of Morven with his host?  
Are his arm'd heroes many on the coast?

Does he the deadly spear of battle lift?  
Or comes the chieftain with the sign of peace?

The king, O Cairbar, cometh not in peace :  
For I have seen his forward pointed spear.  
It is a dreadful meteor of death :  
The blood of thousands resteth on its steel,  
He of the heroes first came to the shore,  
Powerful and strong in the grey hair of age.  
Full rose his sinewy limbs, as in his might,  
He strode the sandy shore. That massy sword  
Is by his side which gives no second wound.  
His shield is awful, like the bloody moon,  
When red it rises in a rushing storm.  
Then Ossian came, the king of martial songs ;  
And Morni's warlike son, the first of men.  
Connal leaps forward on his ashen spear :  
Dermid spreads to the wind his dark-brown locks.  
Fillan with manly vigour, bends his bow ;  
Fergus strides stately in the pride of youth.  
Who is that chieftain with the aged locks ?  
A dark shield hangeth on his warlike side :  
His deadly spear trembles at every step ;  
And age is on his limbs. He bends his face  
Towards the ground ; the king of spears is sad !  
It is dark Usnoth, with the sullen look,  
Coming, O Cairbar, to revenge his sons.  
He views green Ullin with a tearful eye,  
And he does bear in mind his children's tombs.  
But far before the rest, Oscar, the son



Of Ossian, comes, bright in the smiles of youth,  
Fair as the sun-beams of the rising morn.  
His long loose hair falls waving on his back.  
Half hid beneath his helmet are his brows.  
His sword hangs loose upon the hero's side.  
His spear gleams like a meteor as he moves.  
I fled, O king of high Temora! from  
The awful rolling of his vengeful eyes.  
Then fly, said Foldath in his gloomy wrath,  
Thou feeble man: fly to the murm'ring streams  
Of thy grey land, son of the little soul!  
Have I not seen that Oscar of such fame?  
I have in battle oft beheld the chief.  
In peril mighty is the hero seen:  
But there are others who can lift the spear.  
Erin has many sons as brave as he:  
Yes—sons, O car-borne Cairbar! braver far.  
Let Foldath meet him in the mighty strength  
Of his high course, and stop the roaring stream.  
With the blood of the brave my spear is red;  
My shield, unbending, is like Tura's wall.  
Shall Foldath meet alone the daring foe,  
Replied Malthos, of the gloomy brow?  
Are they not num'rous on our troubled coast,  
Like spreading waters of a thousand streams?  
Are not the chieftains these who vanquished  
Dark Swaran, when the sons of Erin fled?  
And shall Foldath their bravest hero meet?  
Foldath of the undaunted heart of pride?

Take the strength of the people by thy side ;  
And let dark Malthos come. My sword is red  
With slaughter ; but who my self-praise has heard ?

Sons of green Erin, mild Hidalla said,  
Let not the mighty Fingal hear your words :  
Lest the approaching enemy rejoice,  
And his strong arm be powerful in the land.  
O warriors ! ye are reputed brave,  
And like the tempests of the desert strong ;  
They without terror meet the lofty rocks,  
And the woods overturn in their dark course.  
But let us move in our collected strength,  
And slow in motion as a gathered cloud,  
When gentle winds compel it from behind.  
Then shall the mighty tremble, and the spear  
Drop from the hand of the courageous chief.  
We, they will say, see the dark cloud of death ;  
And pale and ghastly will their faces turn.  
Fingal will sit in sorrow in his age ;  
And say to warriors that his fame is ceas'd.  
Morven his heroes will behold no more :  
The moss of years shall grow in Selma's halls.

Cairbar, in silence, heard their words of war,  
Like the dark cloud of an incumbent shower :  
It threat'ning stands on Cromla's gloomy top,  
'Till the exploding lightning bursts its side :  
With redden'd light the valley gleams around ;

And the dark spirits of the storm rejoice.  
So the king of 'Temora silent stood ;  
At length his words are by his warriors heard.

Spread wide the feast of joy on Lena's plain :  
And let my hundred bards of song attend.  
And thou, red-haired Olla, take the harp  
Of high 'Temora's king. To Oscar go,  
The king of swords, and bid him to our feast.  
To-day we feast and hear the martial song ;  
To-morrow we shall meet to break the spears.  
Tell him that I have raised Cathol's tomb ;  
And that my bards have to his spirit sung.  
Tell him that Cairbar his renown has heard  
At distant Carun, of the sounding stream. .

Brave Cathmor, great in battle, is not here ;  
The gen'rous brother of Cairbar the king ;  
He is not with his thousands on the plain,  
And weak our arms are for the warlike foe.  
Cathmor a foe is at the feast to strife :  
His soul is brilliant as the mid-day sun.  
But Cairbar shall with vaunting Oscar fight,  
Chiefs of the high 'Temora's royal towers !  
For Cathol many were the chieftain's words ;  
And the increasing wrath of Cairbar burns.  
On Lena's heath the warrior shall fall :  
And the stream of my fame shall rise in blood.

The faces of the heroes brighten'd high.  
They spread their warriors over Lena's heath.  
Prepared is the joyful feast of shells.  
The martial songs of tuneful bards arose.

Upon the coast we heard the voice of joy,  
And we thought that the mighty Cathmor came.  
Cathmor the strangers' hospitable friend !  
The much loved brother of red-hair'd Cairbar.  
But the souls of the chiefs were not the same :  
In Cathmor's bosom was the light of heaven.  
His towers on the banks of Atha rose :  
Seven paths led from the valley to his halls.  
Seven chiefs, at his command, stood in these paths,  
And call'd the passing stranger to the feast !  
But Cathmor dwelt in the retired wood  
The voice of grateful praises to avoid.

Olla came forward with his harp and songs.<sup>1</sup>  
The valiant Oscar went to Cairbar's feast.  
Three hundred heroes did attend the chief,  
And awful is the clanking of their arms.  
The grey dogs bounded on the heathy hills,  
And frequent is their howling on the plain.  
Fingal saw the departure of the chief:  
Depressed was the spirit of the king.  
He dreads the gloomy Cairbar in the fight :  
But who of Trenmor's race e'er fear'd the foe ?

My son the spear of Cormac lifted high :  
A hundred bards met him with martial songs.  
Cairbar with forced smiles conceal'd the death  
That dark and awful rested in his soul.  
The feast is spread, the festive shells resound :  
Joy brightens in the faces of the host.  
But it was like the beam of setting sun,  
When he's to hide his red head in a storm.

Cairbar morosely in his armour rose ;  
A deadly darkness gathers on his brow.  
The hundred harps their sound at once did cease.  
The clang of shields is heard throughout the plain.  
Olla, the bard, far distant on the heath  
Rais'd on his harp the plaintive song of woe.  
My son well knew the dreadful sign of death ;  
And rising in his power, seiz'd his spear.

Oscar! said dark-red Cairbar, I behold  
The spear of Erin's kings. The deadly spear  
Of high Temora glitters in thy hand,  
Son of the woody Morven! 'Twas the pride  
Of kings a hundred, in Temora's halls,  
The death of heroes, sons of other times.  
Brave son of Ossian, the weapon yield,  
To car-borne Cairbar yield the royal spear.

Oscar replied, shall I the weapon yield,  
The royal gift of Erin's injur'd king :

The gift of fair hair'd Cormac, when Oscar  
His foes did scatter that against him rose?  
I came in triumph to his halls of joy,  
When Swaran of Lochlin from Fingal fled.  
In the youth's face the beam of joy arose :  
He gave the spear that grac'd Temora's halls.  
Nor did he put it in the feeble hand,  
Nor give't, O Cairbar, to the weak in soul.  
The darkness of thy face is not a storm  
To me, nor are thine eyes the flames of death.  
Do I fear the loud clanging of thy shield?  
Does my soul tremble at old Olla's song?  
No: Cairbar, frighten thou the dastard soul;  
Oscar is like a rock amidst thy seas.

And wilt thou not, proud Oscar, yield the spear,  
Replied Cairbar, in his rising pride?  
Are thy words mighty because Fingal's near,  
The grey-hair'd warrior of Morven? He  
Has often drawn the sword with little men,  
But he must vanish before Cairbar, like  
A misty pillar before Atha's winds.

Were he who fought with men of little soul  
Near Atha's chief: the chief of Atha would  
Surrender Erin to avoid his rage.  
Speak not, O Cairbar! more of mighty men,  
But turn thy sword on me. I am prepar'd.  
Our strength is equal: but Fingal is fam'd!  
Renown'd in war the first of mortal men!

Their warlike heroes saw the darkening chiefs.  
Their crowding steps are beating hard around.  
Their eyes in fire roll. A thousand swords  
Are half-unsheath'd. Red-haired Olla rais'd  
The song of battle : Oscar's soul arose  
In trembling joy : the wonted joy of his  
Delighted soul when Fingal's horn was heard.

Dark as the ocean's swelling wave before  
The rising winds, when it bends near the coast,  
Came on the host of Cairbar. Lovely maid  
Of valiant Toscar, why that falling tear ?  
He is not fallen yet. Many were the  
Deaths of his arm before the hero fell !  
Behold they fall before my valiant son  
Like thick groves in the desert overturn'd,  
When rushes through dark night an angry ghost,  
And their green heads kills with his blighting hand !  
Morlath, the champion falls : Maronnan dies :  
Conacher trembles in his chilled blood.  
Proud Cairbar shrinketh before Oscar's sword ;  
And creeps in darkness to his hiding stone.  
The spear he lifted, and, in secret pierc'd  
My Oscar's side. He falls upon his shield :  
His knee sustains the chief : but in his hand  
He held the spear. See ! gloomy Cairbar falls.  
The steel his forehead pierc'd, and his red hair  
Behind was parted by the awful blow.  
Lifeless, he lay, like a dark shatter'd rock,

Which lofty Cromla shaketh from its side.  
But never more shall valiant Oscar rise!  
He leaneth, fainting, on his bossy shield.  
His bloody spear is in his dreadful hand :  
Distant and dark stood Erin's wond'ring sons.  
Their shouts arose like crowded noise of streams,  
And Lena's roaring heath echo'd around.

The loud sound at a distance Fingal heard ;  
And in his hand he shook his father's spear.  
His footsteps are before us on the heath.  
He utter'd as he walk'd the words of woe.  
I hear, he said, dread battle's mighty noise :  
And Oscar the brave chieftain is alone.  
Arise, ye sons of Morven, in your might ;  
Pour forth with speed, and join the hero's sword.

Then rushed Ossian along the heath.  
Brave Fillan over Lena bounded fast.  
Fergus flew onward with the feet of wind.  
Fingal strode in the armour of his strength,  
And terrible is the glancing of his shield.  
The sons of Erin saw it distant far ;  
At the dread sight they trembled in their souls.  
They knew that the wrath of the king arose :  
And they foresaw their death. We first arriv'd ;  
We fought ; and Erin's chiefs withstood our rage.  
But when the mighty king of Morven came,  
In the sound of his course, what heart of steel



Could stand the awful onset ! Erin's sons  
Fled over Lena. Death pursued their flight.

We saw brave Oscar leaning on his shield.  
The blood we saw run from his side around.  
Silence now clouded every hero's face.  
Each turn'd his back, and for the warrior wept.  
The king of Morven strove to hide his tears.  
His grey beard whistled in the whizzing wind.  
He bends his head o'er his lamented son :  
And his bewailing words are mix'd with sighs.

And art thou fallen, Oscar, in the midst  
Of thy bright course ? The sad and sorrowing heart  
Of hoary age beats over thy remains !  
He sees thy coming battles. He beholds  
The battles which to thy renown should come,  
But they are from thy future fame cut off.  
When shall at Selma joy again be heard ?  
When shall the mournful song on Morven cease ?  
My sons of battle by degrees shall fall :  
Fingal shall be the last of his brave race.  
The fame which I 've receiv'd shall pass away :  
My feeble age will be without a friend.  
Like a grey cloud I in my hall shall sit :  
Nor shall I the return of a brave son  
Expect, amidst the sounding of his arms.  
Ye heroes of high Morven weep his fate !  
For never more shall valiant Oscar rise !

And weep they did, O Fingal, on their hills ;  
Dear was the lovely hero to their souls.  
To battle he went forth, and foes did fly ;  
Amidst their joy, returned he in peace.  
No father mourned his son slain in youth ;  
No brother grieved for his brother's fate.  
The heroes without tears of sorrow fell,  
For the chief of the people was laid low !  
His faithful Bran is howling at his feet :  
And sad is gloomy Luath at his gate,  
For he had often led them to the chase ;  
To the long-bounding roes upon the heath.

When Oscar his brave friends beheld around,  
His snowy breast rose with a heaving sigh.  
The sound, he said, of my ag'd heroes' groans,  
The howling of my dogs, the sudden bursts  
Of mournful song, have melted Oscar's soul.  
My soul, that ne'er with grief did melt before ;  
It was like the hard metal of my sword.  
O bear me, Ossian, to my native hills !  
Raise over me the stones of my renown.  
The grey horn of the deer place by my side,  
And in my narrow dwelling lay my sword.  
The rolling torrent may hereafter raise  
The earth of my dark tomb : the hunter may  
Find on the sand my rusty steel, and say  
“ This canker'd weapon has been Oscar's sword.”

And fallest thou, son of my warlike fame!  
And shall I, Oscar, never see thee more!  
When others hear of their brave sons' renown,  
I shall not in the tidings hear of thee.  
The moss is on the stones of his dark tomb,  
And through the heath is heard the mournful wind.  
Without his arm the battle shall be fought:  
The dark-brown hinds he shall no more pursue.  
From battles when the warrior returns,  
And tells of other lands, he'll, sighing, say,  
I've seen a tomb beside the roaring stream,  
Where a renowned warrior darkly dwells:  
By car-borne Oscar, first of mortal men,  
The valiant chief was slain. I shall, perhaps,  
His wandering spirit hear upon the heath,  
And in my soul will rise a beam of joy.

The night of sorrow would have pass'd away,  
And morn returned in the shade of grief:  
Our chiefs would like cold dropping rocks have  
stood

On Lena's heath, and have forgot the war,  
Did not the king disperse his grief, and raise  
His mighty voice. The chieftains roused from  
Their nightly visions, lift their heads around.

How long on Lena shall we walk and weep;  
Or in sad Ullin pour our mournful tears?  
The mighty will not from their graves return.

Oscar shall never in his strength arise.  
The valiant must one day in battle fall,  
And on his native hills no more be known.  
Whither, O warriors ! are our fathers gone,  
The famed chieftains of the times of old ?  
The chiefs have set like stars that once have shone,  
We only hear the sounding of their praise.  
But they were high-renowned in their day,  
And the dread terror of the times of old.  
Thus, O brave warriors ! shall we pass away,  
In the day of our fall. Then let us be  
Renowned when we may ; and leave our fame  
Behind us, like the beams of setting sun,  
When in the west he hides his ruddy head.

Ullin, my aged bard ! take Fingal's ship.  
Fallen Oscar carry to dark Selma's walls,  
And let the daughters of sad Morven weep.  
In Erin we shall raise the shining steel,  
And for the fallen race of Cormac fight.  
The vigour of my years begins to fail :  
I feel the growing weakness of my arm.  
My fathers bend in joy from their dark clouds,  
To meet with glad embrace their grey-hair'd son.  
But, noble Trenmor ! ere I hence depart,  
One shining beam of my renown shall rise :  
So shall my days end as my years begun,  
In the still-brightening bed of fame : my life  
Shall be one stream of light to other times.

Ullin his snowy sails rais'd to the wind :  
'The breeze, propitious, of the south came forth.  
He bounded on the waves towards the walls  
Of Selma. I remained in my grief,  
But my words of deep sorrow were not heard.  
The feast is spread on Lena's gloomy plain :  
A hundred heroes reared Cairbar's tomb :  
But o'er the fallen chief no song is rais'd ;  
For dark and bloody his base soul had been.  
The fall of Cormac we remember'd well !  
And what could we express in Cairbar's praise ?

The night came rolling down upon the heath.  
The blazing of a hundred oaks arose,  
The mournful Fingal sat beneath a tree.  
The chief of Etha, the grey-haired strength  
Of Usnoth, sat, in sorrow, near the king.  
Old Althan, bard of song, stood in the midst,  
And of fallen Cormac told the mournful tale.  
Althan, the son of Conachar, the friend  
Of brave Cuchullin : he with Cormac dwelt  
In windy Temora, when Semo's son  
Fought with Torlath, the generous and brave.  
The tale of Althan mournful was and sad,  
And the big tear of grief stood in his eye.

Yellow on Dora was the setting sun.  
Grey even' began to fall upon the vales.  
Temora's lofty woods shook with the blast

Of the inconstant wind. A cloud, at length,  
Collected in the west, and a red star  
Appeared from behind its darken'd edge.  
In the dark, lonely, wood I stood alone,  
And saw a ghost move on the dark'ning air.  
From hill to hill extended his long stride :  
His shield was dim upon his ghastly side.  
It was the son of Semo, on his cloud.  
I knew the sober sadness of his face.  
But in his rustling blast he pass'd away :  
And dark and dismal all did seem around.  
My soul was sad. I thought upon the ghost.  
I went to the gay, festive, hall of shells.  
A thousand blazing lights arose around :  
A hundred bards had strung their tuneful harps.  
Cormac stood in the midst like morning star,  
When it rejoiceth on the eastern hill,  
And its young beams are bath'd in gentle showers.  
The sword of Artho was in the king's hand ;  
With joy he looked on its polished studs :  
Thrice did he try to draw it from its sheath,  
And thrice he failed in the glad attempt.  
His yellow locks are on his shoulders spread :  
His cheeks of youth are red. I mourned o'er  
The beam of youth, for it was soon to set.

O Althan, with a smile, the chieftain said,  
Hast thou beheld my father? Heavy is  
The king's bright sword, surely his arm is strong.

O that I in the battle were like him,  
When the great fury of his wrath arose!  
Then, like Cuchullin, would I have encounter'd  
Torlath the car-borne son of Cantela!  
But riper years, O Althan! may come on,  
And my young arm be for the battle strong.  
Of Semo's son, Cuchullin, hast thou heard,  
The chief of high Temora? He might have  
Returned with his fame; for he did give  
His word assured to return to-night.  
My bards do wait him with their songs of joy,  
And my enlivening feast is spread around.

I heard the king in silence as he spoke.  
My tears began to trickle o'er my cheek,  
I hid their flowing with my hoary locks;  
But he perceiv'd the burden of my grief.

O Althan! son of Conachar, he said,  
Is the young, lovely, king of Tura low?  
Why bursts the sigh in secret from thy breast?  
And why upon thy cheek descends the tear?  
Comes car-borne Torlath from the bloody field?  
Or is't the sound of red-hair'd Cairbar's steps?  
They come victorious, for I see thy grief;  
And Tura's king is low upon the plain!  
Shall I see this, and not to battle rush?  
But I my fathers' weapons cannot wield!  
O had my youthful arm Cuchullin's strength,

Soon would the haughty Cairbar fly the field;  
My fathers' fame would be renewed; and  
The deeds of valour of the times of old!

His bended bow of yew the chieftain took.  
Round tears of grief flow from his sparkling eyes.  
A cloud of sorrow saddens all around:  
The bards bend forward from their doleful harps.  
Their strings are touched with the rustling blast,  
And the distressing sound of woe ascends.

A dismal voice is at a distance heard,  
As the distressful sound of one in grief;  
Carril it was, of songs of other times,  
Who from the dark Slimora came in haste.  
Of brave Cuchullin's death the bard did tell,  
And of his mighty deeds, in war achiev'd.  
The people scatter'd were around his tomb;  
Their shining armour lay upon the ground.  
They had forgot the battle, for the sound  
Of brave Cuchullin's shield and sword had ceas'd.

But who, said the soft-voiced Carril, come  
Like the long-bounding roes? Their stature is  
Like the young trees upon the moisten'd plain,  
Which shoot and flourish by the summer shower:  
Soft, mild, and ruddy are their youthful cheeks:  
But souls undaunted look from their bright eyes!  
Who but the sons of Usnoth, Etha's chiefs?



On every side the people, armed, rise,  
Like the strength of an half-extinguish'd fire,  
When suddenly the winds come from the heath,  
Upon their rustling wings, and raise the flame.  
The clanging sound of Caithbat's shield is heard.  
The heroes saw Cuchullin in the form  
Of lovely Nathos. So roll'd he his eyes,  
And such his manly steps were on his heath.  
Many fierce battles are at Lego fought :  
The sword of Nathos o'er his foes prevails.  
Soon shalt thou, king of woody Temora !  
Behold the hero in thy echoing halls.

And soon, O Carril ! may I see the chief,  
Replied Cormac, with returning joy.  
But for Cuchullin mournful is my soul.  
His voice was always pleasant in my ear.  
Oft' have we mov'd on Dora's heathy side,  
At the high-bounding chace of dark-brown hinds.  
Unerring on the mountains was his bow.  
He spoke of mighty men renown'd in war.  
Of the deeds of my fathers he did tell ;  
And in my breast I felt the rising joy.  
But at the feast, O Carril ! take thy place,  
Thy pleasing voice in song I've often heard.  
In praise of brave Cuchullin tune the harp ;  
And of that mighty stranger raise the song.

Day on Temora rose with all the beams  
Of the bright sun climbing the eastern sky.

Trathin, the son of old Gellama, came.  
O king of Innisfail, the chieftain said,  
A dark cloud on the desert I behold !  
A cloud it seem'd at first, but now a crowd  
Of men. One strides before him in his strength ;  
And his red hair flies waving in the wind.  
His broad shield glitters to the morning beam.  
His ashen spear is in his mighty hand.

To the feast of Temora call the chief,  
The king of Erin to Trathin replied.  
A house for strangers is my festive hall,  
Son of the generous Gellama ! Perhaps  
It is the chief of Etha, coming in  
The loud, triumphant, sound of his renown.  
Hail, mighty stranger, art thou of the friends  
Of king Cormac ? But Carril, he is dark,  
Stern, and unlovely, and he draws his sword.  
Is that the son of Usnoth, Etha's chief,  
Bard of the martial song of times of old ?

'Tis not the son of Usnoth, Carril said,  
But Atha's chief. Why com'st thou in thy arms  
To Temora, Cairbar of gloomy brow ?  
Let not thy sword against young Cormac rise !  
O whither dost thou turn thy warlike speed ?

Stern Cairbar in his darkness passed on,  
And the hand of the king in fury seized.

The hapless Cormac now his death foresaw,  
And the rage of his sparkling eyes arose.  
Thou gloomy chieftain of Atha, retire :  
The valiant Nathos with fierce battle comes.  
Daring and bold thou art in Cormac's hall,  
For light and feeble is his youthful arm.  
The deadly sword pierc'd Cormac's snowy side :  
He in the dark halls of his fathers fell.  
His lovely hair is rolled in the dust.  
His blood, a crimson stream, is smoking round.

And art thou fallen in thy hall, I said,  
O son of noble Artho? The broad shield  
Of valiant Cuchullin was not near.  
Nor the spear of thy father, for thy aid.  
Now mournful are the mountains of Erin,  
For the chief of the people is laid low.  
Bless'd be thy soul, O Cormac! lovely chief,  
From the midst of thy course thou'rt snatch'd away.

My words unto the ears of Cairbar came,  
And in the midst of darkness us he clos'd.  
He fear'd against the bards to lift his sword ;  
Though dark and gloomy was his murd'ring soul.  
Alone, three days we pined in our place :  
On the fourth day the noble Cathmor came.  
He heard our voice from the retired cave ;  
He turn'd on Cairbar the eye of his wrath.

O chief of Atha! the brave warrior said,  
How long wilt thou my sorrowing soul afflict?  
Like the rock of the desert is thy heart;  
And dark and gloomy are thy murd'rous thoughts.  
But thou art Cathmor's brother; and thy fierce  
And deadly battles he will surely fight.  
But Cathmor's soul is not in war like thine,  
Thou feeble hand amidst the din of arms!  
My bosom's light is stained with thy deeds:  
The bard will never sing of my renown.  
The sons of song may say, "Cathmor was brave,  
But he for gloomy Cairbar battles fought."  
Over my tomb they will in silence pass,  
And the fame of my deeds shall not be heard.  
Let not the bards, O Cairbar! lie in bonds:  
'They are the tuneful sons of other times.  
In other ages shall their voice be heard,  
When the kings of Temora are no more.

At the words of the chief we forward mov'd.  
We saw him in the brightness of his strength.  
He was, O Fingal, like thy youth, when thou  
Didst first uplift thy shining spear and shield.  
His face was like the sun when it was bright:  
No darkness travel'd over his fair brow:  
But he to Ullin with his thousands came,  
To aid the red-hair'd Cairbar: and now comes,  
O king of Morven, to revenge his death.

And let him come, replied the noble king ;  
I love a foe like Cathmor. His great soul  
Is full of generous deeds ; his arm is strong,  
And all his battles full of high renown.  
But like a vapour is the little soul  
That hovers cowardly round the marshy lake,  
And never rises on the verdant hill,  
Lest the winds of the desert meet it there :  
Its dwelling is in the retired cave,  
And thence it sendeth forth the dart of death.

Grey-haired Usnoth ! thou hast heard the fame  
Of Etha's car-borne chiefs, Our young heroes  
Are like our fathers in their high renown.  
They fight in youth, O warrior, and they fall :  
Their names are famed in the martial song.  
But, Usnoth, we are old, let us not fall  
Like aged oaks, which the loud sounding blast  
In secret overturns. The hunter pass'd,  
And saw them lying grey across a stream.  
How have these fallen, he, unconcerned, said,  
And whistled as he scour'd the heath along.

Ye bards of Morven, raise the song of joy,  
That our glad spirits may forget the past.  
The ruddy stars look on us from the clouds,  
And silently descend behind the hills.  
The grey beam of the morning soon shall rise,  
And Cormac's murd'rous foes bring to our view.

O valiant Fillan ! take the royal spear ;  
Go to the heathy Mora's dark-brown side.  
Let thine eyes travel o'er the waving plain,  
Like flames of fire. Fingal's foes observe,  
And the course that the generous Cathmor takes.  
A distant sound strikes faintly on my ear,  
Like rent rocks tumbling from the desert cliff.  
But strike thou thy embossed shield, at times,  
That through the night the foe may not advance,  
And the renown of woody Morven cease.  
I now begin to be alone, my son,  
And I do fear the downfal of my fame.

The tuneful voices of the bards arose.  
The king on the bright shield of Trenmor lean'd.  
Sleep heavily descended on his eyes,  
And in his dreams his future battles rose.  
The armed host are slumbering around.  
Dark-haired Fillan watch'd the moving foe.  
His gloomy steps are on a distant hill :  
We hear, at times, the clanging of his shield.

# Carric-Thura :

## A POEM.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

FINGAL, returning from an expedition which he had made into the Roman province, resolved to visit Cathulla king of Inis-tore, and brother to Comala, whose story is related, at large, in the dramatic poem, published in this collection. Upon his coming in sight of Carric-thura, the palace of Cathulla, he observed a flame on its top, which, in those days, was a signal of distress. The wind drove him into a bay, at some distance from Carric-thura, and he was obliged to pass the night on the shore. Next day he attacked the army of Frothal king of Sora, who had besieged Cathulla in his palace of Carric-thura, and took Frothal himself prisoner, after he had engaged him in single combat. The deliverance of Carric-thura is the subject of this poem, but several other episodes are interwoven with it.

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**T**HY blue course in the heaven hast thou left  
'Thou golden-haired trav'ler of the sky !  
The west its gates has opened to thy course ;  
The crimson bed of thy repose is there.  
The waves advance thy beauty to behold :  
They lift their trembling heads at thy reproach :

They see thee lovely in thy nightly sleep ;  
But from thy face they shrink away in fear.  
Rest, in thy shadowy cave, O glorious sun !  
And let thy bright return be seen in joy.  
But let a thousand sparkling lights arise  
To the sound of the harps in Selma's towers :  
Let the bright beam of joy spread in the hall,  
Returned is the king of festive shells !  
The strife of Crona's pass'd away, like sounds  
That are no more : bards, raise the joyful song,  
The mighty king's returned with his fame !

Such was the song of Ullin in his hall,  
When Fingal in triumph from battle came :  
When he return'd in the fair blush of youth ;  
With all his heavy locks spread in the wind.  
His dark-blue arms were on the hero hung ;  
Like a grey cloud upon the morning sun,  
When he moves darkly in his robes of mist,  
And shews the waking world but half his beams.  
His heroes follow the victorious king :  
The feast of shells is largely spread around.  
Fingal his face turns to his aged bards,  
And bids the song of festive joy to rise.

Voices of echoing Cona ! Fingal said,  
O aged bards of song of other times !  
Ye, in whose souls our fathers' blue hosts rise !  
Strike the loud-sounding harp within my hall ;



And let victorious Fingal hear the song.  
Pleasant and solemn is the joy of grief!  
It is refreshing like the shower of spring,  
When the branch of the oak it mollifys,  
And the young leaf lifts up its verdant head.  
Sing on, O bards, and let my halls resound  
The tuneful strains: to-morrow we shall lift  
High to the wind the snowy bosom'd sail.  
My blue course through the ocean is design'd  
To Carric-thura's walls; the mossy walls  
Of valiant Sarno, where Comala dwelt.  
There king Cathula spreads the feast of shells.  
Many are the fierce boars that range his woods,  
And the sound of the chace shall there arise.

Cronnan, said Ullin, son of martial song!  
Minona, graceful at the tuneful harp!  
The song of Shilric raise, to please the king  
Of woody Morven. Let Vinvela come  
In all her beauty, like the showery bow,  
When on the lake it shows its lovely head,  
And bright and beauteous is the setting sun.  
And, lo! she comes, O Fingal! the fair maid  
Vinvela comes! her voice is soft but sad.

## VINVELA.

My love a son is of the mountain sports.  
The flying deer he on the hills pursues.

Panting around him are his nimble dogs ;  
His bow-string soundeth in the whistling wind.  
By the fount of the rock dost thou recline,  
Or by the murmur of the mountain stream ?  
Low-nodding are the rushes with the blast,  
The floating mist is flying o'er the hill.  
I, unperceived, will approach my love,  
And see his comely visage from the rock.  
Lovely I saw thee first by th' aged oak  
On Branno's bank ; thou wert returning tall  
From the loud chase, the fairest 'mong thy friends.

## SHILRIC.

What gentle-toned voice is that I hear ?  
That voice in softness like the summer wind.—  
I sit not by the rushes nodding low ;  
Nor do I hear the fountain of the rock.  
Afar, Vinvela, lovely maid, afar  
I to the wars of mighty Fingal go.  
My trusty dogs attend my steps no more.  
No more I tread the hill of bounding roes.  
No more I see thee from the mountain steep,  
Fair-moving by the streamlet of the plain ;  
Bright as the variegated bow of heaven ;  
As the moon glittering on the western wave.

## VINVELA.

Then thou art gone, O Shilric ! from my view,  
And I am left upon the lonely hill.

The deer are browsing seen upon the steep ;  
Devoid of fear they graze and bound along.  
No more they dread the whistling of the wind ;  
No more the rustling of the leafy tree.  
The hunter from his hills is far remov'd ;  
He is at rest in the dark field of graves.  
Strangers! ye sons of the high-rolling waves!  
O spare my comely Shilric, spare my love.

## SHILRIC.

If in the field of battle I must fall,  
Raise high my grave, Vinvela, on the plain.  
Grey monumental stones, and heap'd-up earth,  
Shall mark my narrow house to future times.  
When the tir'd hunter by the mound shall sit,  
And his refreshing food produce at noon,  
“ Some noble warrior,” he will say, “ rests here ;”  
And my renown shall brighten in his praise.  
Remember me, Vinvela, beauteous maid,  
Remember me, when low on earth I lie.

## VINVELA.

Yes! my lov'd chief, I will remember thee—  
Indeed, my Shilric will in battle fall.  
What shall I do my love? when thou art gone  
For ever from my sight? Through these bleak  
hills  
I'll wander lonely in the heat of noon :  
I will go mourning through the silent heath.

There will I see thy darksome place of rest,  
Returning weary from the chase of roes.  
Indeed, my Shilric will in battle fall;  
But in deep sorrow I'll remember him.

And the brave chieftain I remember well,  
The king of woody Morven then replied;  
The battle he consumed in his rage.  
But now my eyes behold not his return.  
One day I met him on the beathy hill;  
His cheek was pale; his manly brow was dark.  
The sigh was frequent in his troubled breast:  
Towards the desert he did bend his steps.  
But now he is not 'mong my crowded chiefs,  
When the loud clangings of my shield arise.  
Dwells high Carmora's hero in the grave?

Cronnan! said Ullin, hard of other times,  
The song of Shilric raise in plaintive strain,  
When he returned to his native hills,  
And his belov'd Vinvela was no more.  
He leaned on her grey-grown mossy tomb;  
He thought the fair Vinvela still did live.  
He saw his love fair-moving on the plain:  
But the bright, lovely, image lasted not:  
The sun-beam fled from the deserted field,  
And Vinvela the fair was seen no more.  
'The song of Shilric hear, 'tis soft, but sad.

By the grey, mossy, fountain sad I sit ;  
On the bleak summit of the hill of winds.  
One tree above me rustles in the blast.  
Dark waves roll over the wide-spreading heath.  
The tempest-troubled lake swells high below.  
The deer descend from their accustom'd hill.  
No bow-clad hunter's at a distance seen.  
No cow-herd, whistling as he walks, is nigh.  
It is mid-day : but all is silent round.  
Sad are my thoughts as I do sit alone.  
O didst thou but appear, my only love,  
A lonely wanderer upon the heath !  
Thy snowy bosom heaving on the sight ;  
Thy hair behind thee floating on the wind ;  
Thine eyes with tears o'erflowing for thy friends,  
Which the mist of the mountain had conceal'd !  
Thee would I comfort, Vinvela, my love,  
And, joyful, bring thee to thy father's house.

But is it my true love that there appears,  
Like lovely beam of light on the dark heath ?  
Bright as the moon in autumn, as the sun  
In summer-storm, com'st thou, O beauteous maid,  
O'er rugged mountains, over rocks to me ?  
Vinvela speaks : but oh ! how weak her voice !  
Like gentle breeze upon the reedy pool.

Returnest thou safe from the war, my love ?  
Where are thy friends that forth to battle went ?

Thy death I heard of on the lonely hill ;  
Shilric ! I heard thy fate, and mourned thee.

Yes, yes, my fair Vinvela, I return,  
But I alone of all my valiant race.  
No more shalt thou behold them on the heath :  
Their graves I raised on the distant plain.  
Why lonely art thou on the desert hill ?  
Why on the heath dost thou thus walk alone ?

Alone I am, O Shilric ! In the dark  
And narrow winter-house Vinvela lies.  
With wasting sorrow I expired for thee.  
Pale am I, Shilric, in the silent tomb.

She fleets, she sails away, she sweeps the plain ;  
Like the grey mist before the rustling wind !  
And wilt thou not behind thee look, my love ?  
Wilt thou not stay thee and behold my tears ?  
Still, my Vinvela, thou appearest fair !  
Sure, fair thou wast, and lovely, when alive !

By the lone mossy fountain I will sit ;  
On the bleak summit of the hill of winds.  
When sultry mid-day silent is around,  
Come to my hill, my love, converse with me :  
Come on the wings of the propitious gale !  
On the blast of the mountain come to me !  
O let me, as thou passest, hear thy voice,  
When sultry mid-day silent is around.

Such was the song of Cronnan, on the night  
Of festive joy in Selma's echoing halls.  
But in the east the ruddy morning rose ;  
The dark-blue waters rolled in the light.  
Fingal now bade his snowy sails to rise,  
And the winds rustling from their mountains come.  
The rocks of Inis-tore soon rose to sight  
And Carric-thura's mossy, royal towers.  
But the sign of distress was on their top :  
The green-flame edg'd with smoke waves in the  
wind.

The king of woody Morven struck his breast :  
He his long-pointed spear, at once, assum'd.  
His darken'd brow bends forward to the coast :  
He looks back, sighing, to the lagging winds.  
His hair is spread disorder'd on his back.  
Terrible is the silence of the king.

Night spread her gloomy robe upon the sea ;  
The bay of Rotha Fingal's ship receiv'd.  
A rock bends its dark base along the coast  
With all its echoing wood. Upon the top  
Is the religious circle of Loda,  
And the divining stone of god-like power.  
A narrow vale beneath spreads to the view,  
With grass and aged trees thick-cover'd o'er,  
Which the rough winds of midnight, in their wrath,  
Had overturned from the shaggy rock.  
The blue course of the murm'ring stream is there ;  
And ocean's blast pursues the thistle's beard.

The flame of three old, withered oaks arose :  
The joyous feast of shells is spread around :  
But sad, amidst the joy, is Fingal's soul,  
For gloomy Carric-thura's battling chief.  
The wan, cold-looking, moon rose in the east.  
Oblivious sleep descended on the youths!  
Their dark-blue helmets glitter in the beam ;  
The fading fire upon the heath decays.  
But on the king sweet slumber did not rest :  
He in the midst of his bright arms arose,  
And slowly moved up the heathy hill,  
The flame of Sarno's tower to behold.

The flame was dim and distant on the sight ;  
The moon her reddened face hid in the east.  
A violent tempest from the hill came down,  
And bore the spirit of Loda on its wings.  
He to his place in his dread terrors came,  
And o'er his head he shook his dusky spear.  
His eyes in his dark face appear like flames ;  
And like the distant thunder is his voice.  
Fingal advanced with the spear of his strength,  
And raised on high the awful voice of war.

Thou gloomy son of sable night, retire :  
Call to thy aid thy stormy winds, and fly !  
Why dost thou with thy shadowy arms come ?  
Thou dismal spirit of Loda ! do I fear  
Thy gloomy form ? Weak is thy shield of clouds :



Feeble that meteor is, thy sword. The blast,  
The rustling tempest them together rolls ;  
And thou thyself dost quickly disappear.  
Fly from my presence, son of gloomy night !  
Call to thy aid thy stormy winds, and fly !

Dost thou compel me from my place below,  
Replied the hollow voice? The people bend  
Before me in the field. I turn the fight  
Of valiant chieftains, as I am inclin'd.  
The nations vanish when on them I look :  
My nostrils do pour forth the blast of death.  
I come abroad, and travel on the winds :  
The roaring tempests are before my face.  
But calm my dwelling is above the clouds,  
The fields are pleasant of my quiet repose.

Dwell then, said Fingal, in thy quiet fields,  
And let the son of Comhal be forgot.  
Do my steps from my woody hills ascend  
Into thy peaceful plains, between thy clouds?  
Do I thee meet with my sharp-pointed spear,  
Thou spirit of dismal Loda, on thy mist?  
Why then dost thou on Fingal cast a frown?  
Or shake above his head thy airy spear?  
But thou, divining Spirit! frown'st in vain:  
I never fear'd, nor fled from, mighty men.  
And shall the airy sons of fleeting clouds  
The king of Morven frighten from his course?  
No: well he knows the weakness of their arms.

Fly to thy land, replied the airy form :  
Receive the help of stormy winds, and fly.  
The blasts are in the hollow of my hand :  
The awful moving of the storm is mine.  
The king of Sora is my darling son,  
He humbly bends at the stone of my power.  
Round Carric-thura is his battle fix'd ;  
And he will there prevail. Fly to thy land,  
Son of Comhal, or feel my flaming wrath.

His shadowy spear the spirit lifted high ;  
And his terrific height he forward bent.  
But the bold king advancing drew his sword ;  
The blade of dark-brown Luno, of Lochlin.  
The steel's bright path winds through the gloomy  
ghost.

The spectred form fell shapeless into air,  
Like a tall column of blue rolling smoke,  
Which the staff of the playful boy disturbs,  
As from the slacken'd furnace it ascends.

The spirit of Loda shriek'd as, roll'd into  
Himself, he rose upon the winged wind.  
Dark Inis-tore shook at the dismal sound.  
The rolling billows heard it on the deep :  
They stopped, in their foaming course, with fear :  
The brave companions of Fingal, at once,  
Amazed, rose, and took their heavy spears.  
They miss'd the king, they look'd about with rage ;  
Their arms resound along the heathy plain.

The moon came forth upon the eastern sky.  
In the gleam of his arms the king return'd.  
Great was the joy of his unquiet youths,  
Their souls becalm'd, as a sea from a storm.  
The song of gladness aged Ullin rais'd.  
The grey-cap'd hills of Inis-tore rejoic'd.  
The festive flame of wither'd oaks arose ;  
And the enlivening tales of chiefs go round.

But Frothal, gloomy Sora's battling king,  
In sadness sits beneath a lonely tree.  
The armed host round Carric-thura spreads.  
Towards the mossy walls he looks with rage.  
He longs to shed Cathulla's noble blood,  
Who once o'ercame the battling king in war.  
When Annir, father of the car-borne Frothal,  
In Sora reign'd, a blast rose on the sea,  
And Frothal carried to Inis-tore.  
Three days he feasted high in Sarno's halls,  
And saw Comala of slow-rolling eyes.  
The chieftain lov'd her in the rage of youth,  
And rushed the white-armed maid to seize.  
Cathulla met the chief. The battle rose.  
Frothal, o'ercome, is in the hall confin'd :  
Three days he pined, lonely, in his chains.  
On the fourth, Sarno sent him to his ship,  
And he returned to his native land.  
But vengeance darken'd on his sullen soul  
Against Cathulla. When king Annir's stone

Of fame arose, Frothal came in his strength.  
Round Carric-thura the fierce battle burn'd,  
And spread its flame through Sarno's mossy walls.

The morning rose on rocky Inis-tore.  
The gloomy Frothal struck his dark-brown shield.  
His chiefs around him started at the sound ;  
They stood, but to the sea their eyes were turn'd.  
They saw brave Fingal coming in his strength ;  
And first the noble Thubar turn'd and spoke.

Who like the stag of the grey mountain comes,  
With all his herd behind him ? King Frothal,  
It is a foe ; I see his forward spear.  
Perhaps it is Fingal, the first of men,  
The mighty king of Morven's roaring streams.  
His actions on high Gormal are well known ;  
In Starno's halls is the blood of his foes.  
Shall I ask of the chief the peace of kings ?  
His power is like the thunder of high heaven.

Son of the feeble hand, stern Frothal said,  
Shall I begin my days in darkness ? Shall  
I, noble chief of streamy Tora, yield  
Before I have in battle overcome ?  
In Sora would the taunting people say,  
Frothal flew forward like a meteor, but  
The dark cloud met it, and it is no more.  
No : noble Thubar, I will never yield ;

My glory shall surround me like the light.  
No: king of Tora, I will never yield.

With the stream of his people he went forth,  
But in the current's course they met a rock :  
Brave Fingal stood unmoved in the tide,  
Broken they rolled backward from his side.  
Nor did the flying foe in safety roll ;  
The king's victorious spear pursued their flight.  
The field is covered with heroes slain.  
A rising hill preserv'd the flying host.

Frothal in sorrow saw his people's flight.  
The violent fury of his bosom rose.  
His wrathful eyes he bent towards the ground,  
And to the noble Thubar straightways call'd.  
Thubar ! my valiant chief ! my people fled.  
My fame has by their flying, ceas'd to rise.  
I'll fight the king ; I feel my burning soul.  
Send forth a bard the combat to demand.  
Speak not against unhappy Frothal's words. —  
But, Thubar ! my true friend, I love a maid ;  
She lives by Thano's swiftly-rolling stream,  
The snowy-bosom'd daughter of Herman,  
Utha the fair with the soft-rolling eyes.  
She fear'd the lovely maid of Inis-tore :  
At my departure her soft sighs arose.  
Tell to the fair Utha that I am low ;  
But that my soul delighted in her charms.

Such were his words, resolv'd to fight the king.  
But the soft sigh of Utha was at hand.  
She had her hero followed o'er the sea,  
In the bright armour of a valiant man.  
She from beneath a glittering helmet roll'd  
Her eye, in secret, on the noble youth.  
But now she saw the bard as he went on,  
And thrice the spear fell from her trembling hand.  
Her loosen'd hair flew, waving, in the wind.  
Her snowy bosom rose with heaving sighs.  
Unto the king she lifted up her eyes ;  
She would speak to the chief, but thrice she fail'd.

Brave Fingal heard the challenge from the bard ;  
He forward stalked in the strength of steel.  
The heroes met ; they mix'd their deathful spears,  
And rais'd the gleam of their uplifted swords.  
But Fingal's steel descended in his might  
And cut enraged Frothal's shield in twain.  
His fair side is exposed to the blow ;  
Half bent he his immediate death foresees.

Darkness now gathered on Utha's soul.  
The briny tear roll'd down her lovely cheek.  
She rush'd the chief to cover with her shield ;  
But a fallen oak met her unguarded steps.  
She forward fell upon her arm of snow ;  
Her shield, her glittering helmet widely flew.  
Her lovely bosom heaved to the sight ;  
Her dark-brown hair is spread upon the earth.

Fingal had pity on the white-arm'd maid :  
Th' uplifted sword he at the instant stay'd.  
In the king's eye stood the high-swelled tear,  
As bending forward he to Frothal spoke.  
Brave king of Sora ! fear not Fingal's sword.  
It with blood of the vanquish'd ne'er was stain'd ;  
Its point did never pierce a fallen foe.  
Let now my people in their hearts rejoice,  
Along the dark-blue waters of Sora :  
Let the fair maidens of thy love be glad.  
Why should'st thou fall in thy expanding youth,  
Thou royal sapling—streamy Sora's king ?

The words of Fingal the brave Frothal heard,  
And saw the rising maid in all her charms :  
The twain, in silence, in their beauty stood :  
Like two young trees upon the verdant plain,  
When the soft song of spring is on their leaves,  
And the loud winds into a calm are laid.

Lovely daughter of Herman, Frothal said,  
Didst thou come from the banks of Tora's streams ;  
Didst thou come in thy beauty, to behold  
Thy warrior low ? But he was low before  
The mighty, maid of the slow-rolling eye !  
The feeble did not Annir's son o'ercome.  
O king of Morven ! terrible art thou,  
In battles of the spear ! But, thou, in peace,  
Art like the sun, when he looks through a shower :



Before him the fair flowers lift their heads ;  
And the soft breezes shake their rustling wings.  
O that thou wert in Sora's ancient halls !  
That my feast of carousing shells were spread !  
The future kings of Sora would behold  
Thy armour and rejoice. They would rejoice  
At the fame of their fathers, who beheld  
The mighty Fingal, woody Morven's king.

Son of car-borne Annir, replied the king,  
The fame of Sora's race shall long be heard.  
When strong in battle are the valiant chiefs,  
Then does the song arise ! But if their swords  
Are stretched o'er the feeble : if the blood  
Of the weak warrior has stain'd their arms ;  
The bard in martial song shall them forget,  
And their recording tombs shall not be known.  
The stranger from a foreign land shall come,  
Remove the heap'd-up earth, and there shall build.  
A sword half-worn shall before him rise ;  
And bending, pensive, o'er it he will say,  
“ These are the rusty arms of chiefs of old,  
But in the song their names are not renown'd.”  
Come, Frothal, to the feast of Inis-tore ;  
Let the fair maiden of thy love be there ;  
And with joy will our faces brighten high.

Fingal his massy spear then lifted up,  
Moving stately in the steps of his might.  
The gates of Carric-thura are unbar'd,



The gates of Carric-thura are unbarr'd,  
And opened wide. The feast of shells is spread.  
The voice of music in the hall arose ;  
And gladness brighten'd on the mossy towers.  
The voice of Ullin of the song is heard ;  
The tuneful harp of Selma was now strung.  
Fair Utha in his presence did rejoice,  
And asked of the bard the song of grief ;  
The big tear hung in her slow-rolling eye,  
When the soft-armed maid, Crimora, spoke.  
Crimora the fair daughter of Rinval,  
Who dwelt at Lotha's mighty-rolling stream.  
The tale was long, but lovely to be told ;  
And pleas'd the soul of Tora's blushing maid.

## CRIMORA.

Who cometh on so stately from the hill,  
Like a cloud tinged with the western beam ?  
Whose voice is that I hear, loud as the wind,  
But pleasant as the sprightly Carril's harp ?  
It is my hero in the light of steel ;  
But sad and gloomy is his manly brow.  
Do the brave race of mighty Fingal live ?  
Or what distress disturbs my Connal's soul ?

## CONNAL.

The race of Fingal live. I saw the chiefs,  
Like beam of light returning from the chace.  
The mid-day sun was on their brazen shields.

They from the hill descended like a ridge  
Of flaming meteors. Loud is the voice  
Of the brave youth ; the war, my love, is near.  
Dargo the terrible to-morrow comes  
To try the force and valour of our race.  
The race of Fingal boldly he defies ;  
The race of awful battle, and of wounds.

## CRIMORA.

His sails, Connal, I saw like grey mist on  
The sable wave. They slowly came to land.  
The warriors many are in Dargo's train.

## CONNAL.

Thy father's shield, Crimora, bring to me ;  
The bossy, brazen shield of brave Rinval ;  
That grey, extended shield like the full moon  
When it moves darken'd through the cloudy heaven.

## CRIMORA.

That shield, O Connal, I do bring to thee ;  
But my brave father it did not defend.  
He by the deadly spear of Gormar fell.  
Thou may'st, O valiant Connal, fall like him !

## CONNAL.

Crimora, fall I may. But raise my tomb.  
A pile of mossy stones, a mound of earth,  
Shall keep my memory to future times.

Bend over my grey tomb thy reddened eye,  
And thy high-heaving breast in sorrow beat.  
'Though fair thou art, and lovely, as the light ;  
More pleasant than the gale that fans the hill ;  
Yet from the fight thy hero will not stay.  
O my Crimora ! raise my distant tomb.

## CRIMORA.

Then give to me, my chief, those arms of light ;  
That shining sword, and that bright spear of steel.  
With thee I shall the mighty Dargo meet,  
And aid my lovely Connal in the fight.  
Farewel, ye rocks of Ardven's sounding shore !  
Ye deer ! and ye streams of the hill ! farewel.  
To our green plains we shall return no more.  
'The tombs of our renown are distant far.

And did the warriors return no more ?  
Said sorrowing Utha with a bursting sigh.  
Did the brave chieftain in the battle fall,  
And did the faithful maid, Crimora, live ?  
Her steps were lonely on the distant hills,  
And sad for Connal was her troubled soul.  
Was he not young and lovely ; like the beam  
Of the bright-setting sun ? Old Ullin saw  
The virgin's tear, and took the trembling harp :  
The song was lovely, but in measure sad,  
And silence reign'd in Carric-thura's halls.

Dark on the mountains autumn now appears ;  
Grey mist floats slowly on the distant hills.  
The whirlwind on the east is heard afar.  
Dark rolls the river through the narrow plain.  
A tree stands on the heathy hill alone,  
And marks the place where slumb'ring Connal lies.  
The falling leaves whirl with the rustling wind,  
And strew the narrow dwelling of the dead.  
At times the ghosts of the deceas'd are seen,  
When o'er the heath the hunter stalks alone.

Who can, O Connal! the deep fountain reach  
Of thy brave race? and thy forefathers tell?  
Thy family, renown'd in deeds of war,  
Grew like an oak upon the mountain top,  
Which meets the tempest with its lofty head.  
But now it from the fostering earth is torn.  
Who shall the place of Connal now supply?

Here was the awful din of rattling arms ;  
And here the hollow groans of dying chiefs.  
Deathful and bloody all are Fingal's wars!  
O valiant Connal! here 'twas thou didst fall.  
Thine arm was like a tempest on the hill ;  
Thy sword a beam of the wide-brightening sky ;  
Thy height a rock amidst the desert plain ;  
Thine eyes, a furnace of far-blighting fire.  
Thy voice was louder than the roaring storm,  
In the fierce battles of thy shining steel.

Brave warriors fell by thy destroying sword,  
As thistles by the staff of sportive boy.

The mighty Dargo to the fight came on,  
Like a dark cloud of thunder o'er the heath.  
Contracted were his stern and gloomy brows.  
His eyes like two dark caverns in a rock.  
Bright rose their shining weapons on each side ;  
Dire was the clang of their conflicting steel.

The lovely daughter of Rinval was near :  
Crimora bright in the armour of man ;  
Her yellow hair is flying loose behind,  
And her bent bow of yew is in her hand.  
The noble youth she followed to the war,  
Connal the brave her much beloved chief.  
On Dargo she the twanging bow string drew ;  
But erring pierced her lov'd Connal's heart.  
Like felled oak he falleth on the plain ;  
Like a huge rock rent from the shaggy hill.  
O hapless maid ! what shall Crimora do !  
Her Connal bleeds ; her valiant chieftain dies.  
The live long night the maiden cries, and all  
The day, O Connal, my love, and my friend !  
With grief the sad and hapless mourner dies.

The loveliest pair earth covers on the hill.  
The grass grows o'er the covering of the tomb ;  
I often sit in the dark, mournful shade.

The wind sighs doleful through the waving grass ;  
Their mem'ry rushes on my pensive mind.  
Now undisturbed ye together sleep ;  
Within the mountain tomb ye rest alone.

And soft, said Utha, be your lonely rest,  
Ye hapless children of dark Lotha's streams.  
I will your loves remember with my tears,  
And in your praise my secret song shall rise ;  
When the wind whistles loud in Tora's groves,  
And the dark mountain-stream is roaring near.  
Then shall ye come on my reflecting soul,  
With all the burden of your lovely grief.

Three days the kings the festive mirth enjoy'd :  
Upon the fourth their snowy sails arose.  
The northern winds do carry o'er the waves,  
Brave Fingal's ship to Morven's woody land.  
But the divining Spirit of Loda sat  
Behind the ships of Frothal, in his cloud.  
He forward hung with all his surly blasts,  
And his white-bosom'd sails spread to the gale.  
The wounds of his fair form were not forgot ;  
He feared still the hand of Morven's king.

THE  
**Songs of Selma.**

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THE ARGUMENT.

THIS poem fixes the antiquity of a custom, which is well known to have prevailed afterwards, in the north of Scotland, and in Ireland. The bards, at an annual feast, provided by the king or chief, repeated their poems, and such of them as were thought, by him, worthy of being preserved, were carefully taught to their children, in order to have them transmitted to posterity. It was one of these occasions that afforded the subject of the present poem.

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**STAR** of the falling night! fair is thy light  
As thou descendest the clear western sky!  
Thou liftest from thy cloud thy unshorn head:  
Thy glittering steps are stately on the hill.  
What dost thou in the streamy plain behold?  
Upon the heath the stormy winds are laid.  
The murmur of the torrent comes from far.  
The roaring billows climb the distant rock.  
The flies of even are on their feeble wings,  
And the hum of their course is on the field.  
Fair light! what dost thou from thy sky behold?

But thou dost only smile and pass away.  
The rolling waves around thee come with joy,  
And in their bosom bathe thy lovely hair.  
Farewel, thou silent beam! Let Ossian's soul  
Arise unclouded for the martial song.

And the light does in its full strength arise!  
In thought I my departed friends behold.  
On streamy Lora do the heroes meet,  
As in the days of battle that are past.  
Great Fingal, like a misty column comes;  
His heroes of the steel are all around.  
And see! the bards of the recording song;  
Grey-haired Ullin; stately Ryno; with  
Alpin, and Minona of soft complaint!  
How are ye chang'd, my friends, since the bright  
days  
Of Selma's feast! when we contended, like  
The gales of spring, that, flying o'er the hill,  
By turns do bend the feebly-whistling grass.

Forth fair Minona in her beauty came;  
With down-cast look and tearful eye; her hair  
Flew on the blast that rushed from the hill.  
Sad were the heroes' souls when the fair maid  
In gentle song her tuneful voice did raise;  
For often they had seen brave Salgar's grave,  
And the white-bosom'd Colma's dark abode.  
Colma left on the hill alone, with all



Her voice of music! Salgar promised  
To come to her: but night descended round.  
Hear the white-bosom'd Colma's plaintive voice,  
When on the desert hill she sat alone!

## COLMA.

'Tis night in all its gloom; I am alone,  
Forlorn upon the dreary hill of storms.  
The rustling wind is on the mountain heard.  
The roaring torrent tumbles down the rock.  
No hut receives me from the beating rain;  
Forlorn is Colma on the hill of winds.

Rise, moon! a beam show from behind thy clouds;  
Stars of the night appear upon your sky!  
Lead me, some light, to the place where my love  
Rests from the toils of the high-bounding chace!  
Near him his bow, unstrung; his weary dogs  
Around him panting. But here I must sit  
Alone, by the rock of the mossy stream.  
The mountain-stream and rushing tempest roar;  
Nor can I hear the voice of my true love.

Why stays my Salgar, why, son of the hill,  
Does he his promise to his love delay?  
Here is the rock, the tree, and roaring stream,  
Thou didst make promise to be here with night.  
Ah! whither is my noble Salgar gone?  
With thee, my father, I would gladly fly;

With thee, my brother, in thy pride of arms.  
Our race have long been foes; but we are not,  
O Salgar! foes. Why tarrieth my friend!  
Cease thou a little while, O rustling wind!  
A little while be silent murm'ring stream!  
Let my voice over the wide heath be heard;  
Let my beloved wanderer hear my plaint.  
Salgar! 'tis I who call. Here is the tree,  
And here the rock. Salgar, my love! I'm here.  
Why dost thou thy fair promise thus delay?

Lo! the bright moon appeareth through the clouds.  
The rolling flood is brighten'd in the vale.  
The rocks are grey upon the mountain-top.  
But him I see not on the brow; his dogs  
Before him do not of his coming tell.  
Here I must sit alone, and wail my fate.

But who are these that lie upon the heath?  
Are they my brother, and my valiant chief?  
Speak to me, O my friends! they answer not.  
My soul tormented is with killing fears.—  
Ah! they are dead. Their swords red from the  
fight!

My brother! O my brother! why hast thou  
My noble Salgar slain? why, O Salgar!  
Hast thou my brother with thy weapon slain?  
Dear were ye both to me! what shall I say  
In praise of the dear warriors that are low?

Thou among thousands on the hill wert fair;  
He in the battle terrible was seen.  
Speak to me; hear my voice, sons of my love!  
But mute, alas! they are; for ever mute!  
Lifeless and cold are their fair breasts of clay!

Oh! from the sounding rock of the steep hill;  
From the top of the windy mountain, speak.  
Ghosts of the dead! I shall not be afraid.  
Whither, ye spirits are ye gone to rest?  
In what cave shall I find you of the hill?  
No feeble voice is heard upon the wind:  
No half-drown'd answer in the upland storms.

I sit in sorrow on my lonely hill.  
I wait for morning in my tears of grief.  
Ye good friends of the dead, rear the dark tomb:  
But close it not till hapless Colma come.  
My life like airy vision flies away:  
Why should I stay behind? Here shall I rest  
With my friends undisturbed, by the stream.  
When on the hill the gloomy night comes down;  
When the loud-whistling wind is on the heath;  
My ghost shall stand upon the winged wind,  
And mourn the death of my renowned friends.  
The hunter from his booth shall hear the sound.  
He shall both fear and love my plaintive voice.  
For sweet for my dear friends shall my voice be;  
For pleasant were the warriors both to me.

Such was thy mournful song, fair Minona,  
Thou softly-blushing maiden of Torman.  
Our tears for Colma fell—our souls were sad.  
Ullin came forward with the tuneful harp,  
And gave the song of Alpin. Pleasant was  
The voice of Alpin: as a beam of fire  
Was the soul of brave Ryno in the song.  
But they had rested in the narrow house:  
And their voice was not heard in Selma's halls.  
Ullin one day had from the chace return'd;  
Before the brave and lovely heroes fell.  
He heard their strife; their song was soft but sad.  
They mourn'd the fall of Morar, first of men.  
His soul in courage was like Fingal's soul;  
His sword in battle shone like Oscar's sword.  
But he fell fighting, and his father mourn'd:  
His sister's grief-full eyes were full of tears.—  
Minona, car-borne Morar's sister, wept.  
From the grave song of Ullin she retir'd,  
Like the moon in the west, when she foresees  
A shower, and her fair head hides in a cloud.  
I touch'd the harp with Ullin; the sad song  
Of mourning rose upon the echoing hill.

## RYNO.

The stormy wind and rain are past and gone.  
Calm and delightful is the noon of day.  
The clouds divided are in heaven's face.  
O'er the green hills flies the inconstant sun.

Red through the stony vale comes down the stream  
Of the brown hill. Sweet is thy sound, O stream!  
But sweeter than thy murmurs is the voice  
I hear upon the hill. 'Tis Alpin's voice,  
'The son of song, loud-mourning for the dead.  
Bent is his head of age, and red his eyes  
Bedew'd with tears. Alpin, thou son of song,  
Why on the silent hill art thou alone?  
Why murm'rest thou as a blast in the wood;  
As a wave rolling on the lonely shore?

## ALPIN.

My tears, O Ryno! for the dead are shed;  
My voice, for the still tenants of the grave.  
Comely and tall thou art upon the hill:  
Fair art thou 'mong the heroes of the plain.  
But thou shalt like the mighty Morar fall.  
And on thy tomb shall the sad mourner sit.  
The hills and valleys know thee shall no more;  
Thy bow shall be in thy dark hall, unstrung.

Swift wert thou, Morar! as a bounding roe;  
Terrible as a meteor of fire.  
Thy wrath was as the tempest of the hill.  
Thy sword in fight as lightning in the field.  
Thy voice was like a streamlet after rain;  
Like thunder rolling loud on distant hills.  
Many brave chieftains by thine arm fell;  
In the flames of thy wrath they were consum'd.

But when thou didst return from wasting war,  
How peaceful and composed was thy brow.  
Like the sun after rain was thy fair face;  
Like the bright moon in the still hours of night;  
Calm as the lake when the loud wind is laid.

Small is the compass of thy dwelling now ;  
Dismal and dark the place of thine abode.  
With three short steps I mete thy humble grave ;  
O thou who wast so great in former days !  
Four stones, upreared, with their heads of moss,  
Are the memorial alone of thee.  
A tempest-beaten tree with scarce a leaf,  
Long grass which whistles in the rustling wind,  
Mark to the bounding hunter's eye the grave  
In which the mighty Morar quietly lies.  
Morar ! indeed thou humble art and low.  
No mother hast thou to lament thy fall,  
No soft-arm'd maiden with her tears of love.  
Dead and laid low is she that brought thee forth.  
Fallen is the fair daughter of Morglan.

Who on his staff is this ? who's this, whose head  
Is white with age, whose eyes are red with tears,  
Who quakes at every feeble step. It is  
Thy father, O Morar ! the father of  
No son but thee. He heard of thy renown  
In battle ; and he heard of foes dispers'd.  
He heard of Morar's fame ; why did he not

Hear also of the hero's deadly wound ?  
Weep, and bewail, thou father of Morar !  
Weep ; but thy son thy sorrow heareth not.  
Deep is the sleep of heroes in the grave ;  
Low is their pillow in their bed of dust.  
No more the voice of mourning shall he hear :  
No more at thy glad call shall he awake.  
O when shall it be morning in the tomb,  
To bid the slumberer from his bed arise ?

Farewell, thou bravest of all mortal men !  
Farewell, thou noble conqueror in the field !  
But thee the field of war shall see no more ;  
Nor the dark wood be lighten'd in the beam  
Of thy bright-shining steel. Thou hast no son.  
But thy name shall the martial song preserve.  
The chiefs of future times shall hear of thee ;  
They of the fallen Morar's might shall hear.

The grief of all arose : each heart was sad.  
But most the mournful breathing of Armin.  
He bears in mind the death of his brave son,  
Who fell in battle in his youthful days.  
Carmor, the chief of echoing Galmal,  
Was near the hero in his bursting sigh.  
Why sighs Armin so mournful, Carmor said ?  
Is there a cause to grieve your hours away ?  
The song comes, with its music, on the ear,  
To melt and please the sorrow-burthen'd soul.



It is like mist, that, rising from a lake,  
Pours, softly-floating, on the silent vale ;  
'The opening flowers are filled all with dew,  
But the bright sun returneth in his strength,  
And the grey mist is from the valley gone. .  
Why art thou, Armin, chief of Gorma, sad ?

Sad ! I'm indeed : nor small my cause of woe !  
Carmor, no valiant son hast thou e'er lost ;  
Thou hast no daughter lost for beauty fam'd.  
Colgar the hero lives ; and Annira  
For lovely face and form renowned far.  
The boughs, O Carmor ! of thy race do thrive,  
But Armin of his family is the last.  
Dark, lovely Dauna ! is thy lonesome bed,  
And deep thy slumbers in the silent tomb.  
When shalt thou with thy joyous songs awake ?  
When shalt thou with thy voice of music come ?

Rise, winds of autumn, rise ; blow on the heath !  
Streams of the mountains, in your falling, roar !  
Howl, ye fierce tempests, in the lofty oak !  
Walk thorough broken clouds, O lovely moon !  
By intervals thy pale complexion show !  
Bring to my mind that sad and mournful night,  
When all my children in death's arms fell ;  
When Arindal the valiant was laid low ;  
When the most lovely Daura ceas'd to live.



Daura, my daughter ! thou, indeed, wert fair ;  
Fair as the moon on Fura's lofty hills ;  
White as the snow ; sweet as the breathing gale.  
Arindal, strong was thy long bow of yew,  
Swift in the field was thy high-glittering spear :  
Thy look was like the mist upon the wave ;  
Thy shield, a reddened vapour in a storm.  
Renowned in the war brave Armar, came,  
And sought fair Daura's love ; he was not long  
Denied by the maid ; it pleas'd their friends.

Erath, the son of Odgal, did repine ;  
Because his brother by Armar was slain.  
Like a son of the sea he came disguis'd :  
Fair was his skiff upon the rolling wave ;  
White were his locks ; and calm his aged brow.  
Fairest of women, the false warrior said,  
O lovely daughter of Armin ! a rock  
Not distant far in the blue-rolling sea,  
A tree bears on its side ; red shines the fruit.  
'There Armar waits for Daura. Hither I  
Came, his true love to carry o'er the sea.

The maiden went ! and called on Armar.  
Nought answer'd but the voice of echoing rock.  
Armar, my love ! my love ! why dost thou me  
Torment with fear ? hear, son of Ardnart, hear :  
It is thy faithful Daura who thee calls !  
Erath, the traitor, laughing fled to land.

She, seiz'd with terror, lifted up her voice,  
And for her brother and her father cried,  
Arindal! Armin! none Daura to relieve!

Her voice, fraught with distress, came o'er the sea,  
My son, Arindal, from the hill came down;  
Rough in the booty of the mountain-chace.  
His plumed arrows rattled by his side;  
His well-strung bow was in his powerful hand:  
Five dark-grey dogs attended his long steps.  
He saw fierce Erath lingering on the shore:  
He seiz'd and quickly bound him to an oak.  
Thick fly the pliant thongs around his limbs;  
With his tremendous groans he loads the wind.

Arindal in his boat ascends the deep,  
To bring the fearful Daura to the land.  
Armar in his fierce wrath came to the shore,  
And the grey-feather'd, deadly shaft let fly.  
In passing through the air it sung; it sunk  
In thy fair breast, O Arindal, my son!  
For the base traitor Erath thou didst die.  
The oar at once is stopped in the wave;  
He panted on the rock and lifeless fell.  
What is thy grief, O Daura, when around  
'Thy lovely feet is pour'd thy brother's blood.

In twain the boat is broken by the waves,  
Fierce Armar plunges straight into the sea,  
To rescue his lov'd Daura or to die.

A sudden blast comes sweeping from the hill,  
The struggling hero sunk, and rose no more.

Alone, my daughter on the sea-beat rock  
Was heard in voice distressful to complain.  
Frequent and loud were her lamenting cries ;  
Nor could her father come to her relief.  
All night I hopeless stood upon the shore.  
I saw her by the moon's faint-shining beam.  
Her cries all night I heard. Loud was the wind ;  
And on the mountain side the rain beat hard.  
Before the morn appear'd, her voice was weak.  
It died away like the soft evening breeze  
Among the withered grass upon the rocks.  
Spent with the cries of sorrow, she expired,  
And left thee, Armin, to bewail alone :  
Gone is my strength for ever in the war,  
And fallen among women is my pride.

When from the mountain come the rushing storms ;  
When the north tempest lifts the waves on high ;  
I sit in sadness by the sounding shore,  
And with dim eyes look on the fatal rock.  
Oft' by the setting moon I see the ghosts  
Of my departed children. Half unseen  
They in sad conference together walk.  
Will none of you in pity speak to me ?  
Their aged father they do not regard.  
O Carmor ! sad and sorrowful I am,  
Nor small may be esteem'd my cause of woe !

Such were the words of hoary-headed bards  
In the eventful days of martial song ;  
When the king heard the music of the harps,  
And the recorded tales of other times.  
The chiefs from all their hills together met,  
And heard with willing ears the lovely sound.  
They praised Cona's voice ! the first to join,  
Among a thousand bards, the tuneful string.  
But age is now upon my trem'lous tongue ;  
And my spirit has fail'd. I hear, sometimes,  
The ghosts of bards, and learn their pleasant song.  
But memory fails upon my weaken'd mind ;  
I hear from all around the call of years.  
They say, as they together pass along,  
Why does old Ossian tune the harp and sing ?  
Soon shall he lie in the dark, narrow, house,  
And his renown no future bard shall raise.

Roll on, ye dark-brown years, and pass away,  
For on your gloomy course ye bring no joy.  
Open to Ossian let the silent tomb,  
For his once famed strength is gone by age.  
The bright sons of the song are gone to rest ;  
My hollow voice remaineth, like a blast,  
That, lonely, roars on a sea-circled rock,  
After the winds upon the waves are laid.  
The dark moss whistles on its summit, and  
The distant seaman sees the waving trees.

# Calthon and Colmal :

## A POEM.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

THIS Poem is addressed to one of the first christian missionaries. Dunthalmo was lord of Teutha, supposed to be the Tweed; and Rathmor dwelt at Clutha, well known to be the river Clyde. Rathmor was generous and hospitable: Dunthalmo was cruel and ambitious. Dunthalmo, through some private quarrel, murdered Rathmor at a feast; but being afterwards touched with remorse, he educated the two sons of Rathmor, Calthon and Colmar, in his own house. They growing up to man's estate, dropped some hints that they intended to revenge the death of their father, upon which Dunthalmo shut them up in two caves on the banks of Teutha, intending to take them off privately. Colmal, the daughter of Dunthalmo, who was secretly in love with Calthon, helped him to make his escape, and fled with him to Fingal, disguised in the habit of a young warrior, and implored his aid against Dunthalmo. Fingal sent Ossian with three hundred men, to Colmar's relief. Dunthalmo having previously murdered Colmar, came to a battle with Ossian, but he was killed by that hero, and his army defeated. Calthon married Colmal his deliverer; and Ossian returned to Morven.

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**D**ELIGHTFUL is the music of thy song,  
Thou lonely dweller of the rocky cave.  
It comes on the sweet-murm'ring of the stream,  
Along the windings of the narrow vale.

My soul awakes, O stranger ! in my hall.  
I stretch my hand to take the heavy spear,  
As in the strength of youth of other years.  
I stretch my hand, but it is feeble ; and  
The languid sigh of my weak bosom grows.  
Son of the lonely, hollow rock ; wilt thou  
Not listen to the song of Ossian ?  
My soul is full of deeds of other times ;  
The pleasure of my vigorous youth returns.  
Thus the bright sun appeareth in the west,  
When he has hid his face behind a storm ;  
The verdant hills do lift their dewy heads :  
The azure streams rejoice along the vale.  
Forth on his staff the aged hero comes,  
And his grey hair waves glittering in the beam.

Son of the lonely rock, dost thou not see  
A dark-brown shield in Ossian's lofty hall ?  
With the fierce strokes of battle it is mark'd ;  
And the bright polish of its studs has fail'd.  
'That gloomy shield the great Dunthalmo bore,  
The cruel chief of streamy Teutha's vales.  
Dunthalmo, in his battles bore the shield,  
Before he fell by Ossian's deadly spear.  
Revered son of the retired rock,  
Attend to the sad tale of other years.

Rathmor of Clutha was a famous chief.  
The weak and needy dwelt within his hall.

The gates of Rathmor closed never were ;  
His hospitable feast was always spread.  
The sons of the stranger, journeying, came,  
And bless'd the generous chief of Clutha's streams.  
Bards rais'd the song, and touch'd the tuneful harp :  
And joy did brighten in the mournful face.  
Dunthalmo came, in his ambitious pride,  
And rush'd into the combat of Rathmor.  
The generous chief of Clutha overcame:  
The violent anger of Dunthalmo rose—  
With his bold warriors, by night, he came,  
And in the fight the mighty Rathmor fell.  
He fell, renowned, in the lofty hall,  
Where often was his feast for strangers spread.

Colmar and Calthon, Rathmor's sons, were young.  
They came in the bright joy of youth, into  
Their father's hall. They see him in his blood,  
And bursting tears descend their lovely cheeks.  
Melted in pity was Dunthalmo's soul,  
When he the comely sons of youth beheld :  
He brought them to Alteutha's mossy walls ;  
In the dark mansion of their foe they grew.—  
They in his presence bent the twanging bow ;  
And forth in armour to his battles came.

In sadness they beheld the fallen walls ;  
The desolation of their father's towers ;  
They saw the green thorn growing in the hall,



Where joy and festive mirth did once abound.  
Their tears in secret trickled down their cheeks ;  
And mournful were their faces at the sight.  
The base Dunthalmo saw their secret grief :  
His darkening soul design'd their death. He clos'd  
Them in two caves on Teutha's echoing banks.  
The sun with his bright beams did not come there ;  
Nor did the moon of heaven shine there by night.  
The sons of Rathmor in the gloom remain'd,  
And, in their darkness, they their deaths foresaw.

The lovely daughter of Dunthalmo wept ;  
The fair-hair'd Colmal in deep silence mourn'd.  
On Calthon had her eye in secret roll'd ;  
His loveliness sat in her swelled soul.  
She trembled for her noble warrior's fate ;  
But what could Colmal do ? Her arm could not  
Uplift the heavy spear ; nor was the sword  
Form'd for her side, unus'd to warlike arms.  
Her snowy breast ne'er rose beneath a mail.  
Nor was her eye the terror of great men.  
What canst thou do, O Colmal ! for the chief ?  
Unequal are her steps ; her hair is loose :  
Her eye look'd wildly through her flowing tears.  
To the high-trophied hall by night she came ;  
And arm'd her lovely form in shining steel ;  
The steel of a young warrior, who fell  
In his first show of prowess in the field.  
She to the cave of Calthon quickly came,  
And loosed from his hands the galling thong.



Arise, brave son of Rathmor, Colmal said,  
Arise, make your escape, the night is dark.  
Let us to the great King of Selma fly,  
Thou noble chief of fallen Clutha's race!  
I am the son of Lamgal, who did dwell  
In thy brave father's hall. I heard of thy  
Dark dwelling in the cave, and my soul rose.  
Rise, son of Rathmor, for the night is dark.

Blest voice! replied the released chief,  
Cam'st thou, young hero, from the rolling clouds?  
For the ghosts of his fathers oft' descend  
To Calthon's dreams, since from his eyes the sun  
Has his bright beams withdrawn, and darkness has  
Around him dwelt, in his retired cave.  
Or art thou the son of Lamgal, the chief  
I often saw in Clutha's echoing halls?  
But will I fly to Fingal, Selma's king,  
And Colmar my imprison'd brother low?  
Will I to Morven fly, and the hero  
Shut up in darkness? No: son of Lamgal,  
Give me that spear that glitters by your side,  
Calthon his injur'd brother will defend.

A thousand heroes, the fair maid replied,  
Around the car-borne Colmar stretch their spears.  
What 'gainst so great a host can Calthon do?  
Let us to the great king of Morven fly,  
He will against our foes with battle come.

His arm to the unhappy is stretch'd forth ;  
The lightning of his sword is round the weak.  
Thou son of Rathmor, from thy darkness rise ;  
The shadows in thy mind will fly away.  
Dunthalmo on the field will see thy steps,  
And thou in thy bright days of youth must fall.

The sighing hero from his seat arose ;  
His tears for car-borne Colmar fast descend.  
He with the maiden came to Selma's hall ;  
But he knew not that it was fair Colmal.  
The helmet covered her lovely face ;  
And her breast rose beneath the shining steel.  
Fingal returned from the chase of hinds,  
And saw the lovely strangers. They were like  
Two beams of light in the midst of the hall.

The king of Morven heard the tale of grief ;  
And in his anger turn'd his eyes around.  
Half-rose a thousand heroes at his nod,  
The war of Teutha claiming with their looks.  
I with my spear descended from the hill,  
And in my breast the joy of battle rose :  
For the enraged king to Ossian spoke  
Amidst the people in their armour clad.

Son of my strength, he said, take thou the spear  
Of Fingal ; go to Teutha's mighty stream,  
And with thine arm the car-borne Colmar save.

Let thy fame like a pleasant gale return  
Before thee from the field ; that my full soul  
May over my undaunted son rejoice,  
Who the renown of our brave race renews.  
In battle, Ossian, be thou a storm ;  
But mild and gentle when the foes are low !  
Thus was it, O my son, my fame arose ;  
And be thou in thy fame like Selma's chief.  
When to my halls the haughty people come,  
Mine eyes, despising pride, behold them not.  
But to the unhappy forth my arm is stretch'd.  
My sword the humble and the weak defends.

In the king's words I greatly did rejoice :  
And took my rattling arms. Diaran rose  
Up at my side, and Dargo king of spears.  
Three hundred youths now followed our steps :  
The lovely strangers marched at my side.  
Dunthalmo heard the sound of our approach ;  
The strength of Teutha he together brought.  
He on the hill stood with his armed host ;  
They were like rocks by thunder broken up,  
When their bent trees are singed all and bare,  
And the streams flowing through their chinks have  
fail'd.

The stream of Teutha rolled in its pride,  
Before the gloomy foe. I sent a bard  
To dark Dunthalmo, Teutha's cruel lord,

To offer the fair combat on the plain ;  
But in the darkness of his pride he smil'd.  
His host unsettled moved on the hill ;  
Like the dark-moving of the mountain cloud,  
When the rude blast has entered its womb,  
And spreads the curling gloom on every side.

They brought the brave Colmar to Teutha's bank,  
Bound with a thousand thongs. The chief is sad,  
But lovely, and his eye is on his friends ;  
For we stood, in our arms, before the foe,  
The river Teutha rolling us between.  
Forth came Dunthalmo with his spear, and pierc'd  
The hero's side : he rolled on the bank  
In all his blood ; we heard his broken sighs.

Calthon then rush'd into the roaring stream :  
I bounded forward with my glittering spear.  
Dark Teutha's cruel race before us fell.  
Night in its awful gloom came rolling down.  
Dunthalmo rested on a mossy rock,  
Amidst the covert of an aged wood.  
The fury of his savage bosom burn'd  
Against the car-borne Calthon. But Calthon  
Stood in his grief ; he the fallen Colmar mourn'd ;  
Colmar the brave slain, ere his fame arose.

I bade the bard the song of woe to raise,  
To soothe the spirit of the mournful chief ;

But he stood sorrowful beneath a tree,  
And often on the earth did throw his spear.  
The humid eye of Colmal rolled near,  
In all the sweetness of a secret tear :  
Dunthalmo's fall the mournful maid foresaw,  
Or the death of dark Clutha's battling chief.

Now half the gloomy night had pass'd away.  
A solemn silence reigned on the field ;  
Sleep rested on the heroes' heavy eyes :  
The valiant Calthon's settling soul was still.  
Half-closed were his eyes : but the low sound  
Of Teutha's murmuring streams were in his ear.  
Pale, in his wounds, the ghost of Colmar came :  
He o'er the hero bent his head, and rais'd  
His feeble voice, expressive of his fate.

Sleeps the brave son of Rathmor in his night,  
In easeful slumber, and his brother low ?  
Did we not rise together to the chase,  
And on the hills pursue the dark brown hinds ?  
Colmar was not forgotten till he fell ;  
'Till death had blasted the bloom of his youth.  
Beneath the rock of Lona pale I lie.  
O let brave Calthon in his might arise !  
The morning cometh with its lovely beams ;  
And the fallen chief Dunthalmo will disgrace.

In his cloud-rolling blast he pass'd away,  
The rising Calthon his departure saw.

In the sound of his steel he rushed on ;  
And Colmal the unhappy maiden rose.  
She followed her hero through the night,  
And her long spear dragg'd heavily behind.  
But when sad Calthon came to Lona's rock,  
He found his fallen brother in his blood.  
The vengeful fury of his bosom rose,  
And desperately he rush'd among the foe.  
The groans of death unto the clouds ascend.  
The furious warriors close around the chief.  
The vanquish'd hero in the midst is bound,  
And to the presence of Dunthalmo brought.  
The savage shout of madden'd joy arose ;  
And the dark hills of night the sound replied.

I started at the sound : and took the spear  
My father wore. Diaran at my side  
Arose, and Dargo's youthful strength. We miss'd  
The chief of Clutha, and our souls were sad.  
I dreaded the departure of my fame ;  
The high pride of my valour quickly rose.

Ye sons of Morven to the chiefs I said,  
Is it not thus our fathers fought of old.  
They in the field of strangers rested not,  
When the foe did not fall before their swords.  
Their strength was like the eagles of the sky ;  
Their lasting fame is in the martial song.  
But by degrees our scattered people fall,

And our renown beginneth to depart.  
What shall the mighty king of Morven say,  
If Ossian conquers not at Teutha's streams?  
Rise, ye brave warriors in your shining steel,  
And follow the loud sound of Ossian's course.  
The chief will not return, but with renown,  
To meet the joy in Selma's echoing walls.

On Teutha's azure waters morning rose ;  
The fair Colmal in tears before me stood.  
She of the noble chief of Clutha told :  
And thrice the spear fell from her trembling hand.  
My wrath against the youthful stranger turn'd ;  
For my soul trembled for the brave Calthon.

Son of the feeble hand, I sternly said,  
Do Teutha's mighty warriors fight with tears ?  
The battle is not fought nor won with grief ;  
Nor dwells the sigh in the bright soul of war.  
Go to the deer that browse on Carmun heath,  
Or to the lowing herds of Teutha's vale.  
But leave these glittering arms, thou son of fear ;  
A warrior may lift them in the fight.

I from her shoulders tore the shining mail.  
Her snowy breast appeared full in view.  
Towards the ground she bent her ruddy face.  
I look'd in silence to the wondering chiefs.  
The spear, in my surprise, fell from my hand ;



And in my bosom rose the heaving sigh.  
But when I heard the lovely maiden's name,  
The crowding tears did from my eyes descend.  
I bless'd the fortune of the beam of youth,  
And bade the warriors to the battle move.

Why, thou grave son of the retired rock,  
Should Ossian tell how Teutha's warriors died ?  
Their names are now forgotten in their land ;  
And their low tombs are not found on the heath.  
With their defacing tempests years came on ;  
And the green mounds have mouldered away.  
Scarce is the grave of dark Dulthalmo seen,  
Or the place where by Ossian's spear he fell.  
Some grey-hair'd warrior, half blind with age,  
Sitting by night before the flaming oak,  
Which in the festive hall adds to his joy ;  
Now tells my actions to his valiant sons,  
And the glad story of Dunthalmo's fall.  
The faces of the youth bend to his voice :  
Surprize and joy burn in their sparkling eyes.

Rathmor's brave son bound to an oak I found ;  
My sword the galling thongs cut from his hands.  
And I the lovely Colmal to him gave.  
The lovers in the halls of Teutha dwelt ;  
And Ossian return'd to Selma's towers.



# Lathmon:

## A POEM.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

LATHMON a British prince, taking the advantage of Fingal's absence in Ireland, made a descent on Morven, and advanced within sight of Selma the royal palace. Fingal arrived in the mean time, and Lathmon retreated to a hill, where his army was surprised by night, and himself taken prisoner by Ossian and Gaul the son of Morni.

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SILENT, now, Selma are thy lofty halls.  
There is no sound in Morven's woody hills.  
Alone the billow tumbles on the coast.  
The silent sun-beam is upon the field.  
The lovely daughters of Morven come forth,  
Like the bright bow of heaven amidst a shower;  
They to green Ullin look with anxious eye  
For the white sails of the long-absent king.  
He had a promise given to return,  
But the rough tempests of the north arose.

Who pours so gloomy from the eastern hill  
Like a huge stream of darkness rolling down?  
It is the host of Lathmon. He has heard  
Of Fingal's absence. He trusts in the wind  
Adverse to his returning from the south.  
His soul doth brighten high with hopeful joy.  
Why dost thou, Lathmon, with thy warriors come?  
The mighty are not now in Selma's halls.  
Why com'st thou hither with thy forward spear?  
Will the fair daughters of great Morven fight?  
But stop, O mighty stream, in thy dark course!  
Does not Lathmon behold those snowy sails?  
Why dost thou vanish, Lathmon, like the mist  
That floats along the fresh-disturbed lake?  
But the loud-roaring tempest is behind thee,  
Fingal the mighty thy quick steps pursues!

The king of Morven quickly rose from sleep,  
As we roll'd slowly on the dark-blue wave.  
He stretch'd his hand towards his massy spear,  
And his well-armed heroes rose around.  
We knew that he had his brave fathers seen,  
For often they descended to his dreams,  
When the sword of the foe rose o'er the land;  
And the fight darken'd as we rushed on.

O whether hast thou fled, thou mighty wind,  
Impatiently the king of Morven said?  
Dost thou roar in the chambers of the south,

And the dark shower of other lands pursue?  
Why dost thou not come to my snowy sails?  
To the blue face of my slow-rolling seas?  
The foe is in the land of Morven, and  
The king is absent. But let each bind on  
His glittering mail, and each assume his shield.  
Over the azure wave stretch every spear;  
Let every warrior's sword be now unsheath'd.  
Stern Lathmon is before us with his host:  
He that from Fingal fled on Lona's plains.  
But he returns, like a collected stream,  
And his dread roar is between our hills.

Such were the words of Fingal on the sea.  
We rushed straight into Carmona's bay.  
Brave Ossian quickly did ascend the hill;  
And thrice he loudly struck his bossy shield.  
The rock of Morven to the sound replied;  
And the high-bounding roes came wondering forth.  
The foes were troubled in my presence: and  
Their darken'd host collected; for I stood  
Like a grey cloud upon the airy steep,  
Rejoicing in the armour of my youth.

Morni, the chieftain, sat beneath a tree,  
At the loud-roaring waters of Strumon:  
His hoary locks of age wave in the wind:  
He forward leans on his supporting staff;  
Young Gaul is near the hero, listening to

The story of the battles of his youth.  
Oft', in the ardour of his soul, he rose  
At the glad tale of Morni's mighty deeds.

The aged heard the sound of Ossian's shield :  
He knew the sign of battle. From his place  
At once he started. His grey hair did part  
Upon his back. He recollects the deeds  
Of valour in the fights of other years.  
My son, he said to fair-hair'd Gaul, I hear  
The sound of battle as approaching near.  
The mighty king of Morven is return'd,  
The sign of war is heard upon the coast,  
Go to the halls of Strumon, and bring thence  
His arms to Morni. The light armour bring  
Which in his age my valiant father wore,  
For my arm's strength for war begins to fail.  
O Gaul, thou valiant youth, thy armour take ;  
And to the first of thy battles rush on.  
Let thine arm reach to thy brave fathers' fame.  
Be thy course in the field of battle like  
The eagle's wing that pierceth through the clouds.  
Why should'st thou fear the face of death, my son ?  
The valiant fall upon the field of fame ;  
Their shields the stream of danger turn away,  
And on their hoary locks dwells high renown.  
Dost thou not see, O Gaul, how honoured are  
My steps of feeble age ? Morni comes forth,  
And the young meet him with respect, and turn  
Their eyes with silent joy, upon his course.

But I, my son, from danger never fled!  
My sword like lightning pierc'd through battle's  
gloom.

The stranger melted at my look of war;  
The mighty in my presence were laid low.

Gaul did forthwith the arms of Morni bring:  
The aged warrior clad himself with steel.  
He took the spear with pleasure in his hand,  
Which with the blood of heroes oft' was stain'd.  
He towards Fingal came, his valiant son  
His steps attended. The son of Comhal  
Rejoiced o'er the warrior when he came  
With warlike weapons in the locks of age.

King of the roaring Strumon of the hill!  
Said mighty Fingal in his rising joy;  
Do I behold thee in bright armour clad,  
After thy strength for feats of war has fail'd?  
In battles often has brave Morni shone,  
Like the refulgent beam of rising sun;  
When he the storms disperses of the hill,  
And peace and rest brings to the glittering fields.  
But why did'st thou not rest in thy old age?  
Thy high renown is in the martial song.  
With reverence the people thee behold,  
And the departure of great Morni bless.  
Why in thine age dost thou not take repose?  
For before Fingal vanish will the foe.

Son of Comhal, replied the aged chief,  
The strength of Morni's arm for war has fail'd.  
I the sword of my youth attempt to draw,  
But it remains unsheathed in its place.  
I throw the spear, but of the mark it falls  
Far short ; and the weight of my shield I feel.  
Like the grass of the mountain we decay,  
And our once boasted strength returns no more.  
A son I have, O Fingal, his soul has  
Delighted in the deeds of Morni's youth ;  
But his sword has not yet been lifted up  
Against the foe, nor has his fame begun.  
I come with him to battle, to direct  
His youthful arm. His high renown will be  
A sun unto my soul, in the dark hour  
Of my departure hence. O that the name  
Of Morni 'mong my people were forgot !  
'That chiefs in years to come, would only say,  
" Behold the father of the noble Gaul."

King of the roaring Strumon, Fingal said,  
'The sword shall valiant Gaul in battle lift.  
But he shall lift it before Fingal's face ;  
My arm shall in the fight his youth defend.  
But in the halls of Selma rest thou still ;  
And hear the joyful sound of our renown.  
Bid the soft harp to tuneful strains be strung ;  
And the voice of the bard in song arise,  
That those who fall may in their fame rejoice ;

And Morni's soul with gladness brighten high.  
Brave Ossian ! thou hast in battles fought :  
The blood of strangers on thy spear is seen :  
With Gaul let thy bright course be in the strife ;  
But from the side of Fingal don't depart :  
Lest by the foe you shall be found alone,  
And your distinguish'd fame at once shall fail.

I saw Gaul in his armour, and my soul  
Was mix'd with his : for in his glaring eyes  
'The fiery fury of the fight was seen !  
He looked forward to the foe with joy.  
'The words of friendship we in secret spoke :  
'The lightning of our swords together pour'd ;  
For we them drew in sport behind the wood,  
And tried our arms' strength in empty air.

Night now on Morven with its gloom came down.  
At the beam of the oak great Fingal sat ,  
Morni with his grey locks sat by his side.  
'Their conversation is of other times,  
And the brave actions of their sires, of old.  
'Three bards, at times, the harp did sweetly touch ;  
And aged Ullin with his song was near.  
Of mighty Comhal the old bard did sing ;  
But darkness gathered on Morni's brow.  
The chief on Ullin rolled his red eye ;  
And straight the bard his praiseful song did cease.

Fingal observ'd the aged hero's look,  
And, to compose his soul, he mildly spoke.

Chief of Strumon, why in thy look that gloom ?  
Let the days be forgot of other years.  
Our fathers oft' in battle did contend ;  
But we do meet together at the feast.  
Our thin-worn blades are turned on the foes,  
And they dissolve before us on the field.  
Let the days of our fathers be forgot,  
Renowned chief, of mossy Strumon king.

King of Morven, the chieftain straight replied,  
Thy father's deeds I bear in mind with joy.  
Awful in battle was his mighty arm ;  
And deadly was the fury of the chief.  
My eyes were full of tears when I beheld  
The king of heroes fall. The valiant fall,  
O Fingal, and the weak alive remain.  
How many chieftains brave have pass'd away,  
In Morni's days ! And I did never shun  
The bloody battle when it raged, nor  
From the strife of the valiant did I fly.

Now let the friends of Fingal rest awhile ;  
For the dark shades of night have fallen around ;  
That in the morning they may rise, with strength,  
To meet the car-borne Lathmon in the fight.  
I hear the clamour of his armed host,



Like thunder-peals heard on a distant heath.  
O valiant Ossian, and fair-haired Gaul !  
Ye both are nimble in the race. Observe  
The foes of Fingal from that woody hill.  
But them approach not, at a distance keep,  
Your fathers are not near, you to protect.  
Let not at once your rising fame decay.  
The valour of impetuous youth may fail.

The words of the brave chief we heard with joy,  
And moved in the clangour of our arms.  
The meteors of death fly o'er the field,  
The distant noise of the foe reach'd our ears.  
'Twas then brave Gaul in his rous'd valour spoke ;  
His hand his deadly sword had half-unsheath'd.

Son of Fingal, the youthful hero said,  
Why burns with warlike fire the soul of Gaul ?  
My heart beats high. Disorder'd are my steps ;  
And my hand trembles on my sword. When I  
A look cast ardently towards the foe,  
My soul before me lightens to a blaze,  
Through whose bright beam I see their sleeping host,  
Do the souls of the valiant tremble thus  
In battles of the spear ? How would the soul  
Of Morni rise if we should fight the foe ?  
Our fame would grow in the recording song ;  
And our steps stately be before the brave.

Brave son of Morni, I replied, my soul  
Delights in battle. I delight to shine  
In fight alone, and to give to the bards  
My name, to be transmitted in the song.  
But what if the dire foe should now prevail ;  
Shall I the king's soul-piercing eyes behold ?  
In his displeasure terrible they are,  
And fierce as the devouring flames of death.  
But I will not behold them in his wrath.  
Ossian shall on the field prevail or fall.  
But shall the fame of vanquish'd warriors rise ?  
They like a flitting shadow pass away.  
But Ossian's fame shall rise to future times.  
His deeds shall like his fathers' be renown'd.  
Let us rush forward in our clanking arms ;  
To battle, son of Morni, let us rush.  
Gaul ! if thou from the battle shalt return,  
Go to the lofty wall of Selma. Tell  
To Evirallin that I fell with fame ;  
Carry this sword to Branno's lovely maid.  
Let her to Oscar give it, when the years  
Of his youth shall arise for feats of war.

Son of Fingal, Gaul with a sigh replied ;  
Will I return when Ossian is low !  
What would my father, what would Fingal, say ?  
The feeble would their eyes cast round and say,  
" Behold the mighty Gaul who left his friend,  
" On the red field of battle, in his blood !"

Never, ye feeble, shall ye me behold,  
But in the midst of my acquir'd renown.  
Ossian! from my father I have heard  
The mighty deeds of heroes that are low;  
The mighty acts of valour when alone;  
For noble souls in perils still increase.

O son of Morni, I replied and strode  
Before him on the heath, our fathers shall  
Our valour praise when they do mourn our fall.  
A beam of gladness on their souls shall rise,  
When sorrow standeth in their tearful eyes.  
They will with pleasure say, "our sons have not  
Fallen like the grass, for they spread death around."  
But why should we think of the narrow house?  
The sword defends the valiant in the field.  
But the flight of the feeble death pursues;  
And their renown in battle is not heard.

We rushed forward through the shades of night;  
And came in silence to the roaring stream  
Which bent its dark-blue course around the foe,  
Through trees that loudly echoed to its noise;  
'To the bank of the rolling stream we came,  
And saw the slumbering host. Their fires were  
Decayed on the plain; and the lone steps  
Of their observing scouts were distant far.  
I stretch'd my spear before me to support  
My steps, much caution needing, o'er the stream.

But Gaul to aid my footsteps took my hand,  
And spoke the words of an heroic chief.

Shall Fingal's son rush on a sleeping foe?  
Shall he come like a mighty blast by night  
When it in secret overturns the trees?  
Brave Fingal did not thus receive his fame,  
Nor dwells renown on Morni's hoary hairs,  
For actions like these. Strike, Ossian, strike  
The shield of war, and let their thousands rise.  
Let them meet Gaul in his first battle, that  
He may the strength try of his youthful arm.

Over the warrior my soul rejoic'd,  
And bursting tears descended from my eyes.  
And Gaul encounter shall the foe, I said:  
The fame of Morni's son shall soon arise.  
But rush not, my young hero, on too far:  
Let thy sword's gleam to Ossian be near.  
In bloody slaughter let us join our hands.  
Gaul! dost thou not behold that tow'ring rock?  
Its grey side gleameth dimly to the stars.  
If the foe in the battle shall prevail,  
Let our back turned be towards the rock.  
Then shall they fear our weapons to approach;  
For death sits ghastly on our pointed spears.  
Thrice, furiously, I struck my echoing shield.  
The starting foe in dread alarm arose.  
In the sound of our arms we rushed on.

Their crowded steps fly quickly o'er the heath ;  
For they thought that the mighty Fingal came :  
And the strength of their arms did fade away.  
The sound was of their flight like that of flame,  
When loud it rushes through the blasted groves.

'Twas then the spear of Gaul flew in its strength ;  
'Twas then his sword arose, in death to fall.  
Cremor in battle fell, and mighty Leth.  
Dunthormo dying struggled in his blood.  
The stained steel rush'd through brave Crotho's side,  
As bent, he rose on his sustaining spear ;  
The black stream poured from the deadly wound,  
And hissed on the half-extinguish'd oak.  
Cathmin the hero's steps behind him saw.  
And quickly did ascend a blasted tree ;  
But the sharp spear him pierced from behind.  
Shrieking, and panting, to the ground he fell ;  
Moss and decayed branches chase his fall ;  
And strew the dark-blue arms of noble Gaul.

Such, son of Morni, were thy valiant deeds,  
In the first of thy fights. Nor slept the sword  
By thy bright side, thou last of Fingal's race !  
Ossian forward rushed in his strength,  
And the weak people fell before his steel ;  
As grass mow'd by the staff of sportive boy,  
When he along the field doth, whistling, walk,  
And the grey beard of the rough thistle falls.

But carelessly the pleased youth moves on ;  
His steps towards the desert are inclin'd.

Grey morning's cheering light around us rose,  
The winding streams are bright along the heath.  
The warlike foe assembled on a hill ;  
And the impetuous rage of Lathmon rose.  
The red eye of his wrath he sternly bent :  
Silent he moved in his rising grief.  
He often struck his high embossed shield ;  
And his steps are unequal on the heath.  
I saw the distant darkness of the chief,  
And to the son of Morni thus I spoke.

Chief of Strumon, dost thou behold the foe ?  
They gather in their wrath upon the hill.  
Let our steps be towards the mighty king.  
The king of Morven in his strength shall rise,  
And Lathmon's armed host shall disappear.  
Around us, warrior, is our fame, the eyes  
Of the two aged heroes will rejoice.  
But, son of Morni, let us quickly fly,  
Lathmon in shining steel descends the hill.

Then let our steps be slow, replied Gaul ;  
Lest with a smile the vaunting foe shall say,  
" Behold the warriors of night, they are  
" Like ghosts, in darkness terrible, but they  
" Before the morning beam do melt away."

Take, Ossian, the shield of Gormar who  
Did fall beneath the fury of thy spear,  
That the ag'd heroes may rejoice, when they  
Shall the brave actions of their sons behold.

Such were our words as we moved on the plain,  
When Sulmath, to the car-borne Lathmon came :  
Sulmath of gloomy Dutha noble chief,  
At the dark-rolling stream of Duvranna.  
Why dost thou not, brave son of Nuath, rush  
With of thine host a thousand valiant men ?  
Why with thy heroes dost thou not descend  
Before the warriors from the field shall fly ?  
Their arms are beaming to the rising light,  
And their steps are before us on the heath.

Son of the feeble hand, said Lathmon, shall  
My host descend ! The warriors are but two,  
Son of Dutha, and shall a thousand lift  
Their steel ! Nuath would in his hall lament  
The sad departure of his high renown.  
His eyes would scornfully from Lathmon turn,  
When the sound of his coming tread drew near.

Thou, chief of Dutha, to the heroes go,  
For, I the stately steps of Ossian see.  
His warlike fame is worthy of my steel ;  
Let him with Lathmon in the battle meet.



The noble Sulmath, chief of Dutha, came.  
In the words of the king I did rejoice.  
High on my arm I rais'd the bossed shield ;  
And Morni's sword Gaul placed in my hand.  
We straight returned to the murmuring stream ;  
The mighty Lathmon in his strength approach'd.  
His dark host, like the clouds, behind him roll'd :  
But bright was Nuath's hero in his steel.

Brave son of Fingal, said the chief, thy fame  
Has on our fall increas'd. How many of  
My people there lie by thy mighty hand !  
Lift now thy spear against Lathmon, and lay  
The son of Nuath low. Low let him be  
Among his people ; or thyself must fall.  
It never in my towers shall be told  
That in my presence my brave warriors fell ;  
That they fell in the presence of Lathmon  
When his sword quietly rested by his side :  
The blue eyes of Cutha would roll in tears,  
And lone her steps be in Dunlathmon's vales.

Neither, said I, shall it be ever told,  
That the son of great Fingal cowardly fled.  
With darkness covered were his steps, yet would  
Not Ossian fly ; his soul would meet him, and  
Say, " Does the bard of Selma fear the foe ?"  
No : of the mighty foe he's not afraid.  
His joy is in the battle's sounding steel.



Lathmon with his bright spear came boldly on,  
And, furiously, the shield of Ossian pierc'd.  
I felt the steel cold hanging at my side ;  
I drew fam'd Morni's sword ; I cut the spear  
In twain ; the point fell glittering on the ground.  
The son of Nuath burned in his wrath,  
And lifted high his sounding bossy shield.  
His dark eyes roll'd above it, as bending  
Forward, it glisten'd like a gate of brass.  
But Ossian's spear its shining bosses pierc'd,  
And sunk into a tree that rose behind.  
The shield hung forward on the quivering lance !  
But Lathmen still courageously advanc'd.  
The fall of the brave chieftain Gaul foresaw,  
And his broad buckler stretch'd before my sword ;  
When it descended, in a stream of light,  
O'er the bold, battling king of Dunlathmon.

Lathmon the son of Morni now beheld,  
And the tear started from his eye. He threw  
The sword of his brave fathers on the ground,  
And the words of the valiant to him spoke.  
Why should I fight against the first of men ?  
Your souls are beams from heaven ; your bright  
swords

The sweeping flames of death. Who can the fame  
Of the brave warriors equal in the fight,  
Whose actions in their youth are so renown'd ?  
O that ye in the halls of Nuath were,

In the green dwelling of Lathmon! then would  
My father say that his son did not yield  
To the weak warrior. But who comes here,  
A mighty stream, along the echoing heath?  
The little hills before him are dismay'd,  
And ghosts a thousand are upon the beams  
Of his bright steel; the ghosts of those that are  
To fall by the strong arm of Morven's king.  
Happy art thou, O Fingal, thy sons shall  
Thy battles fight; they forth before thee go;  
And with the steps of their renown return.

In gentleness of spirit Fingal came,  
Rejoicing o'er the actions of his son.  
With gladness Morni's face was brighthen'd, and  
His aged eyes look'd dim through tears of joy.  
We to the lofty halls of Selma came,  
And sat rejoicing round the feast of shells.  
The maids of song into our presence came,  
And Evirallin the mild-blushing fair.  
Her dark hair spread on her smooth neck of snow,  
Her eye on Ossian in secret roll'd;  
She touch'd, harmoniously, the tuneful harp,  
And we bless'd the fair maid of Branno's streams.

Fingal, majestic in his place, uprose,  
And spoke to dark Dunlathmon's battling king.  
The sword of Trenmor trembled by his side,  
As he his powerful arm lifted up.

Son of Nuath, he said, why dost thou search  
For warlike fame on woody Morven's plains?  
We are not of the race of feeble men;  
Nor do our massy swords gleam o'er the weak.  
When did we to Dunlathmon's valleys come,  
With the shrill sound of war? Fingal does not  
Delight in battle, though his arm is strong.  
On the fall of the haughty grows my fame.  
The lightning of my steel pours on the proud  
In warlike arms. The battle cometh on;  
And the tombs of the valiant swell the heath;  
The dark tombs of my people rise around,  
And, O my fathers! I must rest alone.  
But I renowned will remain, and the  
Departure of my soul shall be one stream  
Of light. Lathmon! retire thou to thy place.  
To other lands thy wasteful battle turn.  
The valiant race of Morven are renown'd,  
And the unhappy only are their foes.

# Oithona:

## A POEM.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

**GAUL**, the son of Morni, fell in love with Oithona, the daughter of Nuath. The lady loved Gaul, and a day was fixed for their marriage. Fingal, preparing for an expedition, sent for Gaul to accompany him. He obeyed, and went; promising to Oithona to return, if he survived the battle, by a certain day. Oithona was left alone at Dunlathmon, the seat of the family. Dunrommath, lord of Uthal, taking advantage of the absence of Gaul, came and carried off, by force, Oithona, who had formerly rejected his love, into Tromathon, a desert island, where he concealed her in a cave.

Gaul returned on the appointed day; heard of the rape, and sailed to Tromathon, to be revenged on Dunrommath. When he landed, he found Oithona disconsolate, and resolved not to survive the loss of her honour. She told him of her misfortunes; and Gaul prepared to attack Dunrommath, desiring her to retire, till the battle was over. She seemingly obeyed; but she secretly armed herself, rushed into the battle, and was mortally wounded. Gaul pursuing the flying foe found her expiring on the field: he mourned over her, raised her tomb, and returned to Morven.

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**A**ROUND Dunlathmon's towers darkness dwells,  
Though on the hill the moon shews half her face.  
Th enight's fair daughter turns her eyes away;  
For the grief that is coming she beholds.

The valiant son of Morni's on the plain ;  
But in the hall is heard no sound of joy.  
No beam of light comes trembling through the  
gloom.

The voice of fair Oithona is not heard  
Amidst the murm'ring of Duvranna's streams.

O whither in thy beauty art thou gone,  
Dark-haired, lovely, daughter of Nuath ?  
Lathmon is in the field of valiant men,  
But thou didst promise in the hall to stay ;  
Thou in the hall didst promise to remain  
Till the son of Morni returned. Till  
He from Strumon returned, to his love.  
The tear at his departure bath'd thy cheek,  
And in thy breast the sigh in secret rose.  
But thou to meet him, dost not come with songs,  
With the light-trembling music of the harp.

Such were the words of Gaul, when he came to  
Dunlathmon's towers. The gates were open and  
dark.

The winds were blustering in the lofty hall.  
The shaken trees the threshold strew'd with leaves,  
And the murmur of night is heard afar.  
Sad, at a rock, the son of Morni sat :  
His soul did tremble for the lovely maid ;  
But whither he knew not to turn his course.  
The son of Leth stood at a distance, and

The winds heard rustling in his bushy hair.  
But he did not his voice raise to the wind,  
For he the sorrow of brave Gaul perceiv'd.

Sleep gently on the heroes did descend.  
The visions of night on them arose.  
In a sweet dream the fair Oithona stood,  
Before the slumb'ring eyes of Morni's son.  
Loose and disorder'd was her raven hair;  
Her lovely eye in tears of sorrow roll'd.  
Blood stain'd her snowy arm. The robe half hid  
The wound of her fair breast. Over the chief  
She stood in sorrow, and her voice was heard.

Sleeps the brave son of Morni at his ease,  
He that was lovely in Oithona's eyes?  
Sleeps Gaul in quietness at the distant rock,  
And the hapless daughter of Nuath low?  
The sea rolls round the isle of Tremathon;  
I in my tears sit in the gloomy cave.  
Nor do I sit alone, O Gaul, the dark  
Chief of Cuthal is there. There is he in  
The rage and madness of his ardent love.  
And what can Oithona, unhappy, do?  
A rougher blast now rushed through the oak.  
The dream of night departed. Gaul resum'd  
His ashen spear; he stood up in his wrath.  
Often his eyes he turn'd towards the east,  
And the light's slow approach did oft' accuse.  
At length the wish'd-for morning light came forth.

The hero lifted up his snowy sail.  
The winds came rustling from the hill ; and he  
High bounded on the billows of the deep.  
On the third day 'Tromathon isle arose,  
Like a blue shield in the midst of the sea.  
The white wave roared on its lofty rocks ;  
Oithona sad sat on the sounding coast.  
She on the rolling waters often look'd,  
And o'er her cheeks her tears of grief descend.  
But Gaul in his bright armour she beheld,  
She started, and her eyes did turn away.  
Her lovely cheek is forward bent and red ;  
Her white arm trembles by her heaving side.  
Thrice from his presence did she strive to fly ;  
But her steps failed her as she went on.

Daughter of Nuath, the brave chief replied,  
Why dost thou fly with trembling steps from Gaul ?  
Do my eyes forth emit the flame of death ?  
Or darkens hatred on my love-form'd soul ?  
Thou art to me the lovely beam of light  
Of the east rising in a land unknown.  
But thou with sadness coverest thy face,  
Daughter of high Dunlathmon ! Is the foe  
Of fair Oithona near ? My soul doth burn  
To meet him in the battle. The bright sword  
Shakes on the side of Gaul, and longs to be  
Uplifted in the fight. Speak, beauteous maid  
Of Nuath, dost thou not behold my tears ?

Car-borne chieftain of Strumon, replied  
The sighing maid, why o'er the dark-blue wave  
To Nuath's mournful daughter comest thou ?  
Why did I not in secret pass away,  
Like the wild flower of the lonely rock,  
That raises its fair head unseen, and strews  
Its withered leaves upon the rustling blast ?  
Why dist thou come, O Gaul, why can'st thou to  
Hear my departing sigh ? I pass away  
In my youth ; and my name shall not be heard.  
Or it will be with grief and sorrow nam'd,  
And tears abundant of Nuath will fall.  
Thou son of Morni wilt be sorrowful  
For the low-fallen fame of Oithona.  
But she shall in the narrow tomb repose,  
From the voice of the mourner distant far.  
Why didst thou come, brave chieftain of Strumon,  
To the sea-beaten rocks of Tremathon.

I came, fair daughter of car-borne Nuath,  
To meet thy foes ! The death of Cuthal's chief  
Before me stands, or Morni's son shall fall.  
Oithona ! lovely maid ! when Gaul is low,  
My lonely tomb raise on that oozy rock ;  
And when the ship dark-bounding shall pass by,  
Call the sons of the sea ; and give this sword,  
That they may carry it to Morni's hall ;  
That the grey-hair'd hero may cease to look  
Towards the desert for his son's return.



And shall the daughter of brave Nuath live,  
The maid replied with a bursting sigh ?  
Shall I live in Tremathon, and the son  
Of Morni low ? My heart's not of that rock ;  
Nor my soul careless of that sea, which lifts  
Its blue waves to the wind, and rolls beneath  
The lashing turbulence of every storm.  
The blasting tempest which shall lay thee low,  
Shall spread Oithona's branches to the earth.  
We shall together wither as we fall.  
Son of Morni ! the narrow house to me  
Is pleasant, and the grey stone of the dead :  
For ne'er, Tremathon, will I leave thy rocks !  
Night with her clouds came down upon the sea,  
After Lathmon went to his fathers' wars,  
To the moss-covered rock of Dathormoth ;  
Night with her sable clouds came on, and I  
Sat in the hall, at the beam of the oak.  
The wind was rustling in the lofty trees.  
I heard the sound of armour. Joy arose  
In my face ; for I thought of thy return.  
It was the chief of Cuthal that appear'd,  
The ruddy-haired chief of Dunrommath.  
His eyes in fire fiercely roll'd : the blood  
Of my brave warriors was on his sword.  
They who Oithona did defend, fell by  
The gloomy chief. Helpless, what could I do ?  
My arm was weak ; it could not lift the spear.  
He took me in my grief, amidst my tears  
He rais'd the sail. He feared Lathmon's strength,

The brother of unhappy Oithona,  
Returning from the battles of Nuath.  
But with his people, see the hero comes !  
Divided is before him the dark wave !  
O whither, son of Morni, wilt thou turn  
Thy steps to shun the war-inclined foe ?  
The warriors of Dunrommath are not few !

My steps in terror ne'er from battle turn'd,  
Replied the hero, as he drew his sword.  
And will I, Oithona, begin to fear,  
When thy foes are at hand ? Go to thy cave,  
Daughter of Nuath, till our battle cease.  
Bring hither, son of Leth, our fathers' bows,  
And the loud-sounding quiver of Morni.  
Let our three noble warriors bend the yew.  
Ourselves will lift the spear. They are an host  
On the rock's summit ; but our souls are strong.

The daughter of Nuath went to the cave :  
A troubled joy rose on her mind, like the  
Red path of lightning on a stormy cloud.  
Her spirit was resolved, and the tear  
Was dried from her wildly-looking eye.  
Dunrommath slowly did approach ; for he  
The valiant son of Morni saw. Contempt  
His face contracted, a rude smile is on  
His dark-brown cheek ; his red eye, half-conceal'd,  
Roll'd dismally beneath his shaggy brows.

Whence are the sons of the high-rolling sea,  
Began the gloomy chieftain? Have the winds  
Compell'd you to the rocks of Tremathon?  
Or come you o'er the ocean in pursuit  
Of the white-handed daughter of Nuath?  
The sons of the unhappy, ye weak men,  
Come to the crushing hand of Dunrommath.  
His eye the feeble warrior spareth not;  
And in the blood of strangers he delights.  
Oithona is a beauteous beam of light,  
And Cuthal's chief in secret it enjoys;  
Would'st thou come on its beauty like a cloud,  
Son of the feeble hand! Thou mayest come,  
But shalt thou to thy fathers' halls return?

Red-haired chief of Cuthal, dost thou not  
Know me? said valiant Gaul. Swift on the heath  
Were thy feet in the battle of Lathmon;  
When the bright sword of Morni's son pursued  
His flying host in Morven's woody land:  
Dunrommath! mighty are thy words of war,  
For thy arm'd warriors behind thee crowd.  
But do I fear them, boasting son of pride?  
I am not of the race of feeble men.

Gaul in his arms advanc'd; Dunrommath shrunk  
Behind his people. But the spear of Gaul  
The gloomy chieftain pierc'd, and his sharp sword  
His head lopp'd off, as it did bend in death.

The son of Morni shook it by the lock  
Thrice in triumph ; Dunrommath's warriors fled.  
The arrows of Morven pursued the foe :  
Ten straightway fell upon the mossy rocks.  
The rest lift to the wind the sounding sail,  
And bound o'er billows on the echoing deep.

Gaul in the joy of soul advanc'd towards  
The cave of Oithona. He there beheld  
A lovely youth leaning against a rock,  
An arrow his side had pierc'd ; and his eye  
Beneath his glittering helmet faintly roll'd.  
Sad is the soul of Morni's son, he came  
And to the stranger spoke the words of peace.

Can the relieving hand of Gaul thee heal,  
Thou youthful warrior of the mournful brow ?  
For the herbs of the mountains I have search'd ;  
Them have I gathered with special care,  
On the retired banks of purling streams.  
The wound of heroes my hand oft has clos'd,  
And their eyes have the son of Morni bless'd.  
Where dwelt thy fathers, youthful warrior ?  
Were they the sons of the renown'd in arms ?  
Grief shall, like night, come on thy native streams ;  
For thou art fallen in the pride of youth.

My fathers, said the stranger, were the sons  
Of mighty men ; but they will not be sad ;

For like the morning mist my fame is fled.  
High walls rise on the banks of Duvranna;  
And see their mossy towers in the stream;  
A rock ascends behind them with its firs;  
Thou mayst behold them bending distant far.  
There my brave brother dwells. He is renown'd  
In battle: him this glittering helmet give.

The helmet dropped from the hand of Gaul,  
For fair Oithona was the wounded chief.  
She in the cave her armour had put on,  
And to the battle came in search of death.  
Half closed are her heavy, death-like eyes;  
And the blood poureth from her snowy side.

Son of Morni, the dying maiden said,  
Prepare the narrow tomb, where I may rest.  
Sleep, like a gloomy cloud, comes on my soul.  
The once bright eyes of Oithona are dim.  
O had I dwelt at Duvranna, in the  
Bright beam of my renown! then had my years  
Come on with joy increasing at each stage;  
And virgins would have bless'd my steps of fame.  
But, son of Morni, I fall in my youth,  
And, seated in his hall, my sire shall blush.

Pale on the rock of Tremathon she fell.  
'The mournful hero rais'd her lonely tomb.  
He came to streamy Morven; but we saw

The darkness that hung o'er his troubled soul.  
In praise of fair Oithona Ossian struck  
The well-tun'd harp. The brightness of the face  
Of Gaul returned. But his sigh, at times,  
Rose 'mong his friends, like blasts that shake their  
wings,  
Unfrequent, when the stormy winds are laid.

# Croma:

## A POEM.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

MALVINA, the daughter of Toscar, is overheard by Ossian lamenting the death of Oscar, her lover. Ossian, to divert her grief, relates his own actions in an expedition which he undertook, at Fingal's command, to aid Crothar, the petty king of Croma, a country in Ireland, against Rothmar who invaded his dominions. Crothar being, on account of his age and blindness, unfit for action, had sent for aid to Fingal king of Scotland; who ordered his son Ossian to the relief of Crothar. But before his arrival Fovargormo, the son of Crothar, attacking Rothmar, the assailing chief, was slain himself, and his forces defeated. Ossian renewed the war; came to battle, killed Rothmar, and routed his army. Croma being thus delivered of its enemies, Ossian returned to Scotland.

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**I**T was the voice of my lamented love!  
Few are his visits to Malvina's dreams!  
Open your airy halls ye fathers of  
The mighty Toscar! The gates of your clouds  
Unfold, in vision to my longing eyes;  
The steps of Malvina's departure are  
At hand. I in my dream a voice have heard.  
I feel the fluttering of my troubled soul.  
From the dark-rolling of the lake, O blast,

Why didst thou come? Thy rustling wing was on  
The trees, departed is Malvina's dream.  
But she beheld her love, when his grey robe  
Of mist flew on the wind; the sun's bright beam  
Was on his skirts, they glitter like the gold  
That sheds its lustre on the stranger's arm.  
It was the voice of my lamented love!  
Few are his visits to my nightly dreams!

But thou still, dwellest in Malvina's soul,  
O Oscar, son of mighty Ossian.  
With the beam of the east my sighs arise;  
With the drops of the night my tears descend.  
A lovely tree I was before thy eyes,  
Oscar, with all thy branches round me spread;  
But like a blast from the desert thy death  
Came, and my green and tow'ring head laid low;  
The spring returned with its genial showers,  
But no leaf spread, no bud of mine arose.  
The virgins saw me silent in the hall,  
And they in pity touch'd the harp of joy.  
The tear of grief was on Malvina's cheek:  
The virgins in my sorrow me beheld.  
Why art thou sorrowful, they said; thou first  
Of Lutha's maids? Was he fair as the beam  
Of morning sun, and stately in thy sight?

Delightful is thy song in Ossian's ear,  
Daughter of streamy Lutha! Thou hast heard



The gentle music of departed bards  
In the dream of thy rest, when sleep fell on  
Thine eyes at the loud murmur of Moruth.  
When thou didst from the bounding chace return,  
In the day of the bright-declining sun,  
The music of the bards thou oft' hast heard,  
And soft and soothing is thy lovely song.  
'Tis lovely, O Malvina, but it melts  
The soul. There is a joy in grief when peace  
Dwells in the bosom of the sorrowful.  
But sorrow, O fair daughter of Toscar,  
The mournful wasteth, and their days are few.  
They fall away, like the fair flower on which  
The noon-day sun looks in his burning strength  
After the mildew over it has pass'd,  
And its head's heavy with the drops of night.  
Attentive be, O maid, to Ossian's tale :  
He well the days remembers of his youth.

The king commanded ; my white sails I rais'd,  
And rushed on, to Croma's sounding bay ;  
To Croma's bay in lovely Inis-fail.  
High on the shelving coast the towers rose  
Of Crothar king of spears ; the great Crothar  
Renowned in the battles of his youth ;  
But feeble age dwelt then around the chief.  
Rothmar against the hero rais'd the sword ;  
And the avenging wrath of Fingal burn'd.

He Ossian sent to meet Rothmar in fight,  
For Croma's chief was the friend of his youth.

I sent the bard before me with the song ;  
Into the hall of Crothar soon I came.  
There sat the hero 'midst his fathers' arms,  
But failed had his eyes. His hoary locks  
Wav'd round a staff, on which the warrior lean'd.  
He humm'd the martial song of other times,  
When the sound of our armour reach'd their ears.  
Crothar rose up, stretch'd forth his aged hand  
And bless'd the mighty Fingal's valiant son.

Ossian ! the aged hero said, the strength  
Of Crothar's arm has fail'd. O could I lift  
The sword, as on the day that Fingal fought  
At Strutha's walls ! He was the first of men ;  
But Crothar also had his share of fame.  
The king of Morven prais'd me, and he plac'd  
The bossy shield of Calthar on my arm,  
Whom the victorious chief had slain in war.  
Dost thou not there behold it on the wall,  
For Crothar's eyes have in their office fail'd ?  
Is thy strength like thy fathers' Ossian ?  
Let the aged warrior thine arm feel.

Straightway my arm I stretched to the king ;  
He feels it gently with his aged hands.  
The sigh rose in his breast, and from his eyes

The tears descended o'er his furrowed cheeks.  
Thou strong and vig'rous art, my son, he said,  
But not like Morven's mighty king. But who  
Is like the hero 'mong the great in war!  
Let the feast of my halls be largely spread;  
And let my bards attending raise the song.  
Great is the chief that is within my walls,  
Ye valiant sons of Croma's echoing shore!

The feast is largely spread. The harp is heard;  
And joy is in the hall. But it was joy  
A deep sigh covering, that darkly dwelt  
In every hero's bosom. It was like  
The moon's faint beam spread on a cloud in heaven.  
At length the music of the harps did cease,  
And the grey-haired king of Croma spoke;  
He spoke without a tear, but the deep sigh  
High-swelling rose upon his feeble voice.

Brave son of Fingal! dost thou not behold  
The gloominess of Crothar's hall of shells?  
My soul was not obscured at the feast,  
When my brave people lived. I rejoic'd  
To see the face of strangers in my hall,  
When in the midst my valiant son did shine.  
But, Ossian, he is a beam that's gone,  
And left no lovely streak of light behind.  
The hero, son of Fingal, is no more,  
He in the battles of his father fell.

Rothmar the chief of grassy Tromlo heard  
That my eyes' office had through weakness fail'd ;  
He heard that in my hall my arms were fix'd,  
And the pride of his lofty soul arose.  
He towards Croma came ; my people fell  
Before him. In the hall my arms I took,  
But with them what could sightless Crothar do ?  
My steps unequal were ; my grief was great.  
I wished for the days that are gone by.  
Bright days ! wherein I fought the steeled foe ;  
And won the battle in the field of blood.  
My son returned from the chase of roes ;  
The fair-hair'd Fovar-gormo, noble youth.  
His sword he had not yet in battle rais'd,  
For young and unexperienc'd was his arm.  
But the soul of the youth was great and firm ;  
The fire of valour burned in his eyes.  
His father's steps disordered he saw,  
And in his breast th' aspiring sigh arose.  
King of Croma, he said, is it because  
Thou hast no son ; is't for the weakness of  
The arm of Fovar-gormo that thy sighs  
Arise within thy bosom ? I begin,  
To feel the strength, my father, of my arm ;  
I have the sword drawn of my youth ; and I  
Have bent the bow. This Rothmar let me meet,  
With the brave youths of Croma : let me him  
Meet in the field of battle, for I feel  
My spirit, O my father, burning high.

And Rothmar thou shalt meet, said I, brave son  
Of sightless Crothar ! But let others move  
Before thy coming steps, that I may hear  
The loud tread of thy feet at thy return ;  
For my eyes, Fovar-gormo, see thee not !  
He went, he boldly met the foe ; he fell.  
The foe advances towards Croma's walls.  
He who my son did slay approaches near,  
With all the strength of his sharp-pointed spears.

It is not time to fill the festive shell,  
Replied I, and took my ashen spear.  
My people saw the fury of my eyes,  
And they in their bright armour rose around.  
We strode in all our might along the heath.  
Grey morning rose upon the eastern hills.  
A narrow vale in verdure cloth'd appear'd  
Before us ; nor was wanting its blue stream.  
The dark host of Rothmar are on its banks,  
With all their glittering arms. We fought along  
The vale ; they fled ; dark Rothmar sunk beneath  
My sword. The day had not descended in  
The west when I to Crothar brought his arms.  
'The aged hero felt them with his hands ;  
And joy and gladness brighten'd in his soul.

'The people gather to the sounding hall ;  
'The joyful feast of shells is heard around.  
'Ten harps are strung ; five bards advance, and sing,

By turns, the praise of valiant Ossian ;  
They poured forth their burning souls, and the  
Harmonious harp replied to their voice.  
Great was the joy of Croma ; for the sound  
Of peace was heard throughout the troubled land.  
With silence the dark shade of night came on ;  
And the bright morning-beams return'd with joy.  
No foe, with glittering spear, in darkness came.  
The walls of Croma with unbounded joy  
Resounded, for the gloomy Rothmar fell.

My voice for Fovar-gormo loud I rais'd,  
When in the earth they laid the valiant chief.  
The aged Crothar at the tomb did stand,  
But his deep sigh of sorrow was not heard.  
He searched for the wound of his brave son,  
And found the deadly steel had pierc'd his breast.  
In the face of the aged joy arose.  
To Ossian the hero came and spoke.

Great king of spears ! the aged hero said,  
My brave son has not fallen without his fame.  
The youthful warrior did not fly ; but met  
Death, as he forward rushed in his strength.  
Happy are they who die in time of youth,  
When their renown for valiant deeds is heard !  
The weak will not behold them in the hall ;  
Or at their trembling hand express a smile.  
Their mem'ry shall be honour'd in the song ;

The young tear of the virgin's eye descends.  
But the ag'd wither, by degrees, away,  
And the fame of their youth begins to fade.  
They fall in secret; the sigh of their son  
Is never heard. Joy is around their tomb;  
And the stone of their fame is placed on  
The streamlet's lonely bank without a tear.  
Happy are they who die in time of youth,  
When their renowned name is heard afar.

# Berrathon:

## A POEM.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

THIS poem is known in tradition by the name of *Ossian's last hymn*. Fingal, in his voyage to Lochlin, mentioned in the 3d. Book, touched at Berrathon, an island of Scandinavia, where he was kindly entertained by Larthmor the petty king of the place, who had been dethroned by his son Uthal, but re-established. The hospitality of Larthmor gained him Fingal's friendship, which that hero manifested, in rescuing Larthmor, and punishing the unnatural behaviour of Uthal. Uthal was handsome, and much admir'd by the ladies.

Nina-thoma the beautiful daughter of Tor-thoma, a neighbouring prince, fell in love and fled with him. He proved inconstant; and confined Nina-thoma to a desert island near the coast of Berrathon. She was relieved by Ossian, who, in company with Toscar, landing on Berrathon, defeated the forces of Uthal, and killed him in a single combat. Nina-thoma, whose love not all the bad behaviour of Uthal could efface, hearing of his death, died of grief.

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**O** LOVELY-rolling stream, thy azure course  
Around the narrow plain of Lutha bend.  
Let the green woods hang o'er it from the hills:  
And the sun on it look at sultry noon.



There grows the thistle on its airy rock,  
And shaketh to the wind its downy beard.  
The flower bedewed hangs its heavy head,  
Waving, at times, to the light-fanning breeze.  
Why dost thou me awake, O gentle gale,  
It seems to say, I'm cover'd with the drops  
Of heaven? The time that I shall fade is near,  
And the blast that shall scatter wide my leaves.  
This way to-morrow shall the trav'ler come,  
He that me in my beauty saw shall come ;  
His eyes will search, but me they will not find?  
So shall they for the voice of Cona search  
In vain, when it has failed in the field.  
The hunter in the morning shall come forth,  
And the voice of my harp shall not be heard.  
“ The son of car-borne Fingal, where is he ? ”  
The tear of sorrow will be on his cheek.

Then, O Malvina, with thy music come ;  
Lay Ossian in the plain by Lutha's stream :  
Let his grey tomb rise in the lovely field.  
Where art thou, fair Malvina ! with thy songs :  
Where, with the noise of thy sweet-sounding steps?  
Renowned son of Alpin art thou near?  
Where is the lovely daughter of Toscar ?

I pass'd, O son of mighty Fingal, by  
Tar-lutha's mossy walls. The smoke had ceas'd  
In the once joyful hall of festive shells :

Deep silence reign'd upon the woody hill.  
The voice was over of the clam'rous chace.  
I saw the attired daughters of the bow.  
I ask'd about Malvina, but they turn'd  
Away their faces, and replied not :  
Darkness their beauty thinly covered.  
'They were like stars, upon a rainy hill,  
By night, each looking faintly through her mist.

Delightful be thy rest, O lovely beam !  
Soon has thy beauty on our hills gone down !  
Stately the steps of thy departure were,  
Like the moon on the azure, trembling wave.  
But thou in darkness hast us left, first of  
The maids of Lutha ! We sit at the rock,  
And there no voice is heard, no light is seen  
But meteor of fire ! Soon hast thou set,  
Malvina, lovely daughter of Toscar !

But thou like the beam of the east dost rise,  
Among the spirits of thy valiant friends,  
Where they sit famed in their stormy halls,  
The lofty chambers of the thunder's store.  
A grey cloud hovers over Cona's walls :  
High in the air are its blue curling sides.  
Beneath it are the winds with their dark wings ;  
Within it is the dwelling of Fingal.  
There the brave warrior in darkness sits ;  
His airy spear is in his ghostly hand.

His shield half covered with clouds, is like  
The darken'd moon ; when one half still remains  
Sunken in the billows, and the other half  
Looks pale and sickly on the gloomy field.

Seated on mist, his friends are round the king ;  
And hear the aged Ullin of the song :  
The soft half-viewless harp he gently strikes ;  
And raises the weak voice. The lesser chiefs,  
With meteors blazing, light the airy hall.  
Malvina rises in the midst ; a blush  
On her pale cheek arises. She beholds  
The unknown faces of her fathers, and  
Her humid eyes turn from the sight aside.

Art thou, said Fingal, to my palace come  
So soon, daughter of generous Toscar ?  
In the dark halls of Lutha sadness dwells.  
My aged son is sad. I hear the breeze  
Of Cona, that was wont to lift thy locks.  
It to the hall comes, but thou art not there ;  
Its voice is mournful 'mong thy fathers' arms.  
Go with thy rustling wing, O mournful breeze !  
And sigh thy strength out on Malvina's tomb.  
It rises yonder 'neath the lonely rock,  
At the blue stream in Lutha's narrow plain.  
The maidens are departed to their place,  
And thou, alone, O breeze, lamentest there.

But who comes onward from the dusky west,  
Supported on a cloud? A smile is on  
His hoary, watery face; his locks of mist  
Fly on the rustling wind: he forward bends,  
Like aged warrior, on his airy spear:  
It is thy valiant father, Malvina!  
Why shin'st thou on our clouds so soon, he says,  
O lovely light of Lutha's streamy vale!  
But thou wert sad, my daughter, for thy friends  
Were pass'd away. The sons of little men  
Were in the sounding hall, and none remain'd  
Of the brave chiefs, but Ossian king of spears.

And dost thou, Toscar, Ossian bear in mind?  
Numerous were the battles of our youth;  
Our weapons met together in the field.  
They saw us coming like two falling rocks;  
And the sons of the stranger fled in fear.  
The warriors of Cona come, they said;  
In the paths of the vanquish'd are their steps.

Draw near, thou son of Alpin, and attend—  
To the song of the aged lend thy ear.  
The deeds of other times are in my soul.  
My mem'ry beams on the days that are past.  
On the days of the mighty 'Toscar, when  
Our path was o'er the billows of the deep.  
Draw near, thou son of Alpin, and attend  
To the last sound of Cona's fading voice.

The King of Morven the command did give,  
And to the wind I rais'd my snowy sails.  
Toscar of Lutha chief stood at my side,  
As I rose bounding on the dark-blue wave.  
To sea-surrounded Berrathon, the isle  
Of many rustling storms, our course was bent.  
There dwelt the hero, with his locks of age,  
The stately strength of Larthmor. Larthmor who  
To Comhal's mighty son the feast prepar'd  
Of joyful shells, when he to Starno's halls  
Went, in the days of hapless Agendecca.  
But when the chief was old, the growing pride  
Of his fair-haired son Uthal arose,  
The love and fav'rite of a thousand maids.  
The aged Larthmor fast he bound with thongs,  
And fix'd his dwelling in his lofty halls.

The king long pined in his lonely cave,  
Beside the rolling of his troubled sea.  
Day to his darksome dwelling did not come;  
Nor the blaze of the burning oak by night.  
But the wind of the ocean there was heard,  
And the moon's parting beam therein was seen.  
The red star looked on the aged king,  
When it did tremble on the western wave.  
The noble Snitho came to Selma's hall:  
Snitho companion of king Larthmor's youth.  
Of the imprison'd king of Berrathon  
He quickly told: the wrath of Fingal rose.

Thrice he resum'd the spear, resolv'd to stretch  
His hand to Uthal. But the memory  
Of his brave actions rose before the king,  
And he his son and Toscar to him sent.  
Great was our joy upon the rolling sea ;  
And often half-unsheathed we our swords.  
For we before had never fought alone,  
In the conflictive battles of the spear.  
Down on the ocean came the shade of night ;  
The winds departed on their rustling wings.  
The moon descending seemeth cold and pale.  
The red stars lift their sparkling heads. Our course  
Is slow along the coast of Berrathon ;  
The white waves roaring tumble on the rocks.

What voice is that, the noble Toscar said,  
Which comes between the roaring of the waves ?  
In sound 'tis soft and mournful, like the voice  
Of bards departed. But the lovely maid  
I do behold upon the rock alone.  
Her head reclineth on her arm of snow :  
Her dark hair waveth loosely in the wind.  
Hear, son of Fingal, her sweet song, it is  
Smooth as the gliding waters of Lavath.  
We steer'd our ship into the silent bay,  
And heard the mourning of the maid of night.

How long blue-tumbling waves of ocean  
Will ye around my lonely dwelling roll ?

In caves I had not always my abode,  
Nor did I dwell beneath the rustling tree :  
In Torthoma's high hall the feast was spread ;  
My father much delighted in my voice.  
The youths beheld me in my lovelines,  
And they the dark-hair'd Nina-thoma blest.  
'Twas then thou, treacherously, O Uthal, came,  
Like the bright sun of heaven. The captiv'd souls  
Of virgins, son of great Larthmor, are thine !  
But why dost thou leave me alone amidst  
The roar of swelled waters ? Was my soul  
Dark with thy death ? Did my hand lift the  
sword ?  
Why then hast thou, king of Finthormo, left  
Me here alone, amidst the rolling waves ?

The tear from my eye started, when I heard  
The plaintive voice of the white-armed maid.  
I stood before her in my arms, and spoke  
The words of peace. Fair dweller of the cave,  
What sigh is in that lovely breast of thine ?  
Shall Ossian in thy presence lift his sword,  
The sure destruction of thy direst foes ?  
Rise, daughter of 'Torthoma, I have heard  
The sad expressions of thy troubled soul.  
The noble race of Morven are around  
Thy lonely cave, who never hurt the weak.  
Come, without fear, to our dark-bosom'd ship,  
Thou maiden brighter than that setting moon.



Our course is to the rocky Berrathon,  
To the king of Finthormo's echoing walls.  
She in her loveliness and beauty came,  
She came with all her gracefulness of steps.  
Silent joy brightened in her face, as when  
The shadows vanish from the field of spring ;  
In brightness rolling is the azure stream,  
And the green bush bends o'er its murm'ring course.

The morning rose upon us with its beams.  
We came to Rothma's silent bay. A boar  
Rush'd from the wood ; my spear pierced his side.  
I o'er the blood rejoiced, and foresaw  
My growing fame. But now the warlike sound  
Of Uthal's train from high Finthormo came ;  
'To chase the boar the bow-clad warriors  
Spread o'er the heath. Himself comes slowly on,  
In the pride of his strength. He lifts two spears.  
The hero's shining sword is on his side.  
Three comely youths bear his well polish'd bows ;  
Before him is the bounding of five dogs.  
His armed heroes at a distance move,  
Admiring the firm footsteps of the king.  
Stately was the proud son of Larthmor ! but  
His soul was dark. Dark as the troubled face  
Of the pale moon, when it foretells the storms.

We on the heath arose before the king ;  
He stopt in the midst of his bounding course.



His heroes quickly gathered around,  
And a grey-haired bard advanc'd. Whence are  
These sons of strangers ! said the bard of song ;  
The feeble children of th' unhappy come  
To Berrathon ; to car-borne Uthal's sword.  
No feast he spreadeth in his lofty hall :  
The blood of strangers minglcth with his streams.  
If ye from the grey walls of Selma come,  
From Fingal's mossy walls, three youths select  
To go to tell your king of the dread fall  
Of his rash people. The hero, perhaps,  
May come and pour his blood on Uthal's sword ;  
So shall the fame of Finthormo arise,  
Like the tree springing in the fertile vale.

Never, O bard, will his renown arise,  
I said in the pride of my rising wrath.  
He in the presence of Fingal would shrink,  
Whose eyes are the devouring flames of death.  
The son of Comhal comes, and mighty kings  
In his dread presence vanish ; they are roll'd  
Together, like the mist along the vale,  
By the breath of his furious rage. Shall three  
Tell mighty Fingal that his people fell !  
Yes ! bard ! they may the dismal story tell,  
But his brave warriors shall fall with fame.

I stood in the dread darkness of my strength ;  
Brave Toscar at my side unsheath'd his sword.

The foe came forward like a roaring stream :  
The mingled sound of death arose around.  
Man stood to man, shield met the glittering shield ;  
Steel mixed its bright beams with brighter steel.  
Darts whizzing fly in showers through the air ;  
Spears, by death's awful thrusts, resound on mails ;  
And glancing swords on broken bucklers bound.  
As the noise of an aged grove beneath  
The roaring tempest, when a thousand ghosts  
By night o'erturn the trees with cracking sound,  
Such was the awful din of battling arms.  
But Uthal fell beneath my reeking sword ;  
And the sons of Berrathon fled the field.  
'Twas then I saw him in his beauty, and  
The tear hung in my eye. Young tree, I said,  
With all thy beauty round thee thou art fall'n.  
Thou on thy plains art fallen, and the field  
Is bare. The winds come from the wilderness,  
And there's no rustling in thy leaves! Lovely  
Art thou son of car-borne Larthmor in death.

Nina-thoma sat on the rocky shore,  
And heard the sound of battle on the heath.  
She turned her red eyes on old Lethmal  
The grey-hair'd bard of Selma, for he had  
Remained on the coast with the fair maid  
Of Torthoma. Son of the times of old!  
The maiden said, I hear the noise of death.  
Thy friends have met with Uthal and the chief

Is low. O that I had remained on  
The rock, inclosed with the trembling waves !  
Then sad and sorrowful would be my soul,  
But his death would not reach my listening ear.  
Art thou then fallen on the heath, O son  
Of high Finthormo ! thou didst on a rock  
Me leave, but my sad soul was full of thee.  
Son of Finthormo ! thou'rt low on thy heath.

Pale in her tears she rose, and saw the shield  
Of Uthal, bloody, in brave Ossian's hand ;  
Her steps distracted were upon the heath.  
She flew ; she found the hapless chief ; she fell.  
Her soul came forth with a departing sigh.  
Her lovely hair on his pale face is spread.  
My bursting tears descend. A tomb arose  
On the unhappy ; and my song was heard.

Rest, hapless children of incautious youth !  
At the noise of that mossy stream sleep on.  
The virgins at the chace, will see your tomb,  
And turn their weeping eyes with grief away.  
Your fame will be extolled in the song ;  
The harp's sweet voice will in your praise be heard.  
The daughters of Selma shall hear the sound ;  
And your renown shall be in other lands.  
Rest hapless children of unwary youth,  
At the noise of the lonely mossy stream.

We on the gloomy coast two days remain'd.  
The heroes of Berrathon there conven'd.  
We brought the aged Larthmor to his halls ;  
The feast of shells is, with rejoicing, spread.  
Great was the pleasure of the aged chief ;  
With joy he looked on his father's arms ;  
The armour which he left hung in his hall,  
When the pride of his son Uthal arose.  
We were renown'd before Larthmor, and he  
Bless'd the brave chiefs of Morven ; but he knew  
Not that his son was low, the stately strength  
Of Uthal. They had told him, that he had  
Retired to the woods with tears of grief ;  
This they had told to Larthmor, but Uthal  
Was silent in the tomb of Rothma's heath.

On the fourth day we lifted up our sails  
To the roar of the northern wind. Larthmor  
Came to the coast, and his bards rais'd the song.  
Great was the joy of the grey-haired king,  
He looked towards Rothma's gloomy heath ;  
He saw the tomb of his ungracious son ;  
And the remembrance of Uthal arose.  
Who of my heroes, he exclaim'd, lies there :  
He seems to have been of the kings of spears ?  
Was he renowned in my halls before  
The dangerous pride of haughty Uthal rose ?

Silent ye are, ye sons of Berrathon,  
Is the strength of the king of heroes low ?

My heart, O hapless Uthal ! melts for thee,  
Although against thy father was thy hand.  
O that I had remained in the cave !  
That my brave son had in Finthormo dwelt !  
I might have heard the treading of his feet,  
When he went to the hunting of the boar.  
I might have heard his voice upon the blast  
Of my lone cave. Then would my soul be glad :  
But darkness now dwells in my silent halls.

Such, son of Alpin, were my warlike deeds,  
When the arm of my youth was strong ; such were  
The actions of Toscar, the car-borne son  
Of the renowned Conloch. But Toscar  
Is on his flying cloud ; and I'm alone  
At Lutha left : my voice is like the last  
Sound of the wind, when it forsakes the woods.  
But Ossian shall not be long alone,  
He sees the mist that shall receive his ghost.  
He sees the vapour that shall form his robe,  
When he appears on his cloud-capped hills.  
The sons of little men shall me behold,  
And the stature admire of the brave chiefs  
Of other times. They to their caves shall creep,  
And cast their eyes towards the sky with fear ;  
For my way shall be trackless in the clouds,  
And darkness shall roll on my airy side.

Lead, son of Alpin, lead the aged to  
His woods. The stormy winds begin to rise.  
The dark wave of the troubled lake resounds.  
From Mora bends there not a tree with all  
Its branches bare? Son of Alpin, it bends  
Its naked boughs to the loud-rustling blast.  
My, once sweet, harp hangs on a blasted branch.  
Mournful and sad is the sound of its strings.  
O harp, does the wind touch thee, or is it  
Some passing ghost! It is Malvina's hand!  
But son of Alpin, bring the harp to me;  
Another song shall rise upon its strings.  
My soul shall in the lovely sound depart;  
My sires shall hear it in their airy hall.  
Their faces pale and dim shall, from their clouds,  
With joy hang, and their hands receive their son.

The aged oak bends o'er the murmuring stream.  
It sighs with all its moss. The withered fern  
Whistles hard by, and mixes, as it moves,  
With Ossian's hair. Strike the well-tuned harp  
And raise the song: be near with all your wings,  
Ye roaring tempests. Quickly bear away  
The mournful sound to Fingal's airy hall.  
Bear it to Fingal's hall, that he may hear  
His son's glad voice, that hath the mighty prais'd.  
The northern blast opens thy gates, O king,  
And I behold thee sitting on a cloud,  
Dimly gleaming in all thy faded arms.

Thy form's not now the terror of the brave :  
But like a watery cloud ; when we behold  
The stars behind it with their weeping eyes.  
Thy dark-brown shield is like the aged moon :  
Thy sword a vapour half-inflam'd by fire.  
Dim and debilitated is the chief  
Who travelled in brightness in his days.

But thou art on the winds of the desert,  
And the storms darken in thy crushing hand.  
The radiant sun thou takest in thy wrath,  
And hidest his bright beams within thy clouds.  
The sons of little men are sore afraid ;  
And showers a thousand from the heavens descend.

But when thou in thy mildness cometh forth ;  
The gale of the bright morning's near thy course.  
The beaming sun laughs in his azure fields ;  
And the grey stream winds in its verdant vale.  
The bushes their green heads shake to the wind.  
The nimble roes towards the desert bound.

But there is a low murmur on the heath !  
The stormy winds abate ! I hear the voice  
Of Fingal. Long has it been absent from  
Mine ear ! Come, Ossian, come away, he says :  
Fingal his fame in battle has receiv'd.  
We pass'd away, like beaming lights that had  
Shone for a season, our departure was

In the bright path of our acquir'd renown.  
Though dark and silent are our battled plains ;  
Our fame's recorded in the four grey stones.  
The voice of Ossian has been heard ; and in  
Selma's resounding halls the harp was strung.  
Come, Ossian, come away, the hero says,  
And on the clouds with thy brave fathers fly.

And come I will, thou king of valiant men !  
The life of Ossian fails. On Cona I  
Begin to vanish, and my steps are not  
In Selma seen. Beside the lonely stone  
Of Mora I shall fall asleep. The winds  
Whistling in my grey hair, me shall not wake.  
O rustling wind, on thy fleet wing depart :  
Thou canst not the rest of the bard disturb.  
Long is the night of darkness, but his eyes  
With sleep are heavy ; go, thou rustling blast.

But why art thou, O son of Fingal, sad ?  
Why spreads that cloudiness upon thy soul ?  
Departed are the chiefs of other times :  
They have their stations left without their fame.  
The sons of future years shall pass away ;  
And race succeeding race shall still arise.  
The people are like ocean's rolling waves :  
Like leaves of woody Morven are they found ;  
They pass away before the rustling blast,  
And other leaves their stations straight supply.



O Ryno! did thy famed beauty last?  
Did the full strength of car-borne Oscar stand?  
Fingal himself the mighty pass'd away;  
And his footsteps his fathers' halls forgot.  
And, aged bard! shalt thou alone remain,  
When mighty warriors and bards have fail'd?  
But my fame shall remain, and flourish fair,  
Like the tall oak on Morven's woody plain,  
Which its broad head lifts to the roaring wind,  
And boldly meets the courses of the storm.



1. The first of these is the fact that the number of species of plants and animals which are found in a given area is not proportional to the area of that area, but to the square root of the area. This is known as the "square root law" and is a general principle of ecology.
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## **GLOSSARY.**

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### A.

ALCLETHA	-	-	decaying beauty.
Alona	-	-	requisitely beautiful.
Alpin	-	-	high island or ground.
Alteutha or Balteutha			the town of Tweed.
Althos	-	-	exquisite beauty.
Ardan	-	-	pride.
Armin	-	-	a hero.
Atha	-	-	shallow river.

### B.

Balva	-	-	silent stream.
Balclutha	-	-	the town of Clyde.
Berrathon	-	-	a promontory in the midst of waves.
Bosmina	-	-	soft and tender hand.
Bran	-	-	name of a greyhound.
Branno	-	-	mountain stream.
Brassolis	-	-	white arm.

### C.

Cairbar	-	-	strong man.
Calmer	-	-	strong man.
Cantela	-	-	head of a family.
Carnior	-	-	a tall dark-complexioned man.
Carmora	-	-	high rocky hill.
Caros	-	-	king of ships.
Carril	-	-	melodious sprightly voice.
Carun	-	-	winding river.
Cathmor	-	-	great in battle.
Cathul	-	-	the eye of battle.
Circle of Loda	-	-	place of worship of the druids.
Clessammor	-	-	mighty deeds.
Colma	-	-	a woman with fine hair.
Colmal	-	-	a woman with small eye-brows.
Comala	-	-	maid of the pleasant brow.
Cormar	-	-	expert at sea.
Crimora	-	-	a woman of great soul.
Crugal	-	-	fair complexioned.
Curach	-	-	the madness of battle.
Cuthon	-	-	the mournful sound of waves.

## D.

Darthula	-	-	a woman with fine eyes.
Degrena	-	-	sun-beam.
Dersagrena	-	-	the brightness of a sun-beam.
Dora	-	-	woody side of a mountain.
Duchomar	-	-	a black well-shaped man.
Duvranna	-	-	dark mountain stream.

## E.

Erragon	-	-	rage of the waves.
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## F.

Ferchios	-	-	a conqueror of men.
Fercuth or Fergus	-	-	the man of the word.
Fiona	-	-	fair maid.
Fithil	-	-	an inferior bard.
Foldath	-	-	generous.
Fovargarino	-	-	the blue point of steel.
Fuathal	-	-	surly.
Fura	-	-	cold island.

## G.

Gelchossa	-	-	white legged.
Gellama	-	-	white handed.
Golbun	-	-	crooked hill.
Gormhuil	-	-	blue-eyed maid.

## H.

Hidalla	-	-	wildly-looking hero.
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## I.

Inisfail	-	-	an ancient name of Ireland.
Inistore	-	-	island of whales.
Inisthona	-	-	island of waves.
Ithona	-	-	island of waves.

## K.

Kinfena	-	-	the head of the people.
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## L.

Lamderg	-	-	bloody hand.
Lamhor	-	-	mighty hand.
Loda	-	-	a place of worship.
Lona	-	-	marshy plain.
Lora	-	-	noisy.
Lubar	-	-	noisy.
Lutha	-	-	swift stream.

## M.

Malthos	-	-	slow to speak.
Malvina	-	-	soft or lovely brow.
Mealmor	-	-	a great hill.

Melilcoma	-	-	soft-rolling eye.
Moina	-	-	soft in temper and person.
Moran	-	-	many.
Morannal	-	-	strong breath.
Morar	-	-	a great man.
Morlath	-	-	great in the day of battle.
Morna	-	-	a woman beloved by all.
Moruth	-	-	a great stream.

## N.

Narthiner	-	-	great strength.
Nathos	-	-	youthful.

## O.

Oithona	-	-	the virgin of the wave.
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## S.

Salgar	-	-	a hunter.
Selama	-	-	beautiful to behold.
Sithallan	-	-	a handsome man.
Sithfadda	-	-	a long stride.
Slimora	-	-	great hill.
Slissama	-	-	soft bosom.
Spirit of Loda	-	-	great deity of the northern nations.
Strumon	-	-	stream of the hill.
Sulmath	-	-	a man of good eye-sight.

## T.

Timora	-	-	house of a great king.
Tongorma	-	-	island of blue waves.
Tormar	-	-	thunder.
Tromathon	-	-	deep-sounding wave.

## U.

Ulfadda	-	-	long beard.
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## V.

Vinvela	-	-	melodious voice.
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